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Santa Maria della Salute from the Giudecca.

THE WATERS OF VENICE

By Arthur Symons

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAXFIELD PARRISH AND KATHARINE KIMBALL

I

ON THE GIUDECCA

FROM the Casa on the Giudecca I look across the water and see Venice. Is there another window from which one can see so much of the beauty of land and water? Opposite, along the Zattere, they are unloading the boats: I see the black hulls and a forest of masts and rigging. A steamer has come in from Trieste, and lies between San Giorgio and the Dogana, with its little black flock of gondolas about it. An orange sail creeps stealthily past the window, and I hear the sail creak against the mast. High above the houses, almost with the dominance of the Suleimainé at Constantinople, the great domes of the Salute rise above the green trees and brown roofs of the Patriarch's palace. That long line above the water, curving slightly until San Giorgio intercepts it, is the Riva, and at all hours I can watch it change color, and sink into shadow, and emerge with the lamps at night, a dark outline, out of which the Doge's Palace rises, always white, always mysterious, always at once solid and exquisite. Every day one sees, beside and above it, the grayish green of the bulbous

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domes of St. Mark's, the two columns of Syrian granite on the Piazzetta, and the winged lion of St. Mark, with his fierce laughter and alert springing body, who, from that height, challenges the ships.

This long narrow island of the Giudecca, with its houses now mere shells, granaries, storehouses, or cottages for fisher-people, had its palaces once, and the Casa in which I am living was built by Palladio, who planned the Redentore on the left, and San Giorgio Maggiore on the little neighboring island to the right. Everything in the house is beautiful and ample; the long courtyard opening through two stone pillars wreathed with vines upon the garden, the stone staircase, and the immense room shaped like a cross without a top, its longer wall almost filled with tall and slender windows opening upon stone balconies over the water; windows at the narrow end looking over the garden, and beyond, the iron gateway, with its carved stone figures on the gate-posts, over the vast green and brown orchard and vineyard, stretching to the still waters of the lagoon on the other side of the island. There are timbered roofs, vast garrets, and a chapel with its lamp still burning before an image of the Virgin. The guests sit down to their meals in the great hall, and are so far away from each other that their presence has almost a touch of unreality; one hears and sees them vaguely, as if in a dream, and the Venetian woman who waits upon us all, passing to and fro with a sleepy dignity, has little curls of hair hanging about her eyes like a woman in one of Carpaccio's pictures. Outside there is always sun on the garden, once a very formal garden, and now just dilapidated enough for its quaint conventionality to borrow a new refinement, a touch of ruined dignity. One may wander through low alleys of trellised vines to the water; and beyond the water, on the other side of a narrow bank of land, the sea lies.

There is, to those living on the Giudecca, a constant sense of the sea, and not only because there are always fishermen lounging on the quay, and fishing-boats moored in the side canals, and nets drying on the land, and crab-pots hanging half out of the water. There is a quality in the air one breathes, in the whole sensation of existence, which is like a purification from the soft and entangling enchantments of Venice. On the other side of the water, which can look so much like the sea, and form so rapid a barrier, yet across which every movement on the quay can be distinguished Venice begins; and in Venice one is as if caught in an immense network, or spider's web, which, as one walks in its midst, seems to tighten the closer about one. The streets narrow overhead, push outward with beams and stone balconies and many-turning angles; seem to loosen their hold for a moment where a bridge crosses a narrow canal between high walls and over dark water, and then tighten again in close lanes where the smells of the shops meet and fume about one's face. The lanes are busy with men in rough clothes and with women in shawls, bare-headed, and with great soft bushes of hair, who come and go quietly, slipping past one another in these narrow spaces, where there is hardly room to pass, as the gondolas slip past one another in the narrow canals. The road is difficult to find, for a single wrong turning may lead one to the other end of Venice. This movement, the tangles of the way, the continual arresting of one's attention by some window, doorway, or balcony, put a strain upon one's eyes, and begin after a time to tire and stupefy the brain. There is no more bewildering city, and, as night comes on, the bewilderment grows almost disquieting. One seems to be turning in a circle, to which there is no outlet, and from which all one's desire is to escape.

Coming out at last upon the Zattere, and seeing the breadth of water before one, it is as if one had gone back to the sea. The ships lie close together along the quay, ten deep, their masts etched against the sky, the water, or that faint shadow with its hard outline (almost level, but for the larger and lesser domes of the Redentore and the Zitelle) which is the island of the Giudecca. A few voices rise from the boats; the hulls creak gently, as if they were talking together; there is a faint plashing of water, and beyond, silent, hardly visible, unlighted by the few lamps along the quay, the island waits, a little desolate and unfriendly, but half-way to the sea.

At night the moon swings in the sky, like the lamp of an illumination. There are curtains of dark, half drawn, and, higher in the sky, pale gold stars, like faint candles, in a dark which is luminous. Or, on an autumn night which is like summer, a moon like a

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thin silver medallion hangs low over San Giorgio, and turns slowly to gold, while the water, between moonrise and sunset, pales and glows, and the dark begins to creep around the masts and rigging.

Rain in autumn brings a new, fierce beauty into Venice, as it falls hammering on the water and rattles on the wood of the boats and settles in pools in all the hollows of the stones. Seen under that stormy light, just before sunset, with a hot yellow moon struggling to come through the rain-clouds, Venice is as if veiled, and all its colors take on a fine, deep richness, seen through water, like polished stones in sea-pools. The slender masts, the thin black network of the rigging stand out delicately, and with an almost livid distinctness. The gondolas move like black streaks on the water. For a moment the west brightens, as the sun goes down behind a space of sky that burns white, and shivers dully, streaked with dim yellow flakes and fleeces.

There was a roaring of the sea all night, and in the morning the water splashed under the windows, almost level with the pavement. The whole Giudecca was swollen, and rose everywhere into gray waves, tipped with white as they fell over. Sea-gulls had come in from the sea, and flew in circles over the water, dipping to the crest of the waves, and curving around the boats laden with timber, that crowded close together against the Zattere. The wind still blew with violence, and a little rain fell. The sky and the water were of the same leaden gray, and the sea-gulls flying between water and sky shone like white flakes of snow blown by the wind.

There is no city in Europe which contains so much silence as Venice, and the silence of the Giudecca is more lonely than any silence in Venice. Yet, by day and night, there are certain noises, which one learns to expect, becomes familiar with, and finds no distraction in: the roar of the sea, when there is wind on the sea-walls, a dull, continuous, enveloping sound, which seems unintelligible as one looks across at solid land on the other side of water; the loud and shaking violence of wind; the hoarse, echoing hoot and trumpeting of great black or red steamers, which pass slowly, or anchor almost under the windows, to take in stores from the granaries that stand locked and barred and as if empty, along the fondamenta; the deep splash of the oars of barges, as the men who push with long oars in the water set the oars against their row-locks and begin the heavy rowing; the thin plash of the one oar of gondolas; the guttural cries, from water and the narrow strip of land, all in thick vowels, clotted together without a consonant between; and the ceaseless busy flapping of water upon the steps and around hulls, with little noises never twice quite the same.

II

IN THE GONDOLA

THEY have been giving Goldoni at the Teatro Rossini, with a company of excellent Italian comedians, and, as the chatter in the gallery ends, and the chatter begins on the stage, I have found for once the perfect illusion; there is no difference between the one and the other. Voluble, living Venice, with its unchanging attitude toward things, the prompt gayety and gravity of its temperament, finds equal expression in that gallery and, in this interpretation of Goldoni, on that stage.

Going to the theatre in Venice is like a fantastic overture to the play, and sets one's mood properly in tune. You step into the gondola, which darts at once across a space of half-lighted water, and turns down a narrow canal between walls which seem to reach more than half-way to the stars. The tiny lantern in the prow sheds no light, is indeed no more than a signal of approach, and you seem to be sliding straight into the darkness. Here and there a lamp shines from a bridge or at the water-gate of a house, but with no more than enough light to make the darkness seen. The gondola sways, swerves, and is round a sharp corner, and the water rushes against the oar as it swings the keel straight for another plunge forward. You see in flashes: an alley with people moving against the light, the shape of a door or balcony, seen dimly and in a wholly new aspect, a broad, well-lighted square, a dark church-front, a bridge overhead, the water lapping against the green stone of a wall which your elbow all but touches, a head thrust from a window, the gondola which passes you, sliding gently and suddenly alongside, and disappearing into an unseen quiet.

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And, whenever you turn your head, you will see, bending against the oar, and swaying with every movement of this horse of the waters, his rider, the gondolier.

The realization of Venice comes slowly, piece by piece, and it is long before one has a properly definite sense of the traffic, and of what that traffic means, in these streets of water, which seem at first to be made for no more than ornament and the promenade of strangers. The dust-carts, when one grazes them in the side canals, begin to suggest other uses in this decorative water; and one day, meeting the gondola of the post-office, rowing hard from the station, one sees another, as it seems, transposition of things. Going under the Bridge of Sighs, one sees the rough, iron-bolted prison gondolas, with their square *felzi* of solid wood, pierced by air holes on each side. Crossing the Rialto one looks down on a procession of gondolas that approach slowly, and under the tufted black hoods one sees the white flowers and favors of a wedding. Funerals cross between the Fondamenta Nuove and the cemetery island of San Michele, and the dead people still go in their gondolas, under the last, narrower *felzi*.

III

AMONG THE ISLANDS

Beyond Murano the water shines level, but with surfaces of many textures, to where the horizon ends on a thin line of low green trees. On the left, rising into the sky, are hills, dim to their summits, which sparkle with snow. In one place the tide moves visibly under you, and then the movement is over, but you are on water which just breathes, and the breath waves it into faint patterns, like moiré silk; and then it is breathless, and with a surface like satin. Here and there the water has ebbed from a mud-flat, colored a deep green, with white sea-birds sitting on the edge of the water. Groups of stakes, set for landmarks, outline the shapes of the sand-banks; and you see the white birds sitting on the tops of the stakes. Black masses, which seem at a distance like great iron cannons, are seen, as one comes nearer, to be forts or powder-magazines, each filling a tiny island, but for a patch of grass or a cluster of starved trees. We pass few gondolas, but oftener large boats, or barges, loaded deep, and sometimes with rafts around them, and men walking barefoot with their feet half in the water, pushing with long poles. Dark women with handkerchiefs of dark red or orange over their heads sit on chairs in the *buranelli*, narrow boats rowed by a man who stands and rows forward with two oars which cross before him.

The gondola with its two rowers moves swiftly and steadily. In front of us is Burano, with its leaning campanile and long line of white and brown houses. To the right there is a small, formal, and mysterious island, like the Island of Death which Böcklin saw in picture after picture, but never, unless in San Francesco del Deserto, on any water of the earth. Dark green cypresses stand around the brown-roofed monastery, with its low tower, and one leaning stone-pine. Here, they tell you, St. Francis once came, on his way from Egypt; and the place where he preached is marked by a stone let into the wall of an inner chapel, with the inscription: "*Hic est locus ubi oravit seraphicus Franciscus.*" In the garden, a garden full of weeds, there is a glass shrine built over a gray and ancient log; it is the staff of St. Francis, the monk told me, and it blossomed there, and remains, a testimony, after five centuries. On a stone over the door of the cloister I read:

"O Beata Solitudo!
O Sola Beatitudo!
Elongavi fugiens, et mansi in solitudine."

The monastery is now a place of penitence, and misbehaving monks are sent here to meditate, and return, if they can, to peace, in this lonely foothold of land among still waters.

As we row slowly around the sand-bank which lies between San Francesco and Burano, there is a luminous and breathless stillness on the water and in the air, and the reflection of the campanile and of the houses, every line and every color repeated flawlessly, like another self rather than an image of itself, is seen reversed in the water. The real thing and the image meet, passing into one another with so little division, that the eye can scarcely distinguish where the one ends and the other begins. I never saw so beautiful and so deceptive an illusion evoked out of water by the sun. Looking back at San Francesco, the cypresses and the one stone-pine are scarcely

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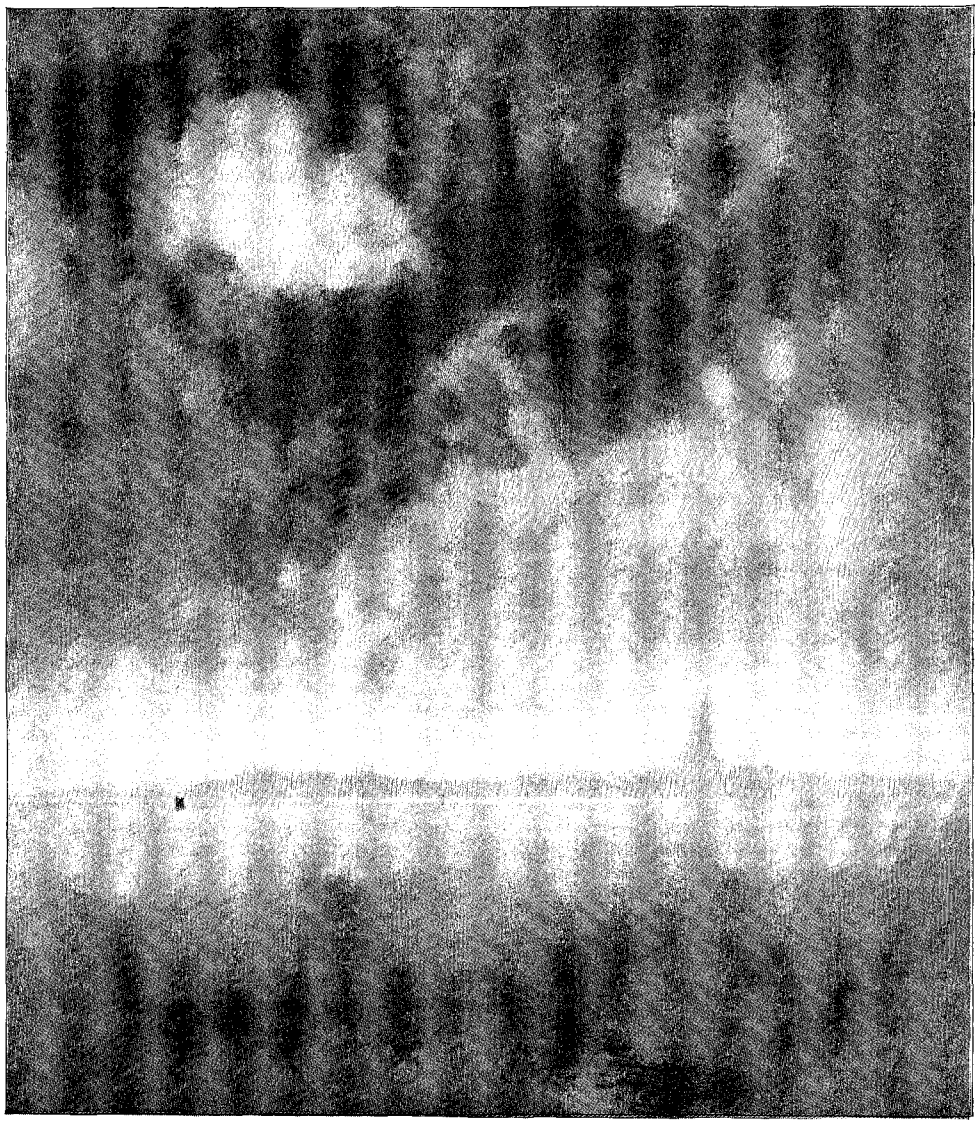

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

On the other side of the water Venice begins.

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less black as they plunge downward; sea-gulls fly in the air over other sea-gulls, just a little dimmer, that seem to fly far down in the water, as in a crystal.

The island of Burano, the real island, and not that magical other island in the water, is dreary and sordid; dirt lies thick in every street, the campanile is slowly settling over, there are cracks in the walls of the churches, many of the houses are already ruinous. But if you look through the open doors you will see that every house has its piece of old oak, a chest or side-board, with brass plates and copper pans, sometimes with china on shelves, arranged over it on the wall; and the brass and china are for the most part old, and have come down in the family from generation to generation. The men in Burano are all fishers, the women all lace-makers. Fishing-boats lie with their nets and crab-pots in the canals; men lounge on the quays in top-boots and ribbed woolen stockings; there is all the smell, dirt, and apparent idleness of a fishing village, where work waits on the tides and the weather. Women sit in every doorway, bending over the lace which they are stitching into the famous Burano point and into other delicate patterns. The oldest women are still at work with their needles; they lift weary eyes for an instant, as you bend over their work, and then the eyes turn back to the stitching. The smallest girls are at work with their needles already, and you see them, with their little pale faces, bright eyes like beads, and artists' fingers, crowded together, row after row, in the narrow rooms of the factory.

In the long central square there is a continual clatter of wooden shoes, and a passing of women and children with colored handkerchiefs over their heads. An old beggar with spectacles, a pointed red cap, and a long patched yellow overcoat, stops outside the window of the "Lion Crowned," and begs for bread or soldi; and small boys thrust their heads in, and beg laughing.

It is but a short row from Burano to Torcello, and the oars of the gondola catch in the weeds of narrow shores. One sees little but weeds and broken walls and scant herbage; a few red cottages, a boat, a few ducks afloat by the bank. You land at what is hardly a village, but there is a village green, with clothes hung out to dry, and a few children playing on the green, and in the midst of the grass a very ancient stone chair, rudely hewn out and standing against a pillar: they call it the chair of Attila, and they say that it was Attila's throne, when Venice had not yet been built upon the water. Beyond, in two red brick buildings, open in front, there are innumerable fragments, a few inches square, of Byzantine marble, carved with patterns lovely enough to survive dismembering.

On the right hand is the strange octagon of Santa Fosca, with its arcades and pillars, and the seventh-century basilica of Santa Maria, with its campanile, all somewhat ruinous and among so many ruins. Inside the doors of the Cathedral one sees a floor like St. Mark's, all in patterns of colored marble, and walls whitewashed, and yellow with damp, where they are not lined with gray marble or covered with Byzantine or twelfth-century mosaics. The whole western wall is covered with mosaics in six tiers, there are other mosaics in the tribuna and the apse, and under the dome of the tribuna is the episcopal throne, with the seats of the priests arranged in a semicircle like the steps of an arena: the throne is of ancient marble, but the seats are no more than a shell of restored brickwork. On the panels of the screen and pulpit there are scrolls of flowers and long-necked birds, with conventional borders, carved in the marble; but the white marble has gone green. Above are half-ruined paintings against gold backgrounds, and below, in the many-colored marble floor, a bishop lies carved in stone, and the stone is roughened like a rock on which the tide has broken. In the mosaics of the apse there are strange designs of birds and beasts and fishes, woven into delicate patterns, peacock-colored with an unusual subtlety of color. At the other end of the church the whole wall, to the brown rafters, is alive with the hard bright shapes of twelfth-century mosaic. There are heavens and hells, rows on rows of haloed saints in glory, angels blowing into conchs, strange demons, men and gods, all, row above row, on the dead gold, with carpets of green grass and colored flowers and white clouds; naked figures among flames, skulls, with separate hands and feet, and with snakes twined through their eyeholes, heads with curled hair and earrings among red flames, cherubims with wings crossed beneath their

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chins, Mary with outstretched arms, and Christ sitting in judgment. These mosaics have been lately restored, and their fresh aspect, among so much and such ancient ruin, does but bring a touch of irrelevant new color into this temple of ruined splendor, which stands here, on the malarious island, with an almost mysterious magnificence in decay.

Fish boats and baskets in the Giudecca.

A CHILD OF SPRING

By Frank Dempster Sherman

STERN winter lingers, loath to leave us yet:
Only to-day in the bare woods I found
His frozen banners white upon the ground,
And in the trees his shining lances set.
The wind song was a murmur of regret
For all the joy departed, and a sound
Of sorrow filled the frosty air around
With melancholy whispers of *Forget*.

But I beheld, behind a curlèd leaf,
Hiding in vain her loveliness and grace,
A timid flower intently listening
In this deserted world worn gray with grief,—
Arbutus, with her fresh and fragrant face,
Impatient for the mother-call of Spring.

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THE PAN-AMERICAN RAILWAY

BY CHARLES M. PEPPER
United States and Pan-American Railway Commissioner

THE project of the Pan-American Railway is dramatic in conception. In execution the enterprise will rank high among the great railways of the future. It involves the co-operation of fifteen republics. They will make for the peace of the Western Hemisphere, these 5,000 miles of rail links which will cost $200,000,000, and will bring New York into direct communication with Buenos Ayres or Alaska and Hudson Bay with Patagonia.

This idea of joining the countries of the New World by iron and steel girders is old. It was given coherent form by Hinton Rowan Helper in his "Three Americas Railway." It had South American proponents. The magnetic attraction of grand enterprises for great minds brought it within the sweep of James G. Blaine's daring imagination. It appealed to the constructive genius of Andrew Carnegie, who drafted the report which was adopted by the First International American Conference, held in Washington in 1890. It had the faith of one of the greatest of American railway presidents, Mr. A. J. Cassatt, who became chairman of the commission under which the intercontinental survey was carried out. Both its sentimental and its practical side appealed to a captain of industry and a public man in the person of Mr. Henry G. Davis, who was associated with Mr. Carnegie in interesting the First Conference in the subject. He served with Mr. Cassatt on the Survey Commission. As a delegate to the Second International American Conference, held in Mexico in 1901, he was the head of the committee which formulated measures for securing the joint action of the various governments, and subsequently he became chairman of the permanent committee created by that conference, which in its membership is international.

It is apparent that a railway line or a series of lines traversing twelve or fifteen countries from the United States to the Argentine Republic, and sending out lateral branches, only can be made effective through international co-operation. When each of the countries interested makes provision for building to its borders along the north and south route, this means ultimate through communication, and as one nation approaches the frontiers of a neighbor nation that neighbor is given the incentive for construction within its own limits. All the governments follow the plan which obtained in the United States in constructing the transcontinental roads—that is, of state aid by means of land grants, bonds, and other forms of subsidies, or outright payments for completed sections. In this way the gradual unification of disjointed lines will be obtained. It may be said that in the beginning of 1906 every Central and every South American country has a definite policy of aiding railway construction as an integral part of the Pan-American system, and some of them, as in the case of Peru and Bolivia, have enacted special legislation. All of them are sympathetic toward an intercontinental trunk line because it coincides with their plans for internal development and external trade.

For the United States the project is the commercial corollary to the Monroe doctrine. The moral influence makes for the increased stability and political progress of the various Latin-American republics and there is the trade benefit of industrial development and enlarged commerce. There is especially the reciprocal influence of the Panama Canal. And it may be added that an educational good is derived from the enforced knowledge of geography.

On the practical side the subject is to be viewed in three aspects. These are the financial requirements, the engineering conditions, and the traffic to be created. The financial needs provided for, the question becomes one chiefly of engineering practice, such as track-laying, as in Argentina; tunnelling the Andes, as in Peru; and bridging the mountain torrents, as in Co-

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lombia. The financial requirements are to be judged by the solvency and the fiscal resources of the nations which offer government guarantees. They on their part are dependent on the traffic to be developed, but also to an appreciable extent on reasons of state polity or the national necessities. In some places, if undertaken purely as a private enterprise, links in a through Pan-American trunk line would not be profitable commercially for many years after their construction. It is therefore necessary to weigh carefully the degree of aid which any one republic is capable of extending to private enterprise or of utilizing for itself when it undertakes the building of railroads. But when this financial solvency is shown to be assured the main interest turns on the engineering features.

The broad idea of the Pan-American Railway may be grasped from a glance at the map, where it appears as a project in profile. The general direction is north-west and south-east along the giant chains of the Andes. A through intercontinental railroad should follow the route most advantageous for opening up undeveloped resources and for insuring immigration and permanent settlement. The governing principle of a long continental backbone line with ribs includes development of mineral, agricultural, and timber resources, while climate is not to be overlooked. To temper the tropics is feasible by following the plateaux of the Andes. For the railway engineer it is important, as Chief-Engineer Shunk has stated, to determine the direction of the watercourses, the depths, widths, and currents; the trends of the mountain passes, and their height above the adjacent valleys.

All of these considerations were given form in the intercontinental survey which was made during the years from 1892 to 1898 inclusive. The survey was organized in accordance with the recommendation of the First International American Conference. The funds were provided by the United States and by proportionate contributions from the various other governments. The field surveying parties were under the guidance of Mr. W. F. Shunk as engineer-in-chief. The principal object was to determine whether a feasible railway line at a reasonable outlay could be constructed. The purpose was not specifically the location of a railroad, but rather reconnaissance and exploration, tracing a tentative line of development and collating information regarding natural resources.

The surveys were divided into three field parties, which covered the ground from the southern boundary of Mexico to the northern border of Bolivia. The tracing of routes in Bolivia and Argentina, and also of branch lines to Brazil, Paraguay, and Venezuela, was not attempted, owing to the lack of funds. But the work done was sufficient to show the feasibility of a Pan-American trunk line. The surveys were made with four per cent. as the maximum gradient and 359 feet as the least radius of curvature permissible. They provided estimates for the grading, masonry, and bridges of a railroad of the standard gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches. The result, as embodied in the printed reports and the maps and profiles, was monumental. It was not only a most meritorious labor of practical preliminary surveying; it was also a valuable contribution to international geography.

The conception of the through intercontinental trunk line is best had from the knowledge of what may be called the strategic physical points. The starting-place is Ayutla, on the Suchiate River at the northern boundary of Guatemala. The route, condensed, as it were, is shown in the following table of distances and elevations:*

	Miles.	Elevation in feet.
Ayutla (northern frontier of Guatemala)	....	116
Rio Golfito (frontier of republic of Panama)	1,043	50
Rio Sucio (north-western limit of Colombia)	439	1,000
Rio Carchi (southern border of Colombia)	915	9,000
Rio Canchis (southern border of Ecuador)	658	3,200
Rio Desaguadero (southern border of Peru)	1,785	12,540
Rio Quiaca (boundary of Bolivia and Argentina)	573	11,234
Total miles	5,413	

Here is the true intercontinental span from towering height to cloud-lost peak, from broken plain to rolling table-land, from deep valley to deeper canyon. The pioneer traveller who to-day would make this long journey must follow railway routes, bridle-paths, cart-roads, mule-trails, canoe courses, stage-lines and lake steamers. Part of the way his path would be hewn through tropical jungles so dense as to form forest walls seemingly impenetrable. When the twentieth-century tourist takes the through rail

*The greatest elevation above sea-level is at the summit of the Cordilleras, in Peru, known as Yanchacas, 14,927 feet.

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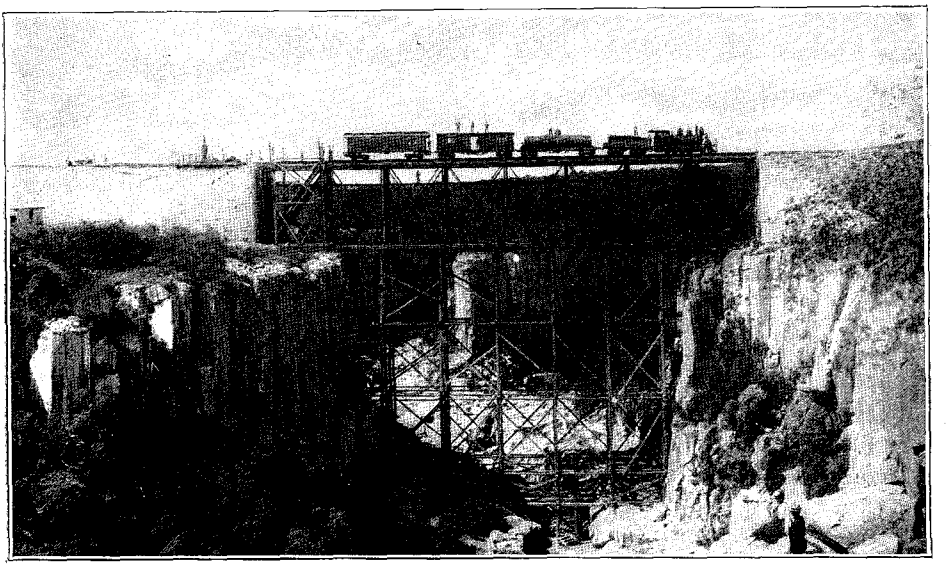

Chrone bridge, Mexican National Railway.

journey he will see the relation of sea-level plains, intermountain plateaux, profound valleys, shallow depressions, rushing rivers, dry gorges, tortuous canyons, sinuous passes; the sparkling verdure and the brilliant foliage of the tropics; the treeless regions of the Andine deserts, naked cliffs and jutting precipices, fleece-hidden summits, and the pinnacled peaks of the eternal snows, often passing from the rankest wealth of nature to its most sterile and grudging gifts almost as swiftly as the imagination can conceive the change.

He will pass under the shadow of the chain of volcanoes, living and dead, which distinguish Central America as part of the New World that is yet in the processes of geologic making. In Guatemala he may hear the muffled cannonading and watch the smoke from the steaming side of Santa Maria, comforting signs to the inhabitants that the safety-valve is not closed. Or, coming after some eruption, he may witness the lava showers and see the waters running brown with volcanic ash. He will view Fuego and Agua—Fire and Water—misnamed twins, for the real twins are Acatenango and Fuego. There also will be the opportunity for visiting Lakes Atitlan and Amatitlan, covering the beds of extinct craters, while the reflective traveller may care to revive the memories of the Spanish power when Guatemala was its seat and source of authority.

Journeying on, the traveller will admire the tapering green pyramid of the extinct San Salvador, which might be called one great coffee plantation; but he will miss more if by night he does not see the streaming flames from the living Izalco form the huge red torch in the black sky and then concentrate in the steady light of a volcanic beacon. This sight is not every night of the year, yet it is frequent.

In Nicaragua there will be the panorama of conical peaks shooting up from the saddle-like depressions—dominating Momotombo, spouting fire from the vapors in which it is bathed; El Viejo, Mambocho, and Santiago. The most entrancing will be Santiago. Almost at its base lies the little inland sea known as Lake Apoyo, a deep bowl in the heart of the mountains, whose waters are salt. The railroad winds in horseshoe loops around this lake. From the shadow of Santiago, too, one may look down a moonlight night on the white city of Granada sleeping on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, a city of monoliths as it gleams in the soft yellow atmosphere. In Costa Rica there will be the volcanoes of Poas, Pico Blanco, Turialba, and the others which form series of conic peaks, most of them extinct craters, but ranging in elevation from 8,000 to 12,000 feet.

The traveller, zigzagging his way, will cross the Panama Canal, and pushing

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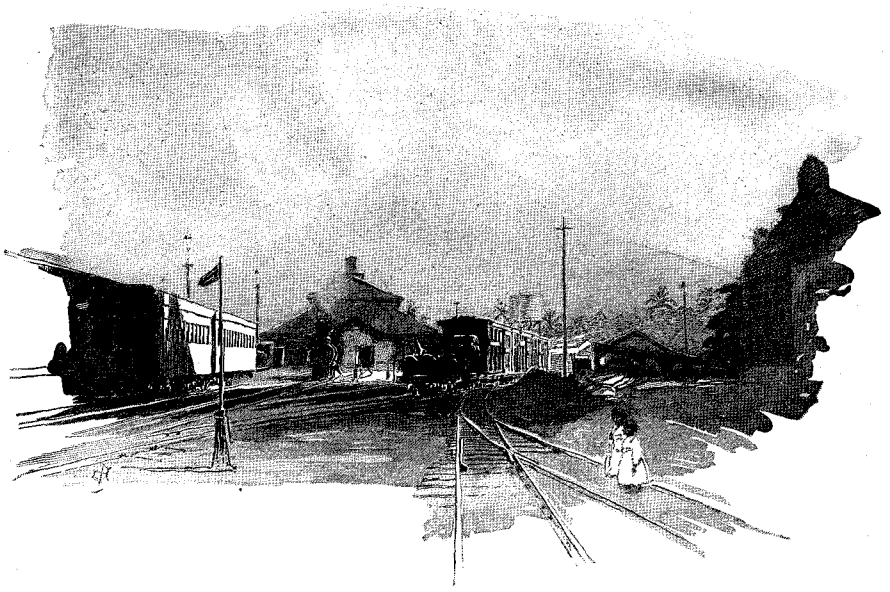

In the volcano's shadow. The Escuintla Railroad station, Guatemala.

through the massed vegetation of the jungles and the dense forests of Darien, will enter Colombia, following the valley of the River Sucio and climbing higher till he descends to the Pass of Carmajata, whence the course will be into the basin of the River Cauca. Again the ascent with bold sweeps and he will be in the region of the *paramos* or high plains, snow-covered craters, the huge isolated mountain masses, and the great glacier peaks of the Central Cordilleras. Following the principal axis of the Andes, he will continue into Ecuador, feeling the breath from the icy tops of equatorial mountains, along plateaux and through passes from 10,000 to 12,000 feet above sea-level. Quito will be reached, and he then will be at the starting-point of the road which in the time of the Incas joined that subject capital with the seat of empire at Cuzco, 1,900 miles distant.

After leaving Quito the traveller will wind around the foot-hills of the giant Chimborazo and will surmount its spur at an elevation of 12,000 feet. He will be climbing from rung to rung of a colossal mountain ladder, for these transverse masses, known as the *nudos* or knots, are the characteristic feature of the Andes in Ecuador. Entering Peru through the Sabanilla Pass, he will find himself crossing and recrossing the Continental Divide, alternating the Atlantic and the Pacific watersheds, surmounting many summit spurs at heights of 13,000 to 14,000 feet, along the glaciers until he arrives at the mining centre of Cerro de Pasco, 14,300 feet, one of the highest human habitations in the world; thence through alternating abrupt descents and ascents he will reach Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, about 11,000 feet high, whence he will follow a comparatively even course to Puno on the shores of Lake Titicaca, 12,540 feet. He may prefer to enjoy steam navigation across the highest body of fresh water where it can be experienced, or he may continue along the shores of this lake for 100 miles and reach its basin, the great Central Plain of Bolivia, the table-land which lies between the granitic Royal Andes and the igneous chain known as the Occidental Cordilleras. Crossing the Central Plain, he will be within range of the great glacier peak of Sorata, and will look out on the vast white wall of the glorious Illimani, the grandest mountain region of all South America, if not of the world. Going on, he will drop abruptly from the Central Plain through the cross-chains of the Royal Andes until he reaches the Sierras of northern Argentina, and then will follow tranquilly the gently sloping pampas to the waters of the Atlantic Ocean at Buenos Ayres, destined for all time to be the largest city of the Southern Continent.*

*The population of Buenos Ayres exceeds 1,000,000.

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It will be a wonderful journey, but must it be taken only in the imagination, and is it forever a dream?

To answer this question let us come back to the strategic physical points, glance at the disconnected links which one day may be forged into the complete Pan-American Railway chain, and see what may be the prospect of the through trip from New York to Buenos Ayres. Here is the bird's-eye view showing in tabular form distances, existing lines, and present and future construction:

COUNTRIES.	Distances, chiefly by intercontinental location.	In operation.	Under construction.	Future links.
United States:				
New York to Laredo	2,187	2,187		
Mexico:				
Laredo to Mexico City	802	802		
Mexico City to Guatemala border via Cordoba and Tehuantepec*	730	680	50	
Central America	1,043	351	100	592
Panama	612			612
Colombia	865	20		845
Ecuador	658	126	77	455
Peru	1,785	277	223	1,285
Bolivia	541	233	128	180
Argentine Republic	1,168	1,033	135	
Total	10,391	5,709	703	3,969

*The company constructing the line from San Geronimo, Mexico, in prosecuting the actual work found some variations from the first surveys necessary, so that the route followed is about fifty miles longer. This makes the distance from Mexico City to the border of Gautemala via Cordoba and Tehuantepec approximately 780 miles. In January, 1906, construction was going on at both ends of the line, and it was expected to be completed within the year.

Roughly speaking, the Pan-American project as one of the great railways of the future, is the construction of lines aggregating 4,000 miles.

In the intercontinental survey the assumption was that the existing Mexican lines would be prolonged directly south from Oaxaca to the Guatemalan boundary. In time this will be done. But in the Pan-American project the chief end is railway connection, whether by the shortest route or not. Hence in the gradual realization of the plan there will be many zigzags. This is the case now in Mexico, where the policy of President Diaz in securing through lines from the Rio Grande to the southern border is on the point of achievement through the completion of the Tehuantepec Isthmian Railway and the enterprise which has the corporate name of the Pan-American Company. A link in these lines enables the journey to be made from Mexico City by way of Cordoba and San Geronimo to Tonala, and thence to Tapachula, whence the last section, twelve miles, will be constructed to the Guatemalan frontier. In the meantime a section of thirty miles in Guatemalan territory will join the existing Guatemalan railway system with the Mexican extensions. Thus by the end of the year 1907 a through railway trip from New York, St. Paul, or San Francisco to Guatemala City is in sight though it will not be made without a change of cars. Within another year the trip can be prolonged via Santa Ana to the capital city of Salvador, the very heart of Central America. There is, moreover, actual construction work in Honduras, rebuilding an abandoned line from La Union.

Through a coffee plantation on the Guayaquil and Quito Railway.

The general location for a railroad through Central America skirts the volcanoes and hugs the coffee belt. In few parts is the maximum gradient of four per cent. required, though occasionally switchbacks are necessary in order to avoid the sharp mountain curves. The intercontinental survey followed closely the coast line of the Pacific, though in the final stages of railway con-

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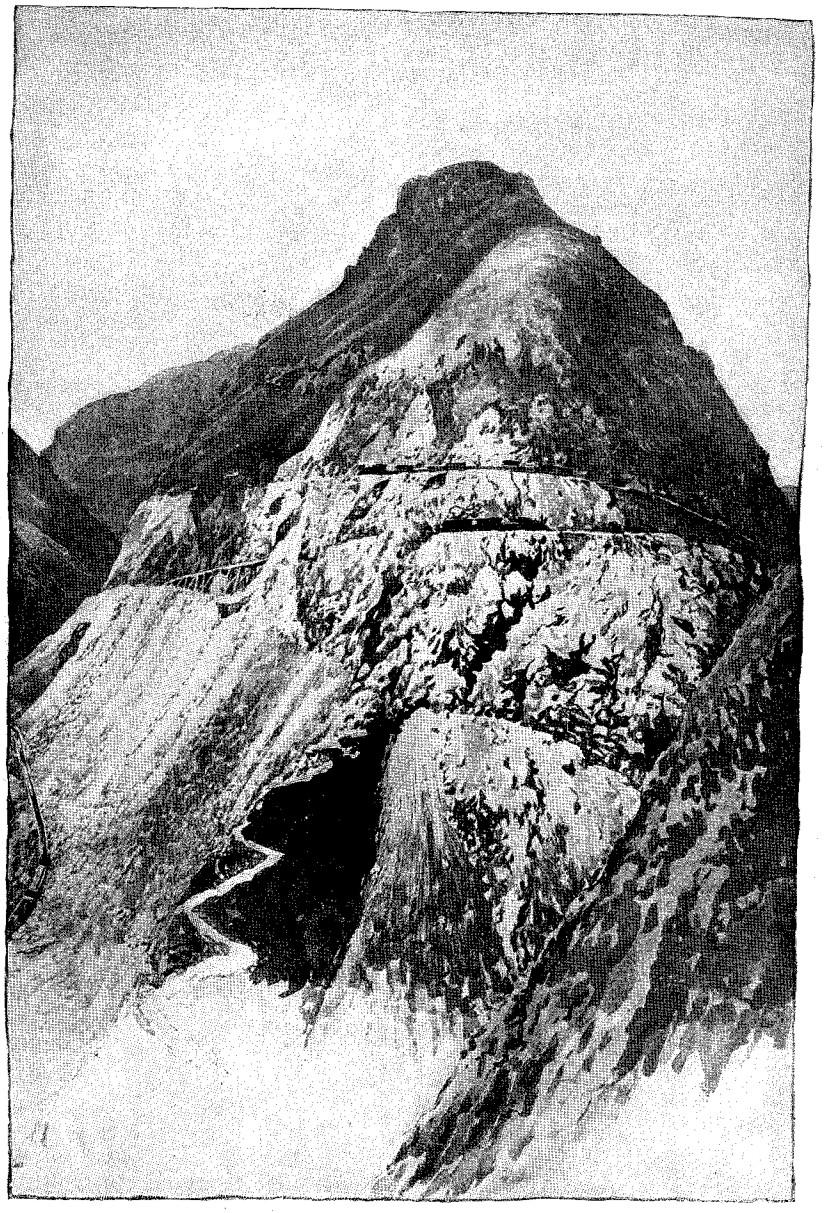

Pistichi Mountain on the Guayaquil and Quito Railway.

struction when Costa Rica is reached an alternative route on the Atlantic slope, both for commercial and for engineering reasons, may prove the most practicable. In southern Guatemala and Salvador the bridging of a very large number of streams is avoided by abandoning the coast line and zigzagging from the junction on the Northern Railroad called Zacapa. In the general location from Ayutla to the canal zone few sharp elevations are necessary. In Salvador at Santa Ana the height above sea-level would be about 2,000 feet.

With regard to the railway systems of Central America, interoceanic lines are of the first importance, and the various governments consequently have exerted themselves to build from the Pacific to the Gulf ports.

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Engineers on The Nose.—The Guayaquil and Quito Railway.

Thus it happens that Guatemala gets a transverse line from San José on the Pacific through the capital to Puerto Barrios on the Gulf of Mexico. This is known as the Northern Railway and its construction is to be finished by December, 1906. Nicaragua, after the loss of the canal, provided for a line from Lake Nicaragua eastward through its great timber and fruit regions, and this means through rail communication from Corinto on the Pacific to Monkey Point on the Atlantic. Costa Rica closed up a short gap so that she might have a through line from Puntarenas to Port Limon.

Geography and commerce are both considered in Central American railway building by providing the ribs before the backbone, but with the ribs once constructed the back-

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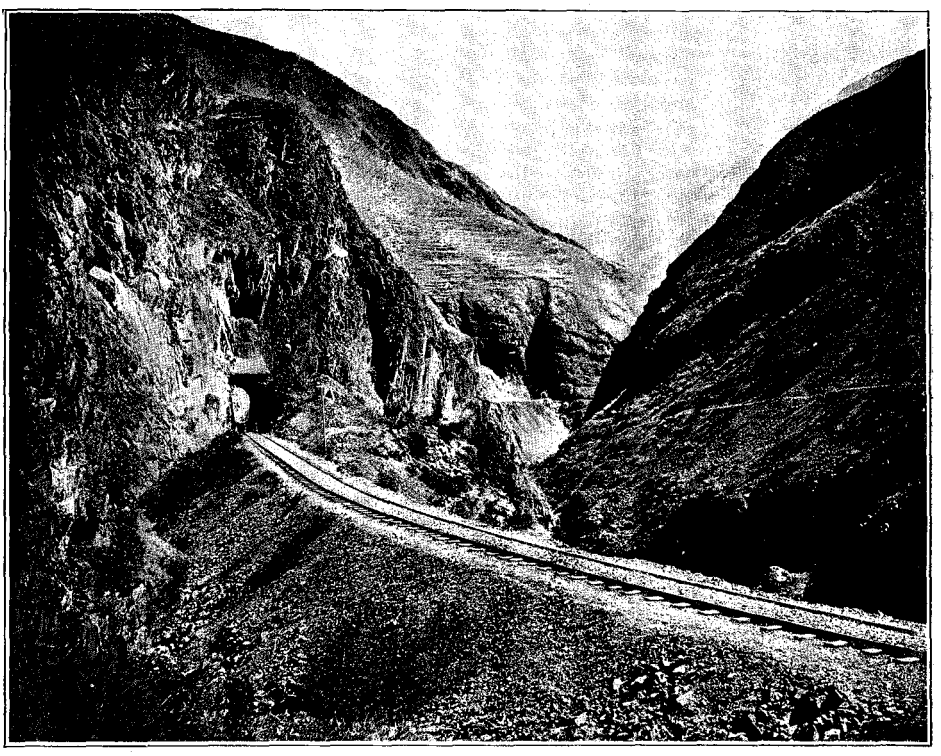

Diamond cut on the Oroya Railroad in the Peruvian Andes.
Built by Henry Meiggs.

bone is essential, and the Pan-American links will utilize a few sections of these transverse lines which can be made a part of a through north-west and south-east trunk. The certain thing is that the development of the coffee and the fruit industries of all the Central American countries, the exploitation of their mines, and the growing market for their hardwood timber make it essential that the interoceanic ribs have an intercontinental backbone. It may be absolutely assumed that the capitalists who are extending railway construction from the border of Mexico south and from ocean to ocean gradually will forge a complete system which by a combination of Pacific and Atlantic routes will reach the Panama Canal zone. The political importance of drawing together the countries of Central America which, notwithstanding their geographical relation, have been isolated from one another, will be momentous, especially with reference to the ultimate union of them all in a single Central American republic. But the commercial advantages will be the governing motives for linking one section with another until lines extending from Panama north-west shall meet those coming south-east from Guatemala.

This Mexico-Central American section is a chapter in actual construction along the Pan-American location in the north. Another chapter, and one of commanding importance, is what may be called the southern section, or the prolongation from Argentina up into Bolivia. The Argentine railway lines reached Tucuman, 650 miles north of Buenos Ayres, in 1876. They halted there for years, but in 1892 they had advanced to Jujuy, 350 miles farther north. This was the commercial outpost for traffic with Bolivia. Over this route the bulk of European merchandise was transported by means of mules and llamas. Political rather than commercial reasons finally caused the Argentine Government to begin the extension of its lines into Bolivia, the railway known as the Central Northern from Cordoba through Tucuman to Jujuy being a government line. A treaty was negotiated

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Bridge and grade at Tambo Vaso on the Oroya Railroad, Peru.

with Bolivia under the terms of which Argentina was authorized to undertake a friendly invasion into Bolivian territory, extending its prolonged railroad to Tupiza, 55 miles beyond the border. This amended treaty was concluded in 1902. In brief, the plan contemplates making Tupiza, in Bolivia, the terminal or the initial point, from whichever point of the compass it may be looked at, of the railway system of northern Argentina. A credit of $6,000,000 gold for carrying the line from Jujuy to Quiaca was authorized by the Congress and the contract was let by the government.

I went over this route with pack animals in the early stages of the construction work. The rails follow the old Spanish and the more ancient Inca trail through the *que-*

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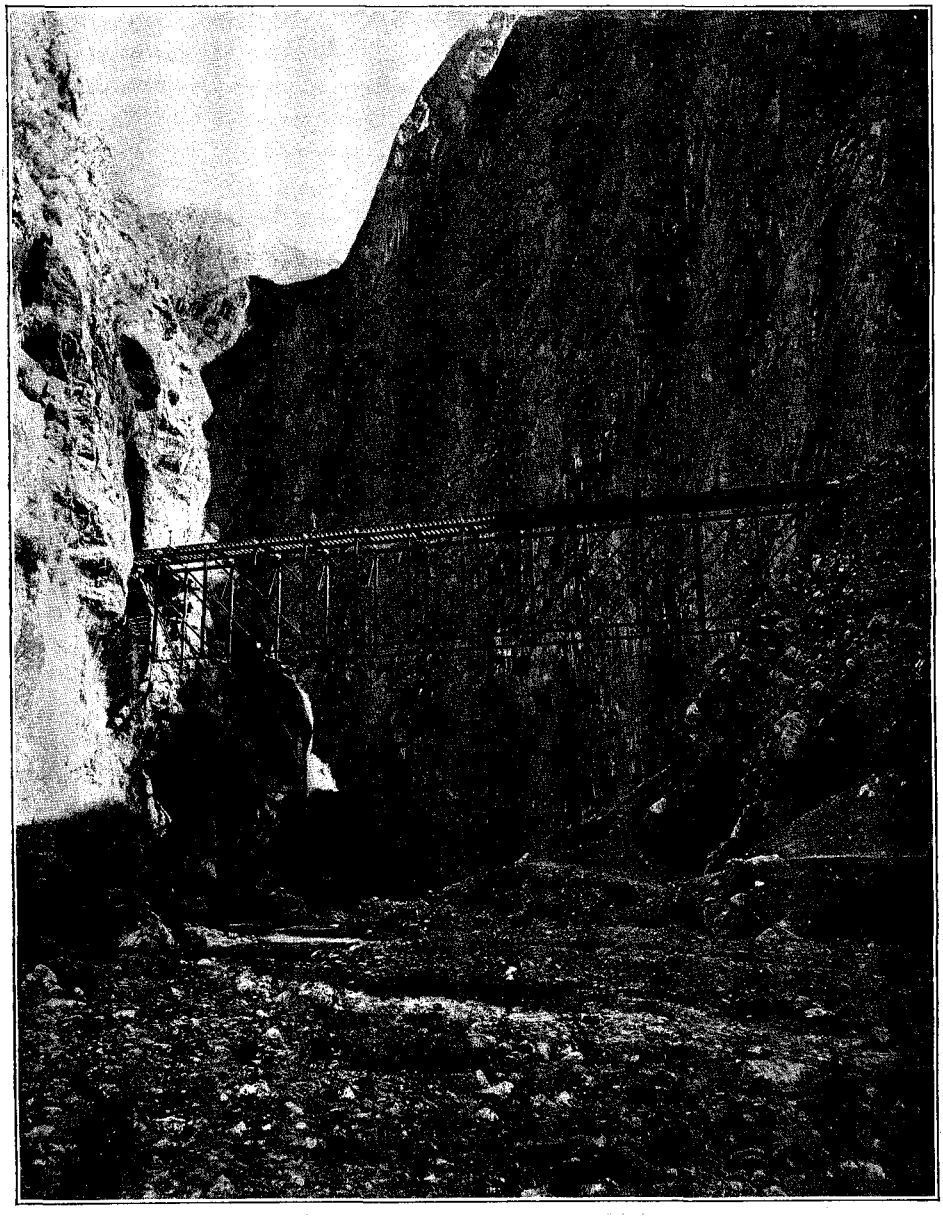
brada or canyon of Humahuaca. The lower part of the canyon along the Grand River is in the nature of a broken valley, but it gradually narrows. Jujuy is at an elevation of 4,126 feet, while Quiaca is 11,234 feet. The highest point of the divide is known as the Abra Tres Cruces, or Pass of Three Crosses, 12,215 feet above sea-level. The mountains are roll-top in their appearance, the gorges are wide, and most of the engineering difficulties are merely the usual ones of bridging mountain streams and surmounting sharp curves. At the point known as Leon, the grade is 30.47 per cent. This difficulty is met by employing the *cremellera* system after the manner of Abt in combination with simple adhesion. There is one bold curve with a radius of 1,300



"El Infiernillo" (Little Hell) bridge, Oroya Railroad, Peru.

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First train on railway, Lake Titicaca to La Paz, Bolivia.

feet, and another of 800 feet. The average grade is fifteen per cent.

The real engineering obstacle, very unique in its character, exists in the first section, and is known as the Volcan, although there is nothing volcanic about it. It is actually a mud mountain that moves and is about twenty-five miles from Jujuy. This phenomenon in nature is a colossal sloping cone whose origin, although geologically recent, extends back to the prehistoric epoch. It is formed on the right bank of the Grand River by enormous deposits of mud and gravel which compel the waters of the stream to enclose themselves between the foot of the hill on the opposite bank and the high *barrancas* or lateral ravines of the cone. This mass has a natural drain known as the Medio River that in torrential season cuts its way around the sides from the upper edge or angles, carrying with it huge boulders, some of which weigh from four to five tons. This gives an idea of the enormous force of the water, with the additional momentum of the mud mass that is carried with it. The difficulty of railroad construction is that in the rainy season it is impossible to estimate how much of the mountain-side will be moved around from one section of the cone to another section. At first it was proposed to overcome the obstacle by means of a tunnel, but this was decided to be impracticable and a steel bridge, 820 feet long, was substituted as an alternative. The bridge is still (1905) in the experimental stage. During the construction work in the dry season rails were laid along the bed of the river and heavy machinery was transported by this method.

Bolivia's relation to the Pan-American system is a simple geographical one. In its engineering features this may be understood better in profile by following the route from the southern border at Quiaca, through the cross-ranges and sierras of the Royal Andes to the central table-land, and then across that plateau to Lake Titicaca. Taking up the prolongation of the Argentine line at Quiaca, there is a gradual climb and then a descent to the entrancing tropical valley in which the pretty village of Tupiza lies. The route follows the watercourse known as the San Juan de Oro, or St. John's Gold River, and its affluents. The railway location from Quiaca has some unique features which will require S-like loops and long viaducts, though few tunnels. A cart-road which leads down to Tupiza affords an example of splendid mountain engineering in ordinary road-making, and the difficulties are not much greater for the railway lines.

The real mountain section is that from Tupiza to Uyuni across the Chichas Cordilleras and the San Vincent Sierras. Colossal conical peaks rise in succession — Ubinas, Chorolque, Guadalupe, Cotagaita

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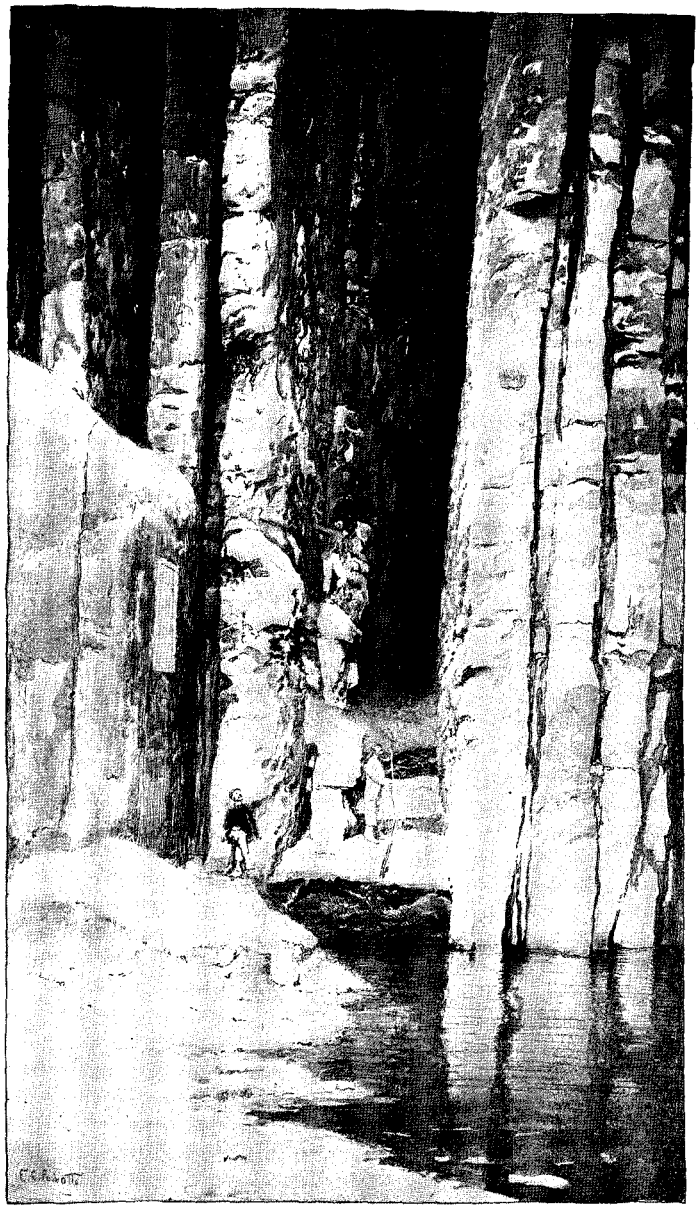

The narrow way.

Canyon on railway route near Tupiza, Bolivia.

—a veritable tiara of snow-covered summits. They range from 17,000 to 19,000 feet. They form the mineral section, which is rich in tin and silver deposits. Guadalupe, though not the highest one of this conical group, is the most dominating and is truly the Pike's Peak of Bolivia. For this section the surveyors have been able to mark out a feasible railway route with a minimum number of tunnels, though not without some grand curves. There are many canyons and cross-canyons. The most available pass is that known as Portugalete, 14,200 feet above sea-level. In spite of the rugged nature of these mountains the American engineers who reconnoitered the routes in 1905 reported that a railroad could be built with a maximum grade of three per cent. The

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distance from Tupiza to Uyuni is 125 to 130 miles.* On one occasion I followed the trail between the two places by the shortest cut, through many gorges, with pack animals, and found it a most laborious one, but a road exists over which a two-wheel buck-board can be driven the whole distance, and that may prove the best location for the railway.

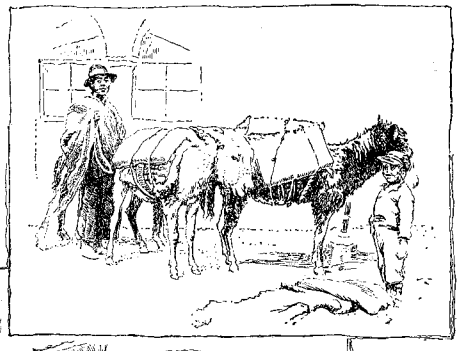
Uyuni, which lies in the corner of the Central Plain that once was a vast inland sea, is the railway junction of the future. It is on the railroad which, starting at Antofagasta on the Pacific coast, crosses the volcanic ranges known as the Occidental Cordilleras, and reaches the Central Plain, tapping the Huanchaca mineral district. This railroad is probably the narrowest one for its length in the world. Its total extension from Antofagasta to Oruro is 575 miles, and the gauge is two feet six inches. The Pan-American section already built is that from Uyuni to Oruro, 195 miles. It is inevitable that the gauge be widened to one metre or 3 feet $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, to conform to the other railways and those which are to be constructed.

*An alternative proposition to the Tupiza-Uyuni line, and one which received endorsement after the treaty for the building by Chile of the railway from Arica to La Paz, is for a direct line from Oruro to Potosi, 200 miles, and from Potosi to Tupiza, 150 miles.

Nothing remarkable in the way of engineering obstacles had to be overcome in this railway extension from Uyuni. In many places the work was as simple as on the prairies of the West. In other points some ravines had to be surmounted, but these were simple problems. Scenically the line is more notable. The Central Plain itself being at an elevation of more than 12,000 feet, the eternal snows of the many peaks seem almost within reach and often the engine is literally ploughing through the clouds. When the extension comes to be built from Oruro to Viacha, near La Paz, it will be a most noteworthy attraction from the splendid vista that will be afforded of the Illampu Cordilleras, which include Sorata and the Illimani, with their series of summits ranging from 21,000 to 22,000 feet.

This extension will climb higher than the

Indian burro freighter.



Indian teamsters with their llamas.

Pack-animal freights in the heart of the Andes, Bolivia.

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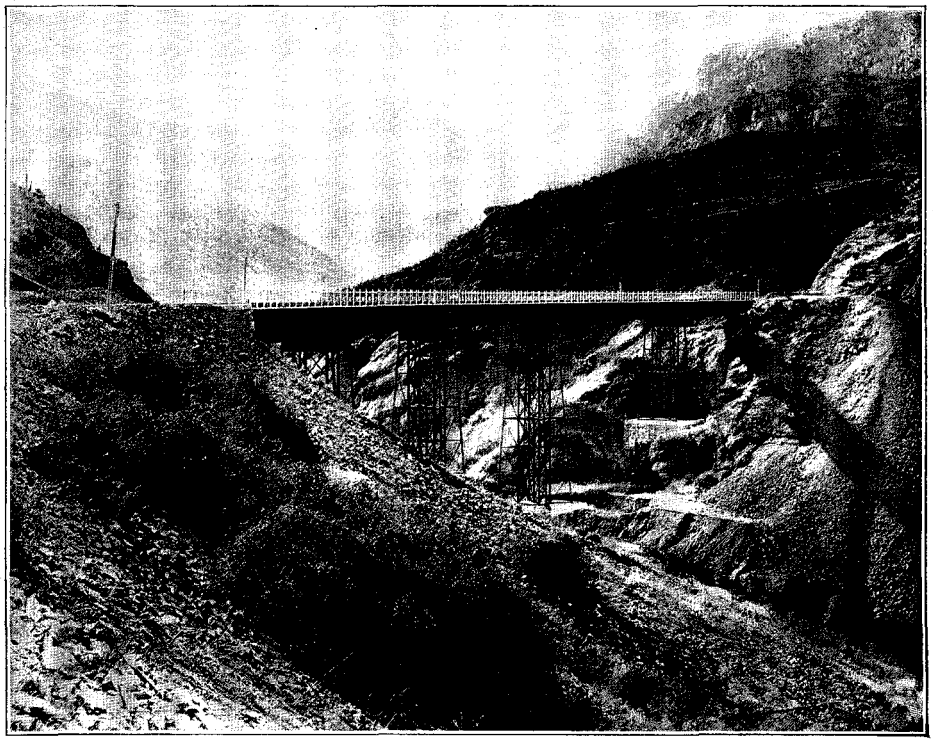

Marquis curved bridge on railroad between Valparaiso and Santiago, Chile.

plain, for it will cross the broken mountain-range at Sicasica, in the centre of the silver mining region, a village where the two historic aboriginal races, the Quichuas and the Aymarás, meet without mingling. Sicasica is 14,000 feet above sea-level, but not the highest grouping of population, for there are other mining settlements in Bolivia which are above 15,000 feet.

In summarizing, the lacking links in the Pan-American line in Bolivia are as follows:*

Argentine border to Tupiza	55	Miles.
Tupiza to Uyuni	125	"
Oruro to Viacha (near La Paz)	128	"
Total	308	"

As regards Peru, Lake Titicaca may be considered a ferry or a water link in the Pan-American trunk line until competition with the railroad built by the Chilean Government, under an arrangement with Bolivia, from Arica on the Pacific coast to La Paz, causes the construction of a rival road along the banks of Titicaca to Puno by the Peruvian Corporation, the London company which controls the Southern Railway that has its terminus at Mollendo. From Guaqui across Lake Titicaca to Puno is 110 miles. The railway from Desaguadero would be ten miles shorter. Its chief advantage commercially would be in saving the transhipment of freight.

A branch of the Southern Railway of Peru runs from Juliaca to Sicuani. In 1905 the Peruvian Government, in pursuance of its policy of fostering railway construction along the intercontinental location, entered into a contract with the Peruvian Corporation to extend the existing line to Cuzco, a distance of eighty-seven miles, along the cart-road which has served the traffic for many years. A few streams have to be crossed, but there are no unusual engineering features in this route. The first section, Sicuani to Checaccupe, twenty-five miles, was completed at the end of 1905.

With Cuzco reached from the south, the real missing link of the Pan-American line is approached. The boundaries of coun-

*In the general table the Oruro-Viacha section is assumed to be under construction. The negotiations of the Bolivian Government assure this result, though they have not been concluded when this article is written

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tries may be disregarded and the historic highway of the Incas from their capital at Cuzco to their tributary capital at Quito may be considered. The stupendous work of the future, the one which is grandest in its grapple with nature, is along this ancient Inca road from Cuzco to Quito, or from the other direction, indifferently. Here is the graphic illustration:

Name.	Miles.	Elevation in feet.
Quito		9,350
Guamote (Atlantic and Pacific watershed)	138	10,813
Cuenca	247	8,600
Rio Canchis	499	3,000
Cajamarca (summit of Cordillera)	759	13,044
Yanchacas (summit of Cordillera)	1,132	14,927
Cerro de Pasco	1,278	14,293
Oroya	1,318	13,465
Huancayo	1,425	10,460
Ayacucho	1,564	11,247
Apurimac River	1,875	6,056
Cuzco	1,944	11,079

The highway of the Incas excited the wonder and admiration of the Spanish conquerors. The historical faculty of imagination, given expression in vivid words by Prescott and his imitators, has painted in brilliant hues the civilization of a dynasty who by this means kept their subjects as close to the central authority as the distant provinces of Rome were knitted by the imperial roads. If the natives four or five centuries ago could maintain through means of communication across these Andine regions, the mind leaps to the conclusion that in the modern age the steel highway should be no more difficult. We see in our mind's eye broad, smooth roadways and imagine steady caravans, perhaps rude carts, passing in unending procession over them; but the only burden beast possessed by the Incas was that cousin of the camel, the llama, which if less sure-footed than the goat, can accommodate itself to almost as narrow a space. The people travelled on foot, for 75 to 100 pounds is the limit of weight which the llama can carry. We may therefore contract the width of these highways in the difficult places to a few feet, perhaps a well-beaten trail or a bridle-path. Robertson says the width in no place exceeded fifteen feet. Now the narrowest of narrow-gauge railways must have a wider road-bed than that.

In the inter-Andine regions of Peru, where the chronicles show that the Inca highway must have run, I have sought for traces and found none, while in other places the ruins were plain; but where the road could be contracted to a narrow pathway it is possible to conceive of a foot thoroughfare along the perpendicular mountain-sides and the overhanging precipices. So, too, the gorges and chasms might be bridged by cables of thongs and a rude pulley apparatus transport the traveller, hanging between heaven and earth, from cliff to cliff. That is still done. But with all the advances in bridge engineering, the marvels of cantilever and suspension, it is not yet possible to span the precipices and bring peak to peak by means of steel cobwebs so that every gap may be closed and a road-bed constructed on a straightaway line instead of making both long and sharp curves, spiral and straight tunnels, and resorting to other engineering devices.

The intercontinental survey, in tracing this line, after entering Peru from Ecuador, followed the route from headland to headland rather than the course of the Marañon River. Subsequently a private company made a tentative survey along the valleys of the Marañon. In either case the work will be of great but not insurmountable difficulty, dropping from the sides of the glaciers to mountain plain, and then leaping gorges, and again climbing to abrupt heights. The Continental Divide will be crossed and recrossed, for in the Peruvian Andes it shows many eccentricities.

But while this long link from Cuzco to Quito is the problem of the future, it does not lack preliminary solution. First, there is the railroad built from Oroya to Cerro de Pasco by the American capitalists, who control the mines of that region, in order to cheapen the transport of the copper and silver ores. This is ninety miles in length and follows closely the tracing made by the intercontinental survey. From Oroya through a canyon fifteen miles long was the most difficult section. The courses of some of the mountain streams were lowered, apparently a difficult feat, yet accomplished by the simple device of canals and dams. One double switchback was constructed. In this manner the plain of Junin was reached with an almost level track across it to the outskirts of Cerro de Pasco. Then some further engineering manœuvres were necessary to bring the tracks into the foothills, 2,000 feet higher than the plain, but this work was not complicated.

In 1905, the Peruvian Government provided for another section in the Pan-Ameri-

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can line from Oroya to Huancayo, seventy-five miles, and the construction was carried a dozen miles to Huari. The route follows plain and river-bed, and is not a difficult one. The line may be extended from Huancayo farther on till it reaches Ayacucho. Then the perplexing engineering problem of 300 miles of broken and defiant mountain masses has to be solved by means of cork-screw tunnels, switchbacks, bridges, viaducts, and sweeping curves.

Shelter hut, Uspillata Pass, Argentine Andes.

A brief digression may be permitted regarding past railway building in Peru because the subject bears on future construction. No engineering obstacles which are yet to be overcome in the Andes, anywhere from the tapering spurs in Central America to the rounded tops in Patagonia, equal those which were surmounted by Henry Meiggs when he built the famous railway from Callao to Oroya, or rather when he constructed the most difficult sections, for he did not live to see the completion of the whole. The wonders of that line, incomparable in their scenic grandeur, with its infinity of switchbacks, tunnels, bridges, viaducts, sharp curves and grades, culminating in the Galera Tunnel, 15,665 feet above sea-level, show the marvels of which engineering genius is capable when backed with unlimited funds. The trains are lifted three miles in a total ascent of eighty-eight miles without a down grade and without resorting to cogs, endless cables, or rope and rack. Instead a line of standard gauge railway with a maximum grade of four per cent. is operated. Sections of the Pan-American trunk line yet to be completed may not have unlimited funds, but they will have the experience which was afforded by the genius of Meiggs and of his lieutenant, Malinowski, the Polish engineer.

In Ecuador the link in the Pan-American line starts in the middle of the country and will follow the Central Plateau from Cuenca in the south, through Quito, to Ibarra in the north. Political and economic reasons make it entirely practicable for a railroad to be constructed from Quito to Ibarra and from Quito to Cuenca. Part of the latter section is in existence, for it forms a link in the Guayaquil and Quito Railroad, which is creeping from the coast to the capital, having reached Ambato, seventy-seven miles from Quito. The section from Bucay beyond Guamote is on the direct route of the Pan-American location.

The construction of this Guayaquil and

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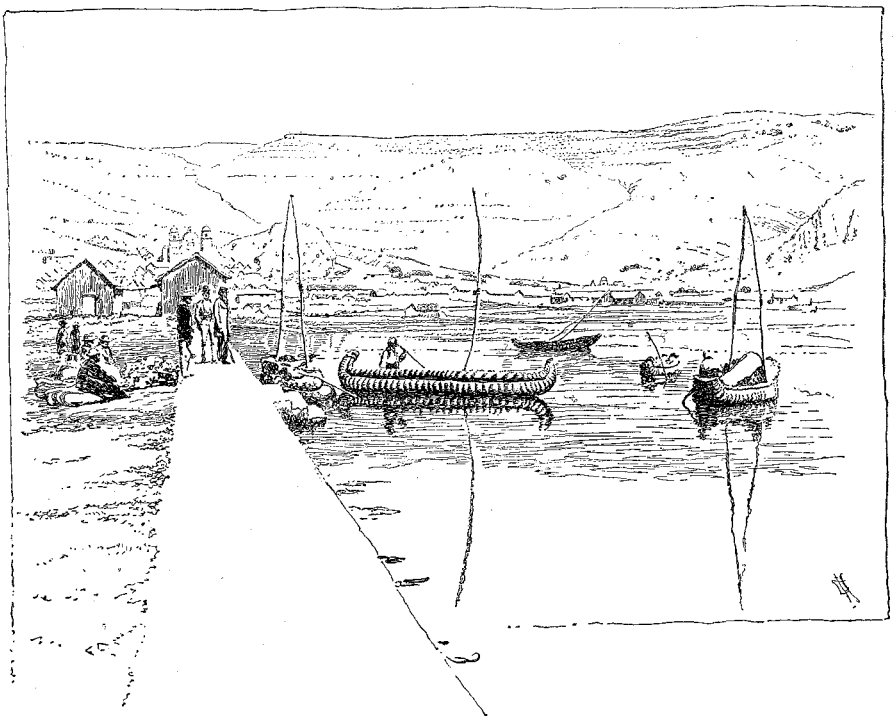

Railway terminus at Puno on Lake Titicaca, Peru.

Quito Railway illustrates the difficulties of railway building in South America. The engineering triumph is the mountain section which was completed in 1905. The gauge is three feet six inches. The curves have a minimum radius of 196 feet, but the majority of them have 327 feet; the cuts have a width of not less than fourteen feet. The tunnels are fourteen feet in width at the narrowest point. The engineering problem which was surmounted was to follow the gently rising coast country fifty miles inland to the base of the mountain, then to lift the train up the western Cordillera of the Andes abruptly and forbiddingly fifty miles to the summit, where the elevation is 10,648 feet. From the summit to Quito the road follows a rolling plateau lying between the parallel ranges and crossed at right angles by the low ranges or knots.

Two remarkable developments were rendered necessary by the rapid falling away of the Alausi River. The first of these, the Pistichi Nose, is a switchback by means of which an elevation of 110 feet is obtained. The second is the Alausi loop, through which an elevation of 290 feet is gained. There are three tunnels, the longest of them, gravel-timbered, being 256 feet. Two are of solid rock, the longer being 163 feet. The Chanchan and Alausi Rivers find their beds in deep, narrow, winding canyons, and to obtain the best ground for the road-bed frequent crossings had to be made. Consequently bridging is a striking feature of this railway. The total number of steel bridges on the mountain section is seventy-two.

There is nothing in South America which excels in tropical luxuriance and magnificent scenery this mountain section of the Guayaquil and Quito Railway.

Colombia through various causes is in so backward a state of railway construction that the Pan-American line has to be described as tentative and prospective. On the main location there is now only the short spur which shoots out from the port of Buenaventura to Cali, and which is of little utility for commerce. Yet the extension of this line from Cali is a commercial and a political necessity to the government of Bogota. This prolongation will form several links of the intercontinental trunk line. Gen-

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erally, the route through Colombia is along the principal axis of the Andes, traversing the enormously fertile Cauca Valley as well as the watercourse of the Sucio River. Since there is so little actual railway work going on in Colombia at the time when this article is written, a reference to the intercontinental survey is sufficient for those who would seek further information.

With regard to cost estimates and traffic charges there is space for only a brief treatment. Practical railway builders are inclined to scoff at paper estimates of construction, and some of them may doubt the broad assertion that the grading, masonry, and bridgework for 5,000 miles of the Intercontinental Railway links can be done for $200,000,000 or $40,000 per mile, and similarly that 4,000 miles can be built for $160,000,000.

In Colombia the estimate of the intercontinental survey was from $27,000 to $29,000 per mile, showing that the engineering difficulties are not so great as a casual glance at the topography of the Andes in that part of South America would indicate.

In Central America the estimate was $20,300 per mile.

In all instances labor was taken at $1 per day gold; that is, the assumption was that measured by efficiency, equivalent to the efficiency of the United States, this would be the average cost, though the actual daily rate of wages was much smaller.

Summarizing their conclusions, the engineers estimated that the average cost per mile of grading, masonry, and bridgework for railway from Ayutla to Lake Titicaca would be $32,000 per mile. They used the same basis for Bolivia and other sections which were not surveyed and then added twenty-five per cent. for good measure.

On the Central Plain of Bolivia the line from Lake Titicaca to the heights of La Paz was constructed for $18,000 per mile.

Valuable experience in the cost of railway construction in Central America was afforded by the Guatemala Central when it built the Mazetenango section, which is a link in the Pan-American system. Labor for clearing the forests was imported from the West Indies. The cost of those lines, including light equipment, did not exceed $23,000 per mile. The work on the Northern Railway, which is to join the Atlantic and the Pacific, is costing about $25,000 per mile.

Bolivia affords a basis of comparison of the relative cost of transportation by railways and by pack animals. A computation made by the Bolivian minister in Washington placed the cost of transport by pack animals at 20 cents per ton per mile. The railway tariffs, which are fixed by the government, average far below this amount. These comparisons also would apply to Peru and other parts of South America where there is an alternation of plains, valleys, and mountain passes.

A very brief consideration must be given to the general subject of branches and feeders. The intercontinental survey as originally planned contemplated studies of lines to Venezuela, Brazil, and Paraguay. These were not carried out for lack of funds. There is, however, little question of ultimate connection with the main transcontinental line of branches which will reach by water links and rail links to the Pacific. The most probable of these are the lines which Peru will secure through the Andes, though that will be for the purpose of diverting traffic from the Amazon to the Pacific.

With relation to the Pacific, branches of the main trunk line are already in existence in the form of the many short spurs which shoot out from the coast and then stop abruptly because there is no through rail artery for them to reach. It may also be said that with the network of railway construction and with Argentina prolonging its lines into Bolivia connections will be formed with the longitudinal lines of Chile which are carried forward with the definite purpose of making them a part of the Pan-American system. The spiral tunnel through the Uspallata Pass of the Andes, which will join Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres by rail, will be completed in 1907 or 1908, the first through transcontinental line in South America.

Collateral to this subject of the Intercontinental Railway is the commercial relation of the three interlacing river basins of South America: the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the La Plata. The explorations made by Gen. Rafael Reyes, of Colombia, and his exposition of the vast volume of interior transportation that may be opened up by connecting the rivers and railroads are of supreme importance.

A final word may be written, and chiefly for the benefit of the doubters. I have discussed the Pan-American project as one of

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Map of Central and South America showing railroads already in operation and the proposed Pan-American route.

the great railways of the future, yet it could not be treated as if it were within the province of a single government. Nor has it been assumed on my part that the United States was yet ready to accept Mr. Carnegie's suggestion and devote $100,000,000 to the enterprise in international partnership with other countries. That may come later, but in the actual state of the subject my aim has been simply to outline what each nation is doing within its own borders and in co-operation with its neighbors in order to realize the ultimate construction of the through trunk line.

It may be admitted that the day is distant when through trains will be running between Alaska and Patagonia. The opinion of a railway president that diamonds would not pay as freight between New York and Buenos Ayres also may be admitted with-

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out impairing the commercial utility of an intercontinental trunk line. Local traffic and development necessarily must be the chief factors in the cargoes, and they are to be taken also in their relation to national policies. But local traffic, so-called, may extend over sections of 1,000 miles or more, such as from Guatemala City to St. Louis. Moreover, opinions on prospective traffic of railways, even when advanced by experts, are notoriously misleading. It is not so many years since a conservative Boston committee was predicting that the Atchison Railway's freight would not pay the cost of the axle grease. It is within the memory of men who are not old that the Northern Pacific was prophesied a financial failure because there would be no traffic; and "Hill's Folly," the Great Northern, with its endless grain trains, is of much more recent date.

While the sceptics may scoff, there are, too, captains of industry with the imagination of statesmen and dreamers. Among them was the late George M. Pullman. He watched railway development everywhere. He knew all the engineering difficulties of South American construction, the difference in gauges, the slowness with which through traffic is developed, the financial drawbacks and the political uncertainties, yet a short time before his death he predicted the time would come when there would be through sleepers between Denver and Buenos Ayres.

One day, in the very heart of the Andes, far up in Cerro de Pasco, I went out on a construction train to the end of the track-laying which was proceeding so rapidly that the locomotive was still a strange being to many of the natives. When the engineer, in the spirit of mischief, caused the whistle to shriek, a group of Indians who had come in from the plain of Junin took wildly to their heels and one lad threw himself flat on his face and tried to burrow in the ground. They were coaxed back and pointing to the encircling Cordilleras, timidly asked how it had come from beyond there. "Beyond there" was the north, and the locomotive had come from that mysterious region because men of dramatic imaginations and of faith in vast practical enterprises had the courage to wake the sleeping riches of the South American continent.

BULSTRODE'S PORTRAIT

By Marie van Vorst

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

THERE was never in the world a better fellow than Jimmy Bulstrode. If he had been poorer his generosities would have ruined him over and over again. Of course he was always being taken in and was the recipient of hundreds of begging letters which he hired another soft-hearted person to read. He offended charitable organizations by never passing a beggar's outstretched hand without dropping a coin in it. He was altogether a distressingly unpractical rich person, encircled by people who adored him for what he really was, and by those who tried to squeeze him for all he was worth. Bulstrode's experience with sycophants and time-servers would be valuable if put upon paper. But he never reduced bad people to their given quantities, and by some singular process the unjust and the mean, the dishonest and the unworthy, weeded themselves out of his environment.

He was passing the season in Paris, and from an agreeable apartment in his hotel, from boulevards, the Bois, and the Champs Élyseé, saw as much of the maddeningly delicious Parisian springtime "as was good for him at his age"—so he said! It gave him a notion, quite inharmonious with his years, that he was a young man, and that with such buoyant sensations as were astir in him, life had begun over again.

Any morning between eleven and twelve he might have been seen in the Bois du Boulogne briskly walking along the Avenue

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des Acacias, his well-filled chest thrown out, his step light and assured; cane in hand, a *boutonnière* tingeing the lapel of his coat; immaculate and fresh as a rose, he exhaled good-humor, kindliness, and well-being.

From their traps and automobiles, charming women bowed and smiled, the *fîne fleur* and the *beau monde* greeted him cordially. "*Regardez moi ce bon Bulstrode qui se promène*," if it were a Frenchman, or, "There's *dear* old Jimmy Bulstrode!" if he were recognized by a compatriot.

One ravishing May morning, Bulstrode, taking his usual constitutional, paused at the end of the avenue to find it deserted and attractively quiet; he sat down on a little bench to more reposefully enjoy the day and time.

He often asked himself why he had not married. He knew the answer perfectly, but he put the question nevertheless for the pleasure it gave him to think about it every now and then. It was likely to force itself upon him when he was especially sensitive to enjoyment and, with his constitutional generosity, longing to share his pleasure.

There are, fortunately, certain things which, unlike money, can be shared only with certain people; and Bulstrode felt that the pleasure of this spring day, the charm of the opposite wood-glades into which he meditatively looked, the tranquil as well as the buoyant joy of life, were among those personal things so delightful when shared—and which, if too long enjoyed alone, bring (let it be scarcely whispered on this bewildering May morning) something like sadness!

Before Mr. Bulstrode had time to see his happier mood change, his attention was attracted by a woman who came rapidly toward the avenue from a little alley at the side. He looked up quickly at the feminine creature who so aptly appeared upon his musings. She was young; her form in its simple dress assured him this. He could not see her face, for it was covered by her hands. Abruptly taking the opposite direction from Mr. Bulstrode, she went over to a farther seat, where she sat down. He could see that she was shaking with sobs.

Such an exhibition was decidedly out of keeping with the morning. The young girl put her arms on the back of the seat, her head upon her arms, and in the remoteness this part of the avenue offered cried without restraint.

Soft-hearted as he was, Bulstrode was also a worldling, and that the outburst was a *ruse* more than suggested itself to him as he went over to the lovely Niobe whose abundant fair hair sunned from under her simple straw hat and from beneath whose frayed skirt showed a worn little shoe.

Bulstrode spoke in French.

"Pardon, madame, but you seem in great distress."

The poor thing started violently, and as soon as she displayed her pretty tearful face the American recognized in her a compatriot. She waved him emphatically away.

"Oh, please don't notice me—don't speak to me—I didn't see that anybody was there."

"I am an American, too; can't I do anything for you—won't you let me?"

And he saw at once that there was no ruse in this girl's abandon; it was genuine. She averted her head determinedly.

"No, no, please don't notice me. Please go away!"

He had nothing to do but to obey her, and as he reluctantly did so a smart pony-cart driven by a lady alone came briskly along and drew up, for the occupant had recognized Mr. Bulstrode.

"Get in," she rather commanded. "My dear Jimmy, how *nice* to find you here, and how nice to drive you at least as far as the entrance!"

As the rebuffed philanthropist accepted he cast a ruthful glance at the solitary figure on the bench.

"Do you see that poor girl over there? She's an American and in real trouble."

"My *dear* Jimmy!" His companion's tone left him in no doubt as to her scepticism.

"Oh, I know, I know," he interrupted, "but she's not a fraud. She's the real thing."

They were already gayly whirling away from the sad little figure.

"Did you make her cry?"

"I? Certainly not."

"Then let the man who did wipe her tears away!"

But Bulstrode had seen the face of the girl, and he was haunted by it all day until the Bois and its careless and happy atmosphere became only the setting for an unhappy woman, young and lovely, whom it had been impossible for him to help.

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Every pet charity in the American colony, more or less weak on its legs, took advantage of the philanthropic Mr. Bulstrode's passing through the city and came to him to be strengthened, and every woman with an interest, hobby, or scheme came to him, told him about it, and went away with a donation.

Somebody had said that Bulstrode should have his portrait done with his hands in his pockets, and Mrs. Falconer had replied, "Or rather with other people's hands in his pockets!"

One afternoon he found himself part of a group of people who, out of charity and curiosity, patronized the Western Artists' Exhibition in the Rue Monsieur.

Having made a ridiculously generous donation to the support of this league at the request of a certain lovely lady, Bulstrode followed his generosity by a personal effort, and with not much opposition on his part permitted himself to be taken to the exhibition.

He was not, in the ultra sense of the word, a connoisseur, but he thought he knew a horror when he saw it! So he said, and on this afternoon his eyes ached and his offended taste cried out before he had patiently travelled half-way down the line of canvases.

"My dear lady," he confided *sotto voce* to his friend, "I feel more inclined to establish a fund for sending all these young women back to the *prairies*, if that's where they come from, than to aid in this slaughter of public time and taste. *Why* don't they stay at home—and marry?"

"That's a vulgar and limited point of view to take," his friend reproached him. "Don't you acknowledge that a woman has many careers instead of one? *You* seem to be thoroughly enjoying your liberty! What if I should ask you why *you* don't stay at home, and marry?"

Bulstrode looked at his guide comprehensively and smiled gently. His response was irrelevant. "Look at this picture! It's too dreadful for words."

"Hush, you're not a judge. Here and there there is evidence of great talent."

They had drawn up before a portrait, and poor Bulstrode caught his breath with a groan:

"It's too awful! It's crime to encourage it."

Mrs. Falconer tried to lead him on.

"Well, this *is* an unfortunate place to stop," she confessed. "That portrait represents more tragedy than you can see."

"It couldn't," murmured Bulstrode.

"The poor girl who did it has struggled on here for two years, living sometimes on a franc a day. Just fancy! She has been trying to get orders so that she can stay on and study. Poor thing! The people who are interested say that she's been near to desperation. She is awfully proud and won't take any assistance but orders. You can imagine *they're* not besieging her! She has come to her last cent, I believe, and has to go home to Idaho."

"Let her go, my dear friend." Bulstrode was earnest. "It's the best thing she could possibly do!"

His companion put her hand on his arm.

"Please be quiet," she implored. "There she is, standing over by the door. That rather pretty girl with the disorderly blonde hair."

Bulstrode looked up—saw her—looked again, and exclaimed:

"Is *that* the girl? Do you know her? Present me, will you?"

"Nonsense." She detained him. "How you go from hot to cold! *Why* should you want to meet her, pray?"

"Oh," he evaded, "it's a curious study. I want to talk to her about art, and if you don't present me I shall speak to her without an introduction."

Not many moments later Bulstrode was cornered in a dingy little room, where tea that tasted like the infusion of a haystack was being served. He had skilfully disassociated Miss Laura Desprey from her Bohemian companions and placed her on a little divan, before which, with a teacup in his hand, he stood.

She wore the same dress, the same hat—and he did not doubt the same shoes which characterized her miserable toilet when he had surprised her childlike display of grief on a bench in the Bois. He had done quite right in speaking to her, and he thanked his stars that she did not in the least remember him.

He thought with kind humor: "No wonder she cries if she paints like that!"

But it was not in a spirit of criticism that he bent his friendly eyes on the Bohemian. He had the pleasure of seeing her plainly this time, for the window back of her ad-

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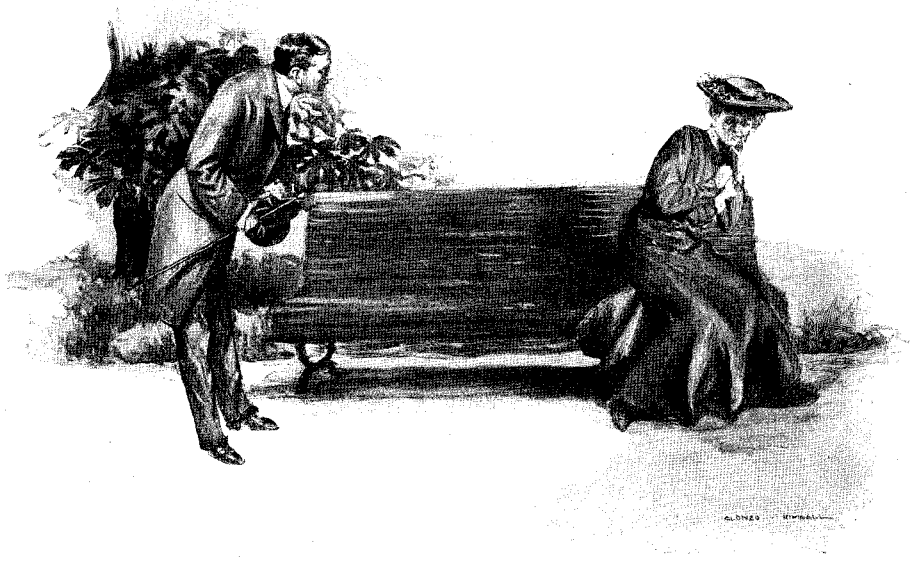

"Can't I do anything for you—won't you let me?"—Page 411.

mitted a generous square of light against which her blonde head framed itself, and her untidy hair was like a dusty mesh of gold. She regarded the amiable gentleman out of eyes childlike and purely blue. Under her round chin the edges of a black bow tied loosely stood out like the wings of a butterfly. Her dress was careless and poor, but she was grace in it and youth—"and what," thought Mr. Bulstrode, "has one a right to expect more of any woman?" He remembered her boots and shuddered. He remembered the one franc a day and began his campaign.

"I want so much to meet the painter of that portrait over there," he began.

Her face lightened.

"Oh, did you like it?"

"I think it's wonderful, perfectly wonderful!"

A slow red crept up the thin contour of her cheek. She leaned forward!

"Do you really mean that?"

He said most seriously:

"Yes, I can frankly say I haven't seen a portrait in a long time which impressed me so much."

His praise was not in Latin Quarter vernacular, and coming from a Philistine, had only a certain value to the artist. But to a lonely stranded girl his words were balm. Mr. Bulstrode, in his immaculate dress, his conventional manner, was as foreign a person to the Bohemian student as if he had been an inhabitant of another planet. Her speech was brusque and quick with a generous burr to her "rs" when she replied.

"I've studied at Julian's two yearrs now. This was my Salon picture, but it didn't get in."

"If one can judge by those that *did*"—Bulstrode's tact was delightful — "you should feel honorably refused. I suppose you are at work on another portrait?"

The face which his interest had brightened clouded.

"No, I'm going home—to Idaho—I'm not painting any more."

All the tragedy to a whole-souled Latin Quarter art student that this implied was not revealed to Mr. Bulstrode, but as it was, his sensitive kindness felt so much already that it ached. He hastened toward his goal with eagerness:

"I'm so awfully sorry! Because, do you know, I was going to ask you if you couldn't possibly paint my portrait?" It came from him on the spur of the moment. His frank eyes met hers and might have quailed at his hypocrisy, but the expression of joy on her face, eclipsing everything else, dazzled him.

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She cried out impulsively:

"Oh—goodness!" so loud that one or two tea-drinkers turned about. After a second, having gained control and half as though she expected some motive she did not understand:

"But you never *heard* of me before today! I don't believe you *really* liked that portrait over there so very much."

With a candor that impressed her he assured her:

"I give you my word of honor I've never felt quite so about any portrait before."

Here Miss Desprey had a cup of tea handed her by a vague-eyed girl who stumbled over Bulstrode in her ministrations, much to her confusion.

Laura Desprey drank her tea with avidity, put the cup down on the table near, and leaning over to her patron, exclaimed:

"I just *can't* believe I've got an order!"

Bulstrode affirmed smiling: "You have, and if you could arrange to stay over for it—if it would," he delicately put, "be worth your while—"

She said quietly:

"Yes, it would be worth my while."

A *distrait* look passed over her face for a second, and Bulstrode saw he was forgotten in, as he supposed, a painter's vision of an order and its contingent technicalities.

"I can begin at once." He lost no time. "I'm quite free."

"But—I have no studio."

"There must be studios to rent."

Yes. She knew of one; she could secure it for a month. It would take that time—she was a slow worker.

"But we haven't discussed the price." Before so much poverty and struggle—not that it was new to him, but clothed like this in beauty it was rare and appealed to him—he was embarrassed by his riches. "Now the price. I want," he meditated, "a full-length portrait with a great deal of background, just as handsome and expensive looking as you can paint it."

He exquisitely sacrificed himself and winced at his own words and saw her color with amusement and a little scorn, but he went on bravely:

"Now for a man like me, Miss Desprey—I am sure you will know what I mean—a man who has never been painted before—this picture will have to cost me a lot of money. You see otherwise my friends would not appreciate it."

In the vulgarian he was making himself out to be his friends would not have recognized the unpretentious Bulstrode.

"Get the place, Miss Desprey, and let me come as soon as you can. All this change of plans will give you extra expenses—I understand about that! Every time I change my rooms it costs me a fortune. Now if you will let me send you over a check for half payment on the picture, for, let us say"—he made it as large as he dared and a quarter of what he wanted. They were alone in the tea-room, the motley gathering had weeded itself out. Miss Desprey turned pale.

"No," she gasped; "I couldn't take anything like half so much for the whole thing."

Bulstrode said coldly:

"I'm afraid I must insist, Miss Desprey; I couldn't order less than a fifteen-hundred dollar portrait. It's the sum I have planned to pay when I'm painted."

"But a celebrated painter would paint it for that."

Bulstrode smiled fatuously.

"Can't a man pay for his fads? I want to be painted by the person who did that portrait over there, Miss Desprey."

In a tiny studio—the dingy chrysalis of a Bohemian art student—Mr. Bulstrode posed for his portrait.

Each morning saw him set forth from the Ritz alert and debonnaire in his fastidious toilet—saw him cross the Place Vendôme, the bridge, and lose his worldly figure in the lax nonchalant crowd of the Quartier Latin. At the end of an alley as narrow and picturesque as a lane in a colored print, he knocked at a green door and was admitted to the studio by his *protégée*. In another second he had assumed his prescribed position according to the pose and Miss Desprey before her easel began the *séance*.

On these May days the glass roof admitted delightful gradations of glory to the commonplace *atelier*. A few cheap casts, a few yards of mustard-toned burlaps, some Botticelli and Manet photographs, a mangy divan, and a couple of chairs were the furnishings. It had been impossible for Bulstrode to pass indifferently the venders of flowers in the festive, brilliant streets, and great bunches of *giroflé*, hyacinths, and narcissi overflowed the earthenware pitchers and

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Is *that* the girl? Do you know her? Present me, will you?"—Page 412.

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"*Please* take the pose, Mr. Bulstrode!"—Page 418.

vases with which the studio was plentifully supplied. The soft, sharp fragrance rose above the shut-in odor of the *atelier*, and while Miss Desprey worked her patron looked at her across waves of spring perfume.

Her painting-dress, a garment of *beige* linen, half belted in at the waist and entirely covering her, made her to Bulstrode, from the crown of her fair hair to the tip of her old tan shoes, seem all of one color. He had taken tremendous interest in his pose, in the progress of the work. He would have looked at the portrait every few moments, but Miss Desprey refused him even a glimpse. He was to wait until all manner of strange things took place on the canvas, till "schemes and composition" were determined, "proper values" arrived at, and he listened to her glib school terms with respect and a sanguine hope that with the aid of such potent technicalities and his interest she might be able to achieve this time something short of atrocious.

He posed faithfully for Miss Desprey and smiled at her with friendly eyes whenever he caught anything more personal than the squinting glance with which she

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professionally regarded him, putting him far away or fetching him near according to her art's requirements.

They talked in his rest, and he took pleasure in telling her how he enjoyed his morning walks from his hotel, how the outdoor life delighted him, and how all the suburban gardens seemed to have been brought to Paris to glow and blossom in the venders' carts or in little baskets on the backs of women and boys, and how thoroughly well worth living he thought life in Paris was.

"There is," he finished, "nothing in the world which compares to the Paris springtime, I believe, but I have never been West. What is spring like in Idaho?"

Miss Desprey laughed, touched her ruffled hair with painty fingers, blushed, and mused.

"Oh, it's all right, I guess. There's a trolley-line in Centreville, an electric plant and the oil works—no trees no flowers, and the people all look alike. So you see"—she had a dazzling way of shaking her head, when her fine white teeth, her sunny di-

"You don't know what it means to me—all you have done."—Page 419.

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shevelled hair, her bright cheeks and eyes seemed all to flash and chime together—"so you see, spring in Centreville and *Paris* isn't the same thing at all! Things are beautiful everywhere," she assured him slowly as she painted, "if you're happy—and I was very unhappy in Centreville, so I thought I'd come away and try to have a career." She poured out a long stream of *garance* from the tube on to her palette. Bulstrode watched, fascinated.

"And here in Paris, are you—have you been happy here?"

"Oh, dear no!" she laughed; "perfectly miserable. And it used to seem as though it was cruel of the city to be so gay and happy when I couldn't join in—" Bulstrode, remembering the one franc a day and the very questionable inspiration her poor art could impart, understood; his face was full of feeling—"until," she slowly went on, "lately." She stepped behind the canvas and was lost to sight. "I've been awfully happy in Paris for the first time. I do like beautiful things—but I like beautiful people better—and you're beautiful—beautiful."

She finished with a blush and a smile.

Bulstrode grew to think nothing at all about his portrait further than to fervently hope it would not shock him beyond power to disguise. But Miss Desprey was frightfully in earnest and worked until her eyes glowed with excitement and her cheeks burned. Strong and vigorous and (Bulstrode over and over again said) "young, so young!" she never evinced any signs of fatigue, but stood when his limbs trembled under him and looked up radiant when he was ready to cry "*Grâce!*" In her enthusiasm she would have given him two sittings a day, but this his worldly relations would not permit. As she painted, painted, her head on one side sometimes, sometimes thrown back, her eyes half closed, he studied her with pleasure and delight.

"What a pity she paints so dreadfully ill! What a pity she paints at all! What difference, after all, does it make *what* she does? She's so pretty and feminine!" She was a clinging, sweet creature, and the walk and the flower debauch he permitted himself, the long quiet hours of companionship with this lovely girl in the *atelier*, illumined, accentuated, and intensified Bulstrode's already fatuous appreciation of the spring in Paris.

During Mr. Bulstrode's artistic mornings there distilled itself into the studio a magic to which he was not unsensitive. Whether or not it came with the flowers or with the delicate filtering of the sun through the studio light, who can say, but as he stood in his assumed position of nonchalance he was more and more charmed by his painter. The spell he naturally felt should, and for long indeed did, emanate from the slender figure, lost at times behind her canvas, and at times completely in his view.

For years Bulstrode had been the victim of hope, or rather in this case of intent, *to love again*—to love anew! Neither of these statements is the correct way of putting it. He tried with good faith to prove himself to be what was so generally claimed for him by his friends—susceptible; alas, he knew better!

As he meditatively studied the blonde young girl he spun for himself to its end the idea of picking her up, carrying her off, marrying her, shutting Idaho away definitely, and opening to her all his wealth and position could of life and the world. He grew tender at the thought of her poor struggle, her insufficient art, her ambition. It fascinated him to think of playing the good fairy, of touching her gray, hard life to color and beauty, and as the beauty and the holy intimacy of home occurred to him, and marriage, his thoughts wandered as pilgrims whose feet stray back in the worn ways and find their own old footprints there, . . . and after a few moments Miss Desprey was like to be farther away from his meditations than Centreville is from Paris, and the personality of the dream woman was another.—Once Miss Desprey's voice started him out of such a reverie by bidding him, "*Please* take the pose, Mr. Bulstrode!" As he laughed and apologized he caught her eyes fixed on him with, as he thought, a curious expression of affection and sympathy—indeed, tears sprang to them. She reddened and went furiously back to work. She was more personal that day than she had yet been. She seemed, after having surprised his absent-mindedness, to feel that she had a right to him—quite ordered him about, and was almost petulant in her exactions of his positions.

Her work evidently advanced to her satisfaction.

As she stood elated before her easel, her

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"If I am right I shall marry her."—Page 422.

hair in sunny disorder, her eyes like stars, Bulstrode was conscious there was a change in her—she was excited and tremulous. In her frayed dress, sagging at the edges, her paint-smeared apron, her slender thumb through the hole in the palette, she came over to him at the close of the sitting, started to speak, faltered, and said:

"You don't know what it means to me—all you have done. And I can't ever tell you."

"Oh, don't," he pleaded, "pray don't speak of it!"

Miss Desprey, half radiant and half troubled, turned away as if she were afraid of his eyes.

"No, I won't try to tell you. I couldn't, I don't dare," she whispered, and impulsively caught his hand and kissed it.

When he had left the studio finally it was with a bewildering sense of having kissed her hand—no, both of her hands! but one held her palette and he *couldn't* have kissed that one without having got paint on his nose—perhaps he had! He was not at peace.

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"I only like him like a kind, kind friend."—Page 424.

That night a telegram brought him news to the effect that Miss Desprey was ill and would not expect him to pose the following day; and relieved that it was not required of him to immediately resume the overcharged relations, he went back to his old habit, rudely broken into by his artistic escapade, and walked far into the Bois.

He thought with alarming persistency of Miss Desprey. He was chivalrous with women, old-fashioned and clean-minded and straight-lived. In the greatest, in the only passion of his life, he had been a chevalier Bayard, and he could look back upon no incidents in which he had played the part which men of the world pride themselves on playing well. Women were mysterious and wonderful to him. Because of one he approached them all with a feeling not far from worship; and he had no intention of doing a dishonorable thing. Puzzled, self-accusing—although he did not quite know of what he was guilty—he sat down as he had done several weeks before on the bench in the Avenue des Acacias. With extraordinary promptness, as if ar-

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ranged by a scene-setter, a girl's figure came quickly out of a side alley. She was young—her figure betrayed it. She went quickly over to a seat and sat down. She was weeping and covered her face with her hands. Bulstrode, this time without hesitation, went directly over to her:

"My dear Miss Desprey——"

She sprang up and displayed a face disfigured with weeping.

"*You!*" she exclaimed with something like terror. "O, Mr. Bulstrode!"

Her words shuddered in sobs.

"Don't stay here! Why did you come? Please go—please."

Bulstrode sat down beside her and took her hands.

"I'm not going away—not until I know what your trouble is. You were in distress when I first saw you here and you wouldn't let me help you then. Now you can't refuse me. What is it?"

He found she was clinging to his hands as she found voice enough to say:

"No, I can't tell you. I couldn't ever tell you. It's not the same trouble, it's a new one and worse. I guess it's the worst thing in the world."

Bulstrode was pitiless:

"One that has come lately to you?"

"Oh, yes!"

She was weeping more quietly now.

"Please leave me; please go, Mr. Bulstrode."

"A trouble with which I have had anything to do?"

She waited a long time, then faintly breathed:

"Yes."

The hand he firmly held was gloveless and cold—before he could say anything further she drew it away from him and cried:

"Oh, I ought never to have let you guess! You were so good and kind, you meant to help me so, but it's been the worst help of all, only you couldn't know that," she plead for him. "Please forgive me if I seem ungrateful, but if I had known that I was going to suffer like this I would have wished never to see you in the world."

Bulstrode was trying to speak, but she wouldn't let him:

"I never can see you again. Never! You mustn't come any more."

But here she half caught her breath and sobbed with what seemed naïve and adorable daring:

"Unless you can help me through, Mr. Bulstrode—it is your fault, after all."

If this were a virtual throwing of herself into his arms, they were all but open to her and the generous heart was all but ready "to see her through." Bulstrode was about to do, and say, the one rash and irrevocable perfect thing when at this minute fate again at the ring of the curtain opportuned. The tap, tapping, of a pony's feet was heard and a gay little cart came brightly along. Bulstrode saw it. He sprang to his feet. It was close upon them.

"You will let me come to-morrow?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes," she whispered; "yes, I shall count on you. I beg you will come."

"Jimmy," said the lady severely as he accepted her invitation to get into the cart, "this is the second wicked rendezvous I have interrupted. I didn't know you were anything like this, and I've seen that girl before, but I can't remember where."

"Don't"—said Bulstrode—"try."

"And she was crying. Of course you made her cry."

"Well," said Bulstrode desperately, "if I did, it's the first woman that has ever cried for me."

As the reason why Mr. Bulstrode had never married was in Paris, he went up in the late afternoon of the day to see her.

It was Sunday, and the train of visitors who showed their appreciation of her by thronging her doors had been turned away, but Mr. Bulstrode was admitted. The man told him, "Mrs. Falconer will see you, sir," by which he had the agreeably flattered feeling that she would see nobody else.

When he was opposite her the room at once dwindled, contracted, as invariably did every place in which they found themselves together, into one small circle containing himself and one woman. Mrs. Falconer said at once to Bulstrode:

"Jimmy, you're in trouble—in one of your quandaries. What useless good have you been doing, and who has been sharper than a serpent's tooth to you?"

Mr. Bulstrode's late companionship with youth had imparted to him a boyish look. His friend narrowly observed him and her

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charming face clouded, but only with one of those imperceptible *nuances* that the faces of those women who feel everything and by habit reveal nothing.

"I'm not a victim." Bulstrode's tone was regretful. "One might say, on the contrary, this time that I was possibly overpaid."

"Yes?"

"I haven't," he explained and regretted, "seen you for a long time."

"I've been automobiling in Touraine." Mrs. Falconer gave him no opportunity to be delinquent.

"And I," he confessed, "have been posing for my portrait. Don't," he pleaded, "laugh at me—it isn't for a miniature or a locket; it's life size, horribly life size. I've had to stand, off and on with the rests, three hours a day, and I've done so *every day for three weeks*."

Mrs. Falconer regarded him with indulgent amusement.

"It's your fault—you took me to see those awful school-girl paintings and pointed out that poor young creature to me." And he was interrupted by her exclamation:

"Oh, how *dear* of you, Jimmy! how sweet and kind and ridiculous! It won't be fit to be seen."

"Oh, never mind that," he waved; "no one need see it. I haven't—she won't let me."

He had accepted a cup of tea from the lady's hand; he drank it off and sat down, holding the empty cup as if he held his fate.

"Tell me," she urged, "all about it. It was just like you—any other man would have found means to show charity, but you have shown unselfish goodness, and that's the rarest thing in the world. Fancy posing every day! How ghastly and how wonderful of you!"

"No," he said slowly, "it wasn't any of these things. I wanted to do it. It amused me at first, you see. But now I am a little annoyed—rather bothered to tell the truth——" He met her eyes with almost an appeal in his. Mrs. Falconer was in kindness bound to help him.

"Bothered? How, pray? With what part of it? You're not chivalrous about it, are you? You're not by the way of feeling that you have compromised her by posing?"

"Oh, no, no," he hurried; "but I do feel, and I am frank to acknowledge, that it was a mistake. Because—do you know—that for some absurd reason I am afraid she has become fond of me." He blushed like a boy. Mrs. Falconer said coldly:

"Yes? Well, what of it?"

"This—" Bulstrode's voice was quiet and determined—"if I am right I shall marry her."

Mrs. Falconer had the advantage over most women of completely understanding the man with whom she dealt. She knew that to attempt to turn from its just and generous source any intent of Mr. Bulstrode would have been as futile as to attempt to turn a river from its parent fountain.

"You're quixotic, I know, but you're not demented, and you won't certainly marry this nobody—whose fancies or love-affairs have not the least importance. You won't ever see her again unless you are in love with her yourself."

Bulstrode interrupted her hastily:

"Oh, yes, I shall."

He got up and walked over to the window that looked down on Mrs. Falconer's trim little garden. A couple of iron chairs and a table stood under the trees. Early roses had begun to bloom in the beds whose outlines were thick and dark with heart's-ease. Beyond the iron rail of the high wall the distant rumble of Paris came to his ears. Mrs. Falconer's voice behind him said:

"She's a very pretty girl and young enough to be your daughter."

"No," he said quietly, "not by many years."

As he turned about and came back to the lady the room seemed to have grown darker and she to sit in the shadow. She leaned toward him, laughing:

"So you have come to announce at last the famous marriage of yours we have so often planned together."

Bulstrode stood looking down on her.

"I feel myself responsible," he said gravely; "she is very young. She was going home, and by a mistaken impulse I came in and changed her plans. She is perfectly alone and perfectly poor, and I am not going to add to her perplexities. I have no one in the world to care what I do. I have no ties and no duties."

"No," said Mrs. Falconer; "you are wonderfully free."

He said vehemently:

"I am all of a sudden miserable."

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He had been in the habit for years of suddenly leaving her without any warning, and now he put out his hand and bade her good-by, and before she could detain him had made one of many brusque exits from her presence.

On the following morning, as from his delightful apartments in the Ritz he set forth for the studio, Mr. Bulstrode bade good-by to his bachelor existence. He knew when he should next see the Place Vendôme it would be with the eyes of an engaged man. His life hereafter was to be shared by a "total stranger." So he pathetically put it, and his sentimental yearning to share everything with a lovely woman had died a sudden death.

"There's no one in the world to care a rap what I do—really," he reflected, "and in this case I have run up against it—that's the long and the short of the matter—and I shall see it through."

As he set out for Miss Desprey's along his favorite track he remarked that the gala, festive character of Paris had entirely disappeared. The season had gone back on him by several months and the melancholy of autumn and dreary winter cast a gloom over his boyish spirits. A very slight rain was falling. Mr. Bulstrode began to feel a twinge of rheumatism in his arm and as he irritably opened his umbrella his spirits dropped beneath it and his brisk, springy walk sagged to something resembling the gait of a middle-aged gentleman. But he urged himself into a better mood, however, at the sight of a flower-shop whose delicate wares huddled appealingly close to the window. He went in and purchased an enormous bunch of—he hesitated—there were certain flowers he *could* not, would *not* send! The selection his sentimental reserve imposed therefore consisted of sweet-peas, *giroflês*, and a big cluster of white roses, all very girlish and virginal. His bridal offering in his hand, he took a cab and drove to the other side of the river with lead at his good heart and, he almost fancied, a lump in his throat. He paid the coachman, whose careless spirits he envied, and slowly walked down the picturesque alley of Impasse du Maine.

"There isn't a man I know—not a man in the Union League or the University Club—who would be as big a fool as this!"

He had more than a mind to leave the flowers on the doorstep and run. Bulstrode would have done so now that he was face to face with his quixotic folly, but his cab had been heard as well as his steps on the walk, and the door was opened by Miss Desprey herself. The girl's colorless face, her eyes spoiled with tears, and a pretty, sad dignity, which became her well, struck her friend with the sincerity and depth of her grief, and as the good gentleman shook hands with her he realized that less than ever in the world could he add a featherweight of grief to the burden of this helpless creature.

"My dearest child!" He lifted her hand to his lips.

"Oh Mr. Bulstrode, I'm so glad you've come, I was *so* afraid you wouldn't—after yesterday!"

His arms were still full of white paper, roses, and sweet peas.

"Oh, don't give them to me, Mr. Bulstrode! Oh, *why* did you bring them? Oh, dear, what will you think of me?" She had possessed herself of the flowers and with agitation and distress hastily thrust them, as if she wanted to hide them, behind the draperies of the couch. Bulstrode murmured something of whose import he was scarcely conscious. As she came tearfully back to him she let him take her hands. He felt that she clung to him. "It would have spoiled my life if you hadn't come. I would have just gone and jumped in the Seine. I may yet. Oh, you don't understand! It's been hard to be poor—I've been often hungry—but this last thing was too much. When you found me yesterday I didn't want to live any more."

Bulstrode's kind clasp warmed the cold little hands. As tenderly as he could he looked at her agitated prettiness.

"Don't talk like that"—he tried for her first name and found it. "Laura, you will let me make it all right, my dear? You will let me, won't you? You shall never know another care if I can prevent it."

She interrupted with hasty gratitude:

"Nobody else can make it all right but you."

He tried softly:

"Did I, then, make it so very wrong?"

She murmured, too overcome to trust herself to say much:

"Yes!"

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She was standing close to him and lifted her appealing face to his. Her excitement communicated itself to him; he bent toward her, about to kiss her, when the door of the studio sharply opened, and before Bulstrode could do more than swiftly draw back and leave Miss Desprey free an exceedingly tall and able-bodied man entered without ceremony.

The girl gave a cry, ran from Bulstrode, and, so to speak, threw herself against the arms of the stranger, for there were none open to receive her:

"Oh, here's Mr. Bulstrode, Dan! I knew he'd come, and he'll tell you—won't you, Mr. Bulstrode? Tell him, please, that I don't care anything at all about you and you don't care anything about me. . . . That you don't want to marry me or anything. Oh, please make him believe it!"

Bulstrode's senses and brain whirling together made him giddy. He felt as though he had just been whisked up from the edge of a precipice over which he ridiculously dangled. Dan, who represented the rescuer, was not prepossessing. He was the complete and unspoiled type of Western youth, of which Miss Desprey was an imperfect and exquisite hybrid.

"I don't know that this gentleman *can* explain to me"—the young fellow threw his boyish head back—"or that I care to hear him."

The girl gave a cry, sharp and wounded. The sound touched the now normal, thoroughly grateful Bulstrode, who had come out of his ordeal with as much sensibility as he went in.

"Of course, Miss Desprey"—he perfectly understood the situation—"I will tell your friend the facts of our acquaintance. That's what you want me to do, isn't it?"

She was weeping and hanging on to the unyielding arm of her cross lover, who glared at Bulstrode with a youthful jealousy at which the older man smiled while he envied it. He pursued impressively:

"Miss Desprey has been painting my portrait for the past few weeks. I gave her the order at the Art League; other than painter and sitter we have no possible interest in each other—Mr.——"

"Gregs," snapped the stranger, "Daniel Gregs!"

The slender creature, whose eyes never left the stolid, uncompromising face, repeated eagerly:

"*No possible interest*—Dan—none! He doesn't care anything about me at all! You heard what he said, didn't you? I only like him like a kind, kind friend."

Her voice, soft as a flower, caressed and plead with the passionate tenderness of a woman who feels that an inadvertent word may keep for her or lose for her the man she adores.

"My dear man," exclaimed Mr. Bulstrode in great irritation, "you ought to be ashamed to let her cry like that! Can't you *understand*—don't you see?"

"No," shortly caught up the other, "I don't! I've come here from South Africa, where I'm prospecting some mines for a company at Centreville, and I heard she was poor and unhappy, and I hurried up my things so I could come to Paris and marry her and take her with me, and here I find her painting every day alone with a rich man, her place all fixed up with flowers, and a thousand dollars in the bank"—his cheek reddened—"I don't like it! And that's all there is to it!" he finished shortly.

"No, my friend," said Mr. Bulstrode severely, "there's a great deal more. If, from what you say, and the way you speak, you wish me to understand you have a real interest in Miss Desprey, you can follow me when I say that I came here and found her a lonely, forsaken girl, obliged to return to Idaho when she didn't want to go, without any money or any friends. May I ask you why, if there was anyone in the world who cared for her, she should be left so deserted?"

The girl here turned her face from her lover to her champion.

"Don't please blame Dan for that, Mr. Bulstrode! He was so poor, too. He didn't have anything when he went to South Africa; it was just a chance if he would succeed. And he was working for me, so that we could get married."

Gregs interrupted:

"I don't owe this gentleman any explanation!"

"No," Bulstrode accepted gently, "perhaps not, but you mustn't, on the other hand, refuse to hear mine. Be reasonable. Why *shouldn't* Miss Desprey have an order for a portrait?"

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Gregs, over the golden head against his arm, looked at Bulstrode:

"*She* can't paint!" His tone was gentler. "Laura can't paint, and you know it!"

"Dan!" she whispered; "how cruel you are to me!"

Bulstrode broke in:

"He is, indeed, Miss Desprey, cruel and unjust, and I frankly ask leave to tell him so. You don't deserve the girl, Mr. Gregs, if she's yours, as she seems to be."

Miss Desprey clung closer, as if she feared Bulstrode might try to rescue her.

"That's all right," frowned the miner. "I am no better and no worse than any man about his girl, and I'm going to know *just where I stand*!"

Bulstrode was caustic. "I should be inclined to say you'd find it hard to be in a better place."

Miss Desprey had wound her arms around Mr. Gregs. Bulstrode came up and held out his hand. She couldn't take it, nor could her lover. With arrogant obstinacy he had folded his arms across his chest.

"Come, can't we be friends?" urged the amiable gentleman. "I seem to have made trouble when I only wanted to be friendly. Let me set it right before I go. I am lunching in Versailles, and I have to take the noon train from the Gare Montparnasse."

But Daniel Gregs did not unbend to the affable proposition. Miss Desprey said:

"When you saw me yesterday in the Park, Mr. Bulstrode, Dan had just come back the day before. I was putting the flowers you sent me in fresh water when he came in on me all of a sudden. Oh, it was too splendid at first! I was *so* happy—until he asked all about you, and then he grew so angry and said unless you could explain to him a lot of things he would go away and never see me again, and when you found me I was crying because I thought he had left me forever. I hadn't seen him for two years, and if you hadn't helped me to stay on here I should have had to go to Idaho, and I wouldn't have seen him at all. You ought to *thank* him, Dan."

Mr. Bulstrode interrupted:

"Indeed, Mr. Gregs, you ought, you should thank me; come, be generous."

Dan relaxed his grim humor a little.

"When I get through with this South African business I'm going back to Centreville, and if I ever get her out of this Paris *she'll* never see it again!"

"Dan," she breathed, "I don't want to. Centreville is good enough for me."

(Centreville! The horrible environment he was to have snatched her from. Bulstrode smiled softly.)

"But this money," pursued the dogged lover, returning to his grudge. "You've got to take it back, Mr. Bulstrode. No picture on earth is worth a thousand dollars, and certainly not Laura's."

"O, Dan!" she exclaimed.

Bulstrode said firmly: "The portrait is mine. Come, don't be foolish. If Miss Desprey is willing to marry you and go out to Idaho, take the money and buy her some pretty clothes and things."

Here the girl herself interrupted excitedly:

"No, no! We couldn't take it. I don't want any new clothes. If Dan doesn't care how shabby I am, I don't. I don't want anything in the world but just to go with Dan."

At this sweet tenderness Dan's face entirely changed, his arms unfolded; he put them around her.

"That's all right, little girl." His tone thrilled through Bulstrode more than the woman's tears had done. He understood why she wanted to go to him, and how she could be drawn. He had at times in his life lost money, and sometimes heavily, and he had never felt poor before. In the same words, but in a vastly different tone, Dan Gregs held out his hand to Bulstrode.

"That's all right, sir. When a fellow travels thousands and thousands of miles to get his girl and hasn't much more than his carfare and he runs up against another fellow who has got the rocks and all and who he thinks is sweet on his girl it makes him crazy—just crazy!"

"I see"—Bulstrode sympathetically understood—"and I don't at all wonder."

They were all three shaking hands together and Bulstrode said:

"Would you believe it, I haven't seen my portrait, Miss Desprey."

Dan Gregs grinned.

"Don't," he said: "don't look at it. It's what made all the trouble. When I saw it yesterday and Laura told me it had drawn a thousand dollars—why I said there isn't a man living who would give you fifty cents

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for it. That made her mad at first. Then she told me you thought she was a great portrait-painter, and I knew you must be sweet on her. I'm fond of her all right, but I decided that you were bound to have her and didn't care how you dealt your cards and I thought I'd clear out."

His face fell and threatened to cloud over, but it cleared again as with the remembrance of his doubts came the actual sense of the woman whose face was hidden on his breast, and he lightly touched the dusty golden hair.

When in a few seconds Bulstrode took leave of them Miss Desprey, in her dingy painting dress, seemed completely swallowed up in the embrace of the big Dan Gregs. From where he stood by the door Bulstrode could see the white corner of his *fiançailles* bouquet sticking out from the draperies of the couch. The paper was open and in the heat of the warm little *atelier* the fresh odor of the pungent flowers came strongly on the air. Bulstrode as he said good-by seemed to say it—and to look at the lovers—through a haze of perfume—a perfume that like the most precious things in the world, pervades and effects, suggests and impresses, while its existence is unseen, unknown by the world.

THE CARIBOU AND HIS KINDRED

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ALTHOUGH the Caribou was nearest Europe geographically of all the Big Game in Eastern America, and was the common and characteristic inhabitant of those northern parts of America visited by Cabot, Roberval, and Cartier, it was not discovered, until after the Wapiti, White-tailed Deer, and Moose. So far, I have no earlier mention than that by Lescarbot (or De Monts) in his "Nouvelle France" (1609, p. 896); he lists as the principal beasts of the Chase, "Ellan, Caribou, Cerf, etc." "Caribou" in this spelling is the word he uses throughout.

But Sagard Theodat (p. 750, 1636 edition) speaks of these animals as Caribou or Wild Asses (*Caribous ou Asnes Sauvages*).

Josselyn, in his "New England Rarities" (1672), has the following:

"The *Maccarib*, *Caribo* or *Pohano*, a kind of Deer as big as a Stag, round-hooved, ſmooth-hair'd, and ſoft as ſilk; their horns grow backward along their backs to their rumps and turn again a handful beyond their Noſe, having another Horn in the middle of their Forehead about half a yard long, very ſtreight but wreathed like an *Unicorn's* Horn, of a brown jettie color, and very ſtreight. The Creature is no where to be found but upon Cape *Sable* in the *French* Quarters, and there too very rarely, they being not numerous, ſome few of their Skins and their ſtreight Horns are (but very ſparingly) brought to the *English*." (P. 20–21.)

From this it will be seen that "Caribou" or "Maccaribo" is a native American word, the Indian name of the animal. Generations later Sir John Richardson was misled into stating that the word "Caribou" was French Canadian (from *Quarré-bœuf* = a square Ox), "derived from the size of the antlers." Why large antlers should constitute a square Ox is a puzzle, and why the adjective should be transposed in this case is another. We can only regret that the immortal Richardson should have made the sad mistake of recording a *post hoc* and absurd explanation, but pardon the error because it stands almost alone amidst his countless opportunities.

On the same page in which he gave forth this (Zool. of Herald, 1854, p. 20) Richardson makes the first clear and correct statement of the kinds of Caribou found in America, and I suspect that it really represents all the species that are living on the mainland to-day.

"In Rupert's Land and the northern ex-

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tremity of the Continent east of the Rocky Mountains, three races of Reindeer are known and recognized by the natives and fur-traders, all passing under the French-Canadian appellation of Caribou. . . .

"The smallest is the Barren-Ground Reindeer, which brings forth its young in the islands and on the coasts of the Arctic Sea, and does not migrate further south in winter than the skirts of the woods.

"The largest inhabits the wooded mountains and valleys of the Rocky Mountains bordering on the Mackenzie.

"The third race of an intermediate size, frequents the wooded and hilly districts of Rupert's Land, passing during winter into the interior, and migrating in summer to the coast of James' Bay. This kind seems to have been formerly plentiful as far south as the State of Maine and small herds still frequent the border of Lake Superior and many parts of Canada."

And although we have now described ten species of Caribou in America, I suspect that in the end we shall come back very nearly to Sir John Richardson's view. The ten will probably merge into geographical races of four well-marked species, namely:

The very small gray Barren-Ground Caribou,

The huge Black Mountain Caribou,

The middle-sized gray Woodland Caribou,

The white Newfoundland Caribou.

On the map their ranges are seen to be distinct geographically, climatically, botanically, and nearly isolated.

The Old World Reindeer are, I am told by Mr. M. Grant, related most nearly to the first of these, the Barren-Ground.

The earliest described of the group is the Woodland Caribou, the subject of this article. It is the Caribou proper, and must be the starting-point and standard for discussing the rest of them.

The Caribou is the American Reindeer, and that word Reindeer was long, though erroneously, supposed to mean "*fast running Deer*," another after-thought in the way of derivation, but so appropriate that it is still found in some reputable dictionaries. Not that the Reindeer is speedy when compared with the White-tail, but he keeps on so long and so straight that the hunter who follows the Caribou must be the best of travellers. The Moose may trot through the brush at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the White-tail may bound over the ridges half as fast again, while the Caribou may never rise above a ten-mile gait. But the Moose is satisfied when he has covered five or six miles, and is simply at some other part of his range. The White-tail is sure to stop after circling a mile or two, and settle down again. The startled Caribou keeps on, sometimes walking with long, mile-eating strides, sometimes trotting, sometimes stopping to graze for a minute, rarely galloping or leaping, climbing hills, floundering through bogs, swimming lakes, turning aside for nothing; his lower speed is offset by his persistence and directness, and he very often spends the night 100 miles from the place whence he was startled in the morning.

Forester ("Game in its Season") gives a picturesque account of the Wild Caribou:

"While the Lapland or Siberian Reindeer is the tamest and most docile of its genus, the American Caribou is the fiercest, fleetest, wildest, shyest and most untamable. So much so that they are rarely pursued by white hunters or shot by them, except through casual good fortune; Indians alone having the patience and instinctive craft which enable them to crawl on them unseen, unsmelt; for the nose of the Caribou can detect the smallest taint upon the air, of any human being at least two miles down wind of him. If he takes alarm and starts off on the run, no one dreams of pursuing. As well pursue the wind, of which no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth. . . . He, the ship of the winter wilderness, outspeeds the wind among his native tamaracks,—even as the desert ship, the dromedary, outtrots the red simoon on the terrible Sahara,—and, once started, may be seen no more by human eyes, nor run by fleetest foot of man—no, not if they pursued him from their nightly casual camps unwearied, following his trail by the day, by the week, by the month, till a fresh snow effaces his tracks and leaves the hunter at the last, as at the first of the chase, plus only the fatigue, the disappointment, and the folly."

Closely connected with this gift of travel is his migratory habit.

In one sense all the Deer are migratory. The Moose may migrate only five or ten miles from the low swamps in summer to

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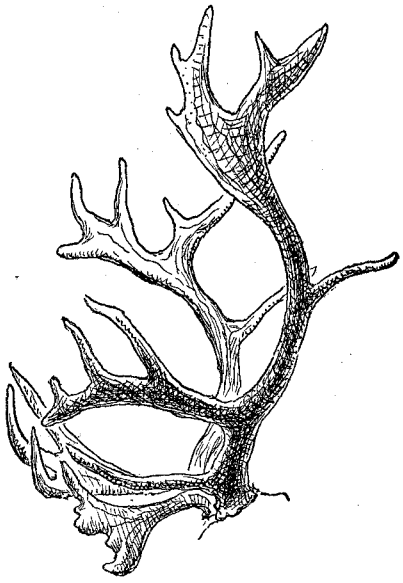
the hardwood ridges in winter; the White-tail and Black-tail may descend from the high hill-tops of their summer range to winter pastures of a lower level, 100 miles away; the Wapiti may make a similar change on a still larger scale, when the first heavy snow comes down to warn him of the season's close. But the Caribou are the only Deer that at certain seasons gather in a body, and led by experienced old ones, travel clear out of one country to some entirely different country.

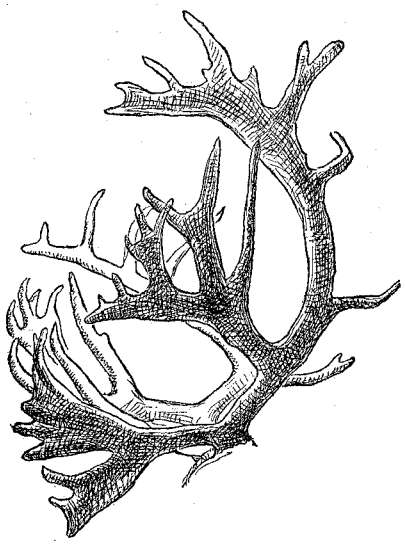
The most migratory of the Caribou and the best observed in every way is the small Barren-Ground species, in the country between Mackenzie River and Hudson Bay. In the summer the scattering bands that inhabited the treeless arctic coast or nearer islands of the Polar Sea, gather into herds which travel southward at the end of the season, moving in converging lines so that their hosts are ever increasing in size. Finally becoming so great that Warburton Pike, who saw them late in October, 1889, says: "I cannot believe that the herds [of Buffalo] on the prairie ever surpassed in size *La Foule* [the throng] of the Caribou." "*La Foule* had really come, and during its passage of six days I was able to realize what an extraordinary number of these animals still roam the Barren Grounds."

From figures and facts given me by Mr. H. T. Munn, Brandon, Manitoba, I reckon that in the three weeks following July 25, 1892, he saw at Artillery Lake (latitude 62½°, longitude, 112°.) not less than 2,000,000 Caribou travelling southward, and yet he calls this merely the advance guard of the great herd. Colonel Jones (Buffalo Jones) who saw the herd in October, at Clinton Golden, has given me personally a description that furnishes the basis for an interesting calculation of their numbers.

"I stood," he says, "on a hill in the middle of the passing throng. I could see ten miles each way and it was one army of Caribou. How much further they spread I do not know. Sometimes they were bunched so that a hundred were on a space one hundred feet square, but often there would be open spaces equally large without any. I should think that they averaged at least one hundred Caribou to the acre. They passed me at the rate of about three miles an hour. I do not know how long they were in passing this point, but at another place, they were four days and travelled day and night. The whole world seemed a moving mass of Caribou. I got the impression at last that they were standing still and I was on a rock hill that was rapidly running through their hosts."



Horns of Mountain Caribou from the type specimen in Canadian Geological Survey Museum.
Taken at Revelstoke, B. C.
Beams, 39 inches long; 27 points.



A remarkable set in the collection of W. F. White, of Winnipeg, said to be from Lake Winnipeg.
Beams, 34 inches long; 42 points in all.

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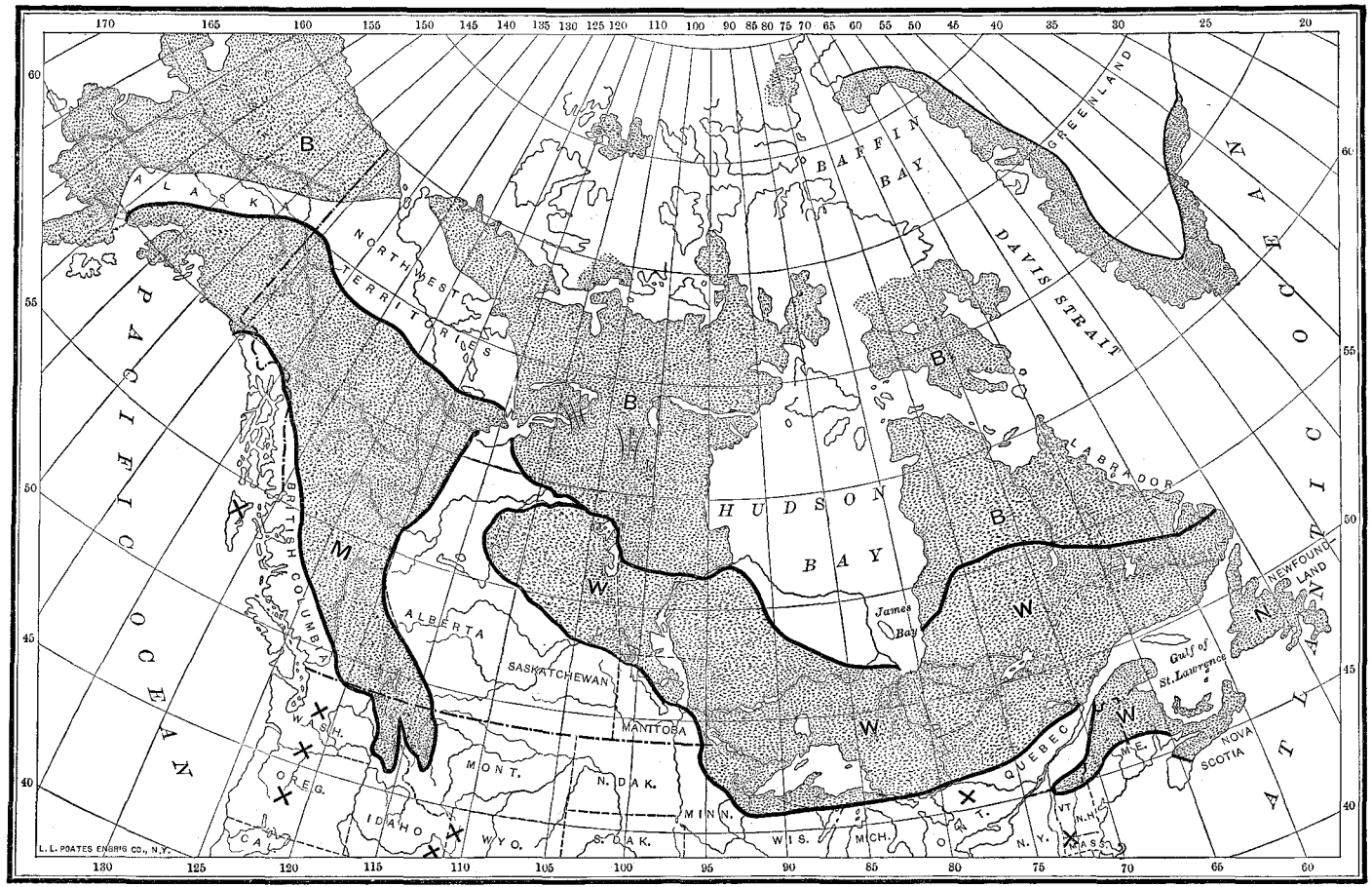

Map of Caribou ranges, compiled from the records of several hundred travellers, etc., by Ernest Thompson Seton, 1897.

B — Barren-Ground Caribou; probably several forms are included. M — Mountain Caribou; two forms are recognized. W — Woodland Caribou. N — Newfoundland Caribou. On the north the areas are not fully worked out. Outlying records are marked with a cross (X).

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Even halving these figures to keep on the safe side, we shall still find that the number of Caribou in this army was over 25,000,000 And yet there are several such.

The highest estimated number of Buffalo in their palmiest days was far below this.

We shall have some idea of their hordes if we consider each dot in their range on the map as a herd of 10,000 Caribou, and yet we shall be under the facts. The other species are much less plentiful.

If we draw two lines across the area given to the Barren-Ground Caribou of this region, thus dividing it in thirds, we comprehend their migration by remembering that in the autumn the whole nation move southward from the northern third of their range to occupy the southern two-thirds; and in the spring it reverses the movement. Consequently the southern third is nearly if not quite abandoned in summer, and the northern in winter, but the middle third has always a Caribou population, though it is of quite different individuals at the different times of year. Obviously the individuals of the Polar Sea move to the Barren Ground in order to pass the winter in a warm climate.

Sketches of Norway Reindeer.

The Caribou is to the northern Indians what the seal is to the Eskimo and the Buffalo was to the Plains Indians—it is their staff of life; or otherwise expressed, the northern Indians are the principal parasites of the Caribou. They must follow and hunt it successfully or die. The coming of the Caribou herds is to them what the coming of the herring or shad is to fisher-folk, or the salmon to the west coast Indian; it marks the end of famine, the return of plenty.

These comings and goings take place at nearly the same time and place each year, and those places along the route that afford special facilities for hunting the Deer, become like the salmon stands on the Columbia, the special property of certain tribes. A map of these routes would show, first, their close relation to the form of the country; second, that the return journey is often made by a different route; third, that the route is abandoned when the animals taking it are overharried. Sometimes the route is changed without obvious reason. Many observers consider the migration as quite erratic in this respect.

This much space has been given to the Barren-Ground Caribou because it happens to be the best observed species of the group and will, therefore, help us to understand the much more obscure, though larger Caribou that is our next-door neighbor.

On the map the area given to the Woodland Caribou is the same now as it was in the primitive days. They are said to be nearly exterminated in the small areas of the United States that fall within these limits. But reference to such early authority as Josselin shows that at best the Caribou was a straggler in this region. Their proper country is about 2,500 miles long and about 400 to 600 miles wide. If we divide this the long way into quarters, and say that the body of Caribou are found in the northern three-quarters all summer and in the Southern three-quarters all winter, we shall have a fair idea of the migration.

Its movements, however, are less regular and extensive than those of the Barren-

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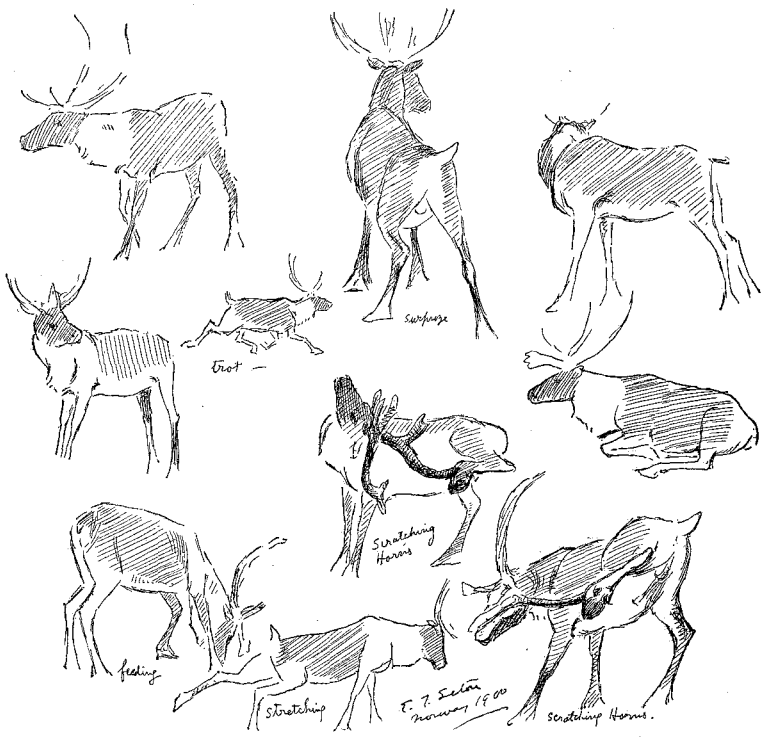

Sketches of Norway Reindeer.

Ground Caribou, and it is never seen in such great numbers.

The Barren-Ground Caribou is specialized to feed on the reindeer-moss that covers the ground in Arctic America. Their range commences nearly with the moss country. The Woodland species is more omnivorous, as most green things are in its diet. In Norway the Reindeer are said to eat the lemmings or moss-mice, but I have no record of such a depraved habit in any of our species.

How large is the Woodland Caribou? Larger than the White-tail Deer, smaller than the Wapiti—is a comparative answer that usually satisfies a hunter. The only exact and reliable figures I have been able to find are supplied by Mr. W. T. Hornaday. The large Woodland Caribou in the Zoological Park stands 48 inches at the shoulder and weighs 261 pounds.

But the size of the animal is a secondary matter to the sportsman.

Just as the Red Indian was disgusted to find he had killed a bald white man, instead of one with a showy scalp-lock for trophy, so the sportsman would rather kill a two-hundred-pound beast with a fine head than a four-hundred-pounder that had dropped his antlers.

There is no species of Deer in America of which the females have not, in exceptional cases, been found with horns; among Caribou females it is the rule to wear them.

In the herds of Norway I did not see any adult females without them. The Woodland females, however, are occasionally found hornless. George Linklater goes so far as to say that about Abitibi only the barren females have horns; that the cow cannot have both horns and young ones.

Dr. J. B. Gilpin says: "Both sexes have horns, the doe comparatively small." According to various accounts the bull's horns are shed in midwinter, usually in January, but often in December if the animal be in exceptional vigor; the young bulls carry theirs till early spring; the cows keep theirs till summer is near, dropping them about the time the calf arrives.

Mr. Fred. Talcot records a case of an adult Caribou buck that was hornless (*F. & S.*, 12 Sept., '96).

Typical antlers of male and female Wood-

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land Caribou are shown, also examples of other species.

Although these specimens show well-marked differences, the diversity of form in each kind is so great that we can in any one of the species find examples that resemble the horns of any other species.

The ideal horns are oftenest seen in the great Black Caribou of Alaska. These more than any others combine large size and many points with symmetry and six perfectly developed shovels or palms; often with both brow shovels fully and evenly developed, a feature rarely seen in other parts of the mainland.

The Woodland Caribou is believed to have the smallest antlers of any of the American Reindeer. The Newfoundland has the most massive antlers, and the Barren-Ground the slenderest. The largest are found on the Dark Caribous of the mountains.

The largest pair of Caribou antlers in Ward's "Records of Big Game" (1899) is the property of Mrs. Macintosh, and is from Canada. It is 62 inches along outside curve of beam, 49¼ inches spread, and has 20x17 points.

Cartwright mentions a Labrador specimen with 72 points. But Mr. Harry E. Lee's 57-point Alaskan from Kenai Peninsula is the finest head of which I have a picture.

Judge Caton has pointed out that the Woodland Caribou and Norway Reindeer have in each hind foot, deep between the toes, a curious gland that exudes an unctuous substance. These are probably part of a system of scent signals, but in Norway I saw the Reindeer again and again rubbing the growing horns on the region of this gland. The Norsemen told me that it was done to oil the horns. I think, however, that probably it was merely their way of scratching the te der velvet of the growing antlers; just as a Cow or Sheep scratches its head with its hind foot and with hind foot only.

Mr. George Linklater tells me that in the Abitibi country the Woodland Caribou has the habit, already ascribed to the Moose, of racing in a circle during a wind storm, and Mr. H. T. Munn writes that in the Barrens during the first week of August he frequently saw a solitary Caribou, running aimlessly, grunting and puffing as it went. These invariably proved to be females, whose calves were not with them—possibly hidden somewhere. But he could not understand why they ran in this way.

A gregarious animal has usually many means of communicating with its fellows. The well-marked livery of the species serves it as his uniform does a soldier—it lets friend and foe alike know who he is.

Next in importance is the white flag with which most Deer do their wigwag signalling. This is the tail, and its surrounding the disc. The sudden elevation of this white tail when danger is sensed conveys at once a silent alarm to the next of its kind. A second Deer following the one shown on page 435 is instantly alarmed when his leader changes from No. 1 to No. 2.

Another signal that I have not seen noted by anyone else is thus described by Mr. E. A. Preble during his trip to the Barrens, in 1900. Though the observation applies to the Barren-Ground species, I believe it will be found equally true of the Woodland.

"Soon after leaving our camp on the morning of August 13th, we saw some Barren-Ground Caribou. A young buck on a point of land was approaching as closely as the depth of the water would permit—about 200 yards. He showed little fear, trotting along the shore abreast of our boat for about a quarter of a mile. He would frequently stop and wade some distance toward the boat, at short intervals spreading and contracting the white patch on his throat literally into an oval disc, so abruptly as to give the effect of flashes of light. He finally grew tired of following us and drifted behind."

What was the Caribou doing? Apparently signalling to what might be others of his own kind out on the water.

The Caribou's grunt or bark, as Prof. D. G. Elliot calls it, I have never heard in a state of nature, but it is said to be much like that of the Reindeer, and my notes on this are very full.

"On July 4, 1900, got into a herd of about 1,000 half-wild Reindeer. Their only vocal sound is a grunt; this is uttered singly or else doubled—that is, two are given in rapid succession. It is sometimes the call of a cow to her calf, and sometimes is uttered by one that is left behind, evidently a note of alarm or enquiry to find out if his friends are close at hand.

"When I imitated this call the near Reindeer came cautiously and curiously toward me.

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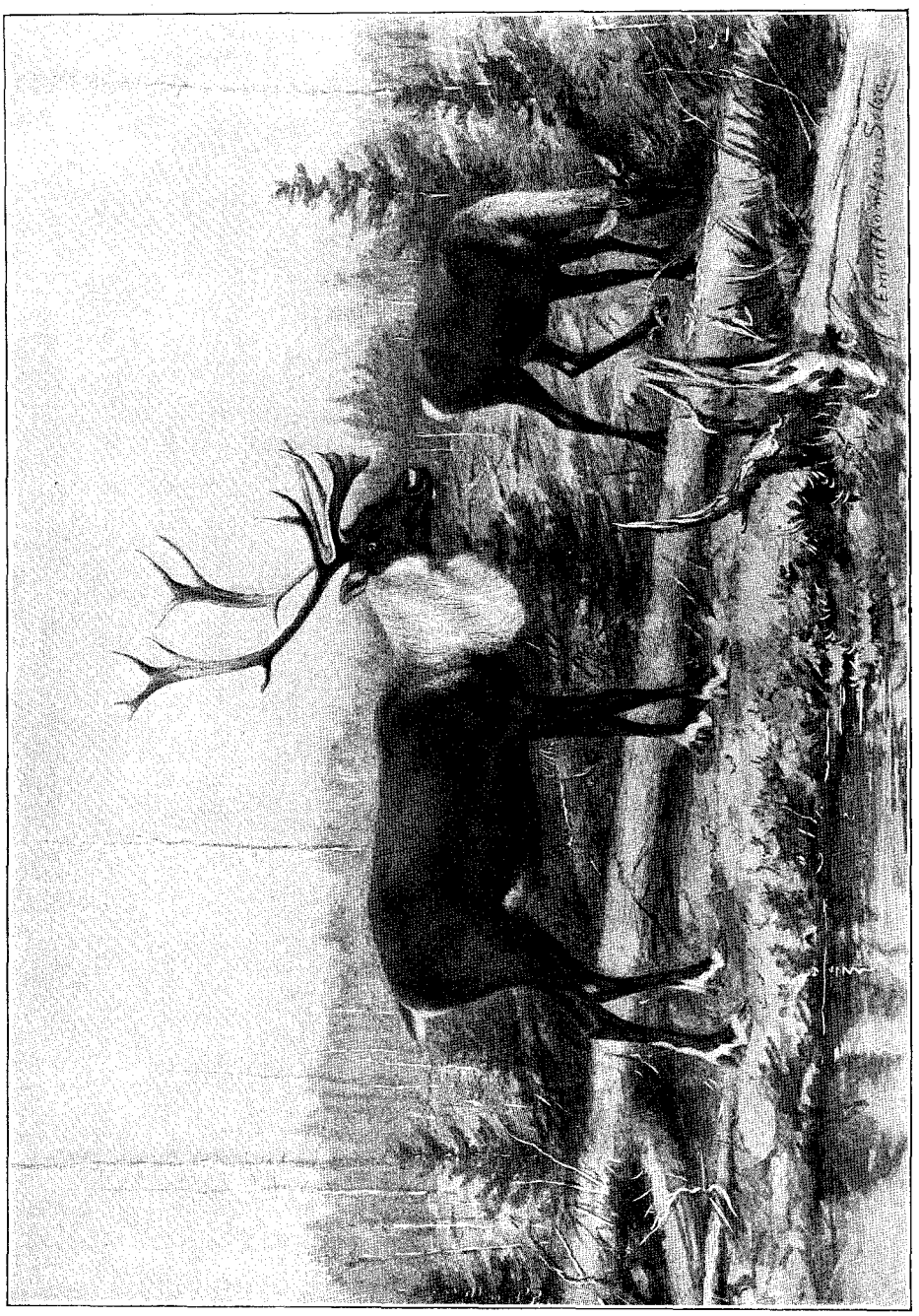

Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Woodland Caribou, male and female.

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"Usually when one or two in the herd begins it, the others join in till it is like a volley of grunts."

In the rutting season, Mr. Linklater tells me, he has often heard the Caribou about Abitibi make a double grunting call, the first sound raucous and deep, as though uttered while taking breath, the second more like a light explosive cough or bark. The bulls make also a deep rumbling.

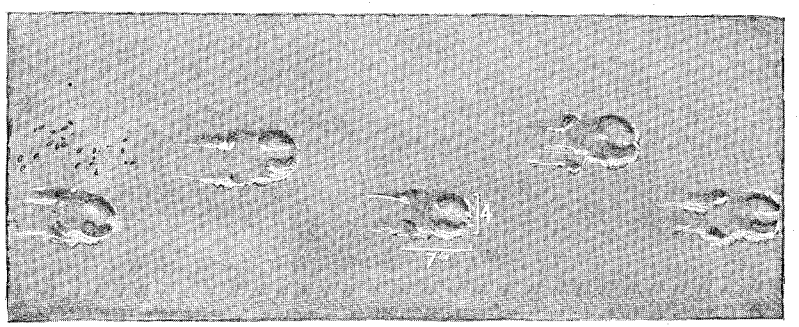
In several parts of the country I find traditions that formerly the Indians used to call the Caribou as they do the Moose, but that the art has been forgotten. My own experience would lead me to believe it quite possible.

But the most singular of the sounds made by the Caribou is the cracking of the hoof. At each step each foot gives out a loud, sharp crack.

Persons who have never heard it in life have no difficulty in explaining it. "Of course the hoofs spread when they bear the weight of the animal," they say, "and when lifted the hard surfaces spring together with a crack." But a close observation shows that the crack is made by some mechanism *in the foot* and it "goes off" while the weight is on it.

It is not always one sharp crack, but sometimes a crackle like several sounds close together. Many examinations showed that just as the foot is relieved of the animal's weight, but before any part is off of the ground the crack takes place. The hoofs do not strike together during the stride, and the crackle is not heard until the foot is placed and the weight is on it Thus it usually crackles twice at the place of each track, always once as the weight is coming on, usually a second time as it is going off. I walked on hands and knees by the side of a Reindeer again and again to make observations, and finally induced one to walk while at considerable personal risk I kept my hand on the knuckle joint of the hind foot. The crack took place each time with the *bending* of the knuckle joint. It was so violent that it jarred the hand laid on it. It was deep-seated and on the level of the clouts or back hoofs and appeared to be made by tendons or sesamoids slipping over adjoining bones.

The sound is easily heard at fifty feet in a wind, and twice as far in still weather. When a herd is moving along the countless crackles from their hoofs make a volume of low, continuous sounds.



Tracks of Reindeer walking in light snow (Norway).
The paces vary from 20 to 40 inches.

The object of this is doubtless the same as that of the whistling of a Whistler's wing or the twittering of birds migrating by night. It is to let the rest know what is doing; that the band is up and moving—has gone such a way, or to notify the little one that his mother is on the march, and that he should keep alongside.

These observations, made chiefly on Norway Reindeer, I have verified with our Caribou.

The hoof of this animal has another strong claim on attention.

As noted in the Moose article, nature has two answers for the question of deep snow—stilts and snow-shoes, exemplified by Moose and Lynx. Both are good, but upon the whole the latter are better. In the Caribou we have a wonderful combination. Nature has given to this creature of snow and swamp both snow-shoes and stilts. Its

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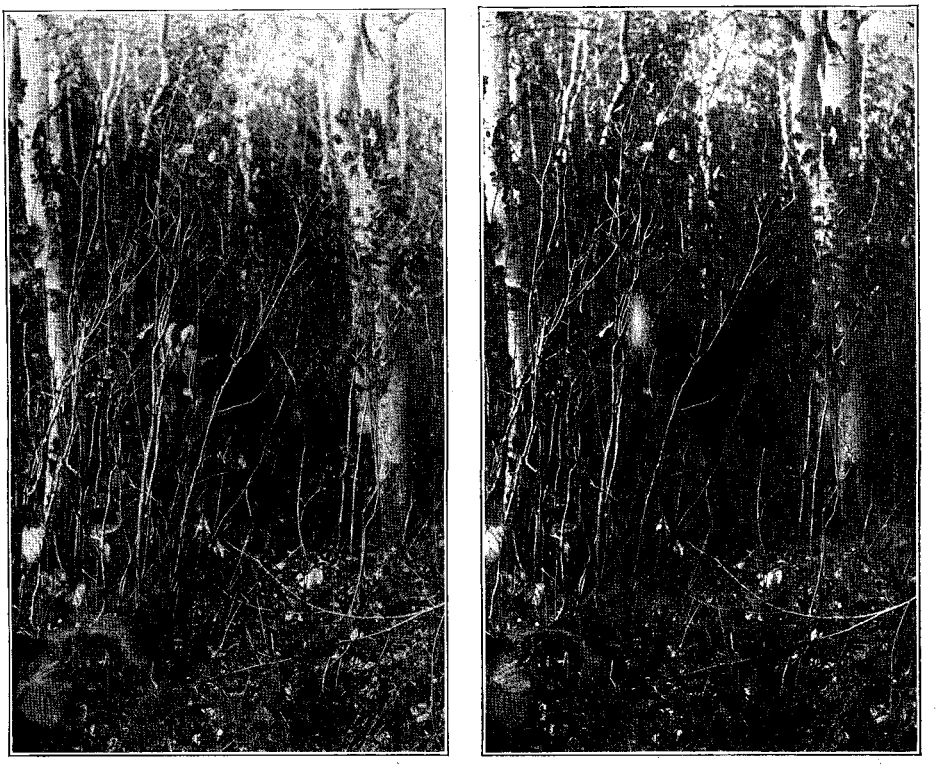

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Woodland Caribou.

The Caribou is showing danger signal in the right-hand picture.

long thin shanks are actually longer in proportion to its bulk than those of the Moose, and its snow-shoes are almost unique.

The ordinary track of a moving Reindeer I found to be four inches wide by seven long. In places it spreads an inch wider and a couple of inches longer. As the need is increased, the bearing surface is increased by bringing more of the foot to the ground. So that in crossing bogs or deep snow the whole leg from hoof to hock gives supporting surface. I noticed that in crossing snowdrifts I sunk much deeper than the Reindeer. I find, further, that a Reindeer has about one square inch of foot support for each two pounds of his weight, while the feet of a Moose standing are under a pressure of eight pounds to the square inch.

Captain Hardy in his "Forest Life in Arcadie" says concerning the Caribou: "I can aver that its foot is a beautiful adaptation to the snow-covered country in which it resides, and that on ice it has naturally an advantage similar to that obtained artificially by the skaters. In winter-time the frog is entirely absorbed and the edges of the hoof, now quite concave, grow out in their sharp ridges, each division on the under surface presenting the appearance of a huge mussel-shell. The frog is absorbed by the latter end of November, when the lakes are frozen; the shell grows with great rapidity, and the frog does not fill up again till spring, when the antlers bud out. With this singular conformation of the foot, its great lateral spread, and the additional assistance afforded in maintaining a foothold on slippery surfaces by the long, stiff bristles which grow downward from the fetlock, curving upward underneath between the divisions, the Caribou is enabled to proceed over crusted snow, to cross frozen lakes, or ascend or descend icy precipices with an ease which places him beyond the reach of all pursuers."

Forester ("Game in Season") says in his vivid description of the Caribou's flight: "Snow-shoes against him alone avail little; for, propped up on the broad natural snow-shoes of his long elastic pasterns and wide-cleft crackling hoofs, he shoots over the

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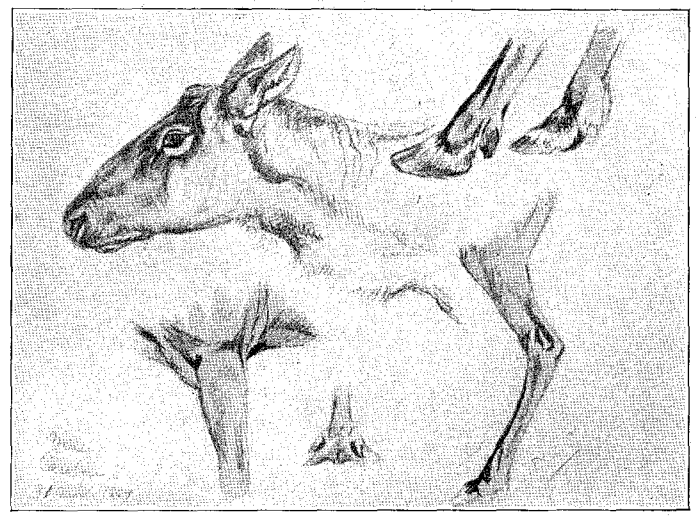


Sketches of a Maine Caribou.

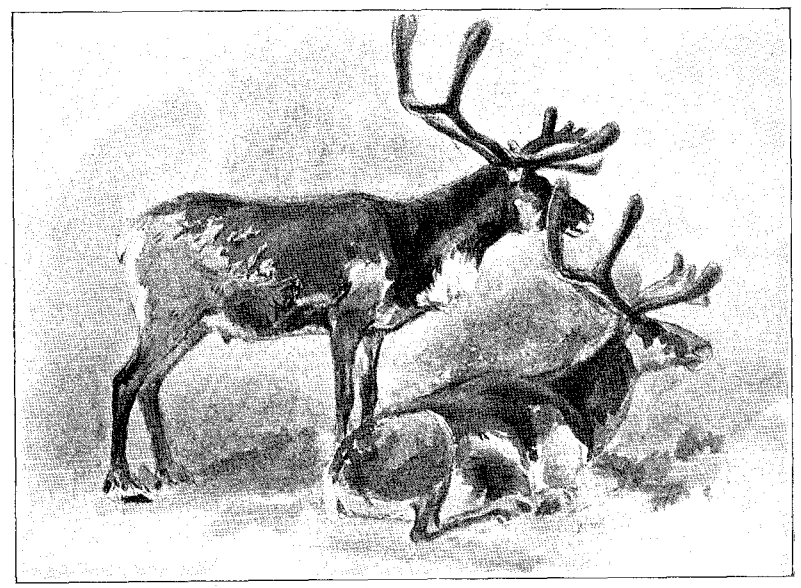
crests of the deepest drifts unbroken, in which the lordly Moose would soon flounder, shoulder deep if hard pressed, and the graceful Deer would fall despairing and bleat in vain for mercy."

In one other particular the Caribou hoof stands first in its class—as paddles. With these broad spreading hoofs he is as truly web-footed as a coot, while the thin shank and closed foot give the perfect return.

Clad with a coat of oily wool next his skin the Caribou is covered exteriorly with a dense pelage of fine quills. While they are truly hair, each is a little barrel of air which increases in thickness till the coat is perfect. Being air-cells they are light and make excellent non-conductors.

But they are of service in another way—*as floats*. "So great is the buoyancy of Caribou hair that it has been used to fill life-belts. A German, Dr. Mintz, has invented a cloth made of Caribou or Reindeer hair, which, when made into suits prevents the human body from sinking." (W. A. Baillie-Grohman.)

Every Caribou, indeed, wears a cork jacket, and when this is prime, the creature seems *on* the water rather than *in* the water. No other quadruped that I know swims as high as the Caribou.



Reindeer half-shed—horns in velvet
Norway, July 8, 1900

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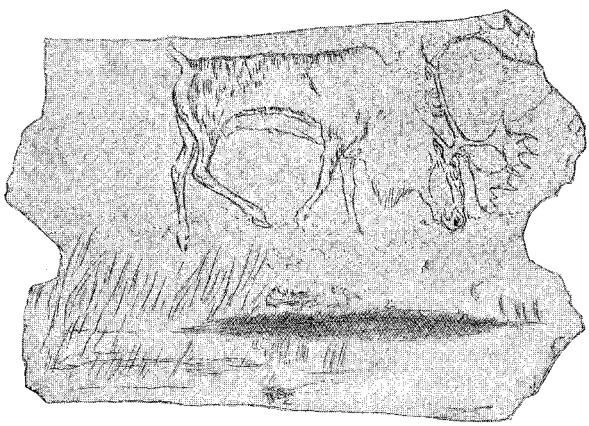
Their speed afloat is so great that it takes the best of canoemen to overtake a vigorous buck. A good paddler is supposed to cover about six miles an hour, so the Caribou probably goes five. There are many kinds of woodland and rough country over which the Caribou cannot travel so fast as this. What wonder, then, that they are so ready to take to the water as soon as they find it in their course? Mr. Munn assured me that several times he saw Caribou swim a broad bay that was in their line, though a trifling deflection would have given them easy walking along the shore to the same point, and with but little increase of distance.



Prehistoric drawing of Reindeer from Kesserloch Cave, Switzerland.
(From Prof. Albert Hein's reproduction in Lartet and Christy's Reliquial Aquitanicæ.)

In Keewatin, Mr. W. R. Hine had evidence of their fearlessness in regard to water. At many places he saw where, coming to some rocky bluff over a lake, they had unhesitatingly toboganned down, caring nothing so long as they plumped into the deep.

An animal with such powers and gifts rendering it indifferent to the elements and superior to space, dwelling, moreover, in a country where men are rarities and where their food is in measureless abundance—with little to fear from man or beast and nothing from hunger or climate—the deadliest enemies of most animals—what have they to dread? Why have not their numbers reached the limit of their food supply? *Because* they have an omnipresent, irresistible deadly class of foes in the insect world.

All through the summer they are harrassed by clouds of mosquitoes that drive them to seek the open, where they are subject to the attacks of several kinds of gadfly. Warburton Pike says: "Another great source of annoyance to the Caribou are two sorts of gadfly which use these animals as a hatching ground for their eggs. The biggest kind, which seems the most numerous, deposit their eggs on the back, and as they hatch out, the grubs bore through the skin and prey on the surrounding flesh. They begin to grow in October, and grow bigger through the winter till the following spring, the number of holes in many cases rendering the skin useless for dressing. The other kind of fly lays its eggs in the nostril, with the result that in the months of May and June a nest of writhing grubs, slimmer and more lively than the grubs under the skin, appears at the root of the tongue; at this time of the year, the Caribou may often be seen to stop and shake their heads violently, with their horns close to the ground, evidently greatly troubled by these grubs. Of the latter kind the Indians who travelled with me in the summer have a great horror, warning me to be very careful not to eat them, as they have an idea they would surely grow in a man's throat; and whenever we killed an animal, the first operation was to cut off its head and remove these unpleasant objects." Richardson says: "Toward the spring, when the Deer are tormented by the larvæ of the Gadfly making their way through the skin, they rub themselves against stones and rocks, until all the colored tips of the hair are worn off and the fur appears to be entirely of a soiled white color."

The living Reindeer which I examined in Norway, July 8, 1900, had on its back about one hundred warble holes; a space six inches square had ten holes. Some of the maggots were gone, but some I was able to squeeze out. They were about an inch long and five-eighths of an inch thick. The skin of most Reindeer is worthless at this season on account of these parasites.

"By the beginning of August," says Pike, "all the grubs have dropped off and the hole healed up, while the new coat has grown and the skins are then in their best condition"; provided the onslaught has not been too

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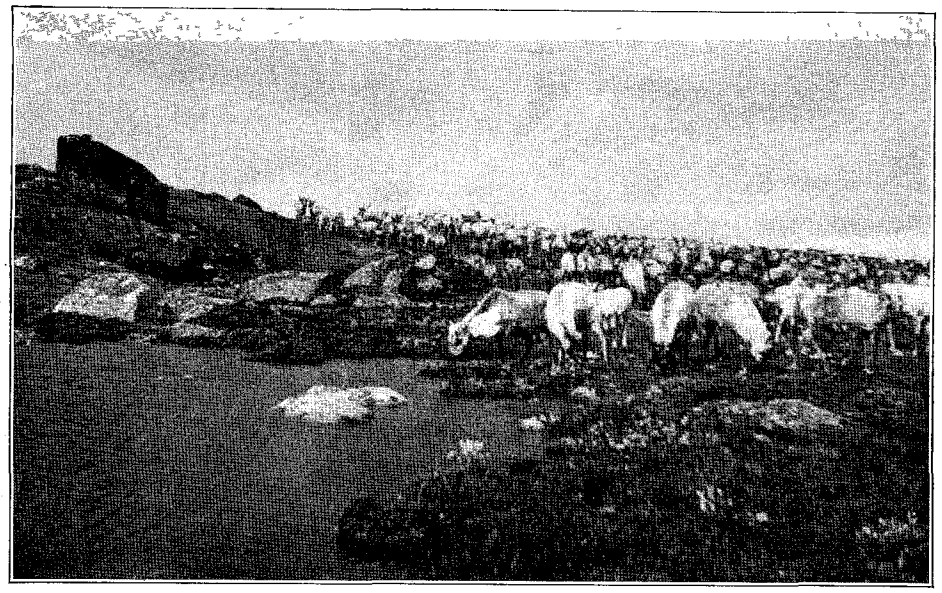

A herd of Reindeer, Norway, 1900.

heavy, for these parasites not only give rise to much discomfort, but make such a drain on the system that a Deer at all enfeebled may be so run down that it is incapable of resisting the weather and trials of the winter.

Aside from the after-drain the sting of the verra-flies or Deer gadfly is far worse than that of many mosquitoes, and these pests swarming in the sunny opening of the woods (from April in Norway) complete the round of torment when the mosquitoes relax their onset for a time. These plagues are a terror to man in spite of many devices to protect himself from them, and it is easy to believe that they cause the defenceless Caribou insufferable torment, and that compared with them the onslaughts of the Wolves, Bears, Wolverines, and men are very secondary matters. There is little doubt that the vast migrations of the Caribou may be explained by a consideration of these insect clouds at one season in conjunction with deep snow at another, the latter by hiding their food in winter and driving them into the woods, the insect hordes in spring by forcing them back again to the partial solace of the kindly breezes that fan them in the open or on the higher levels of the nearest mountains.

The Woodland Caribou is found all winter in small bands of both sexes. Five to twenty are commonly seen together at this time.

In the Moose article I said that no wild animal roams at random, all have a home locality, but I have failed to get any light on the home locality of the Caribou. More than any other animal that I know they wander with little regard to anything but food and wind.

In character the creature is a strange mixture of wariness, erraticness and stupidity. You never know just what he is going to do next, but may be sure that he is going to do it with amazing energy and persistence. His sense of smell is exquisite, and though his eyes and ears are good, he relies most on his nose.

Forester has hit off the animal and the difficulties of the chase with characteristic vigor. After stating that the deep snow gives the sportsman his best chance to hunt Caribou, he says:

"One man perhaps in a thousand can still hunt or stalk Caribou in the summer season. He, when he has discovered a herd feeding up wind, at a leisurely pace and clearly unalarmed, stations a comrade in close ambush well down wind, and to the leeward of their upward track, and then himself, after closely observing their mood, motions, and line of course, strikes off in a wide circle well to leeward until he has got a mile or two ahead of the herd, when very slowly and guardedly, observing the profoundest silence, he cuts

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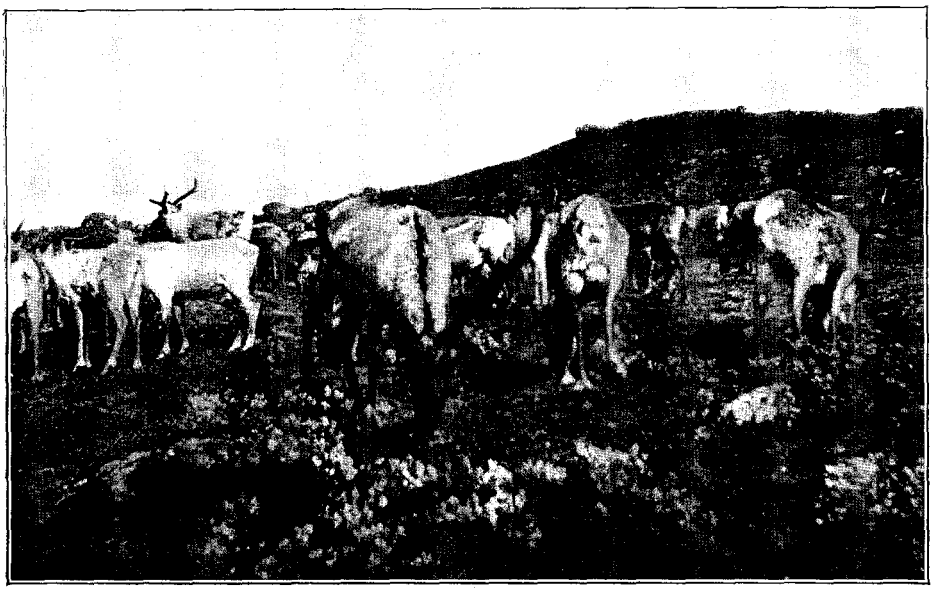

A herd of Reindeer, Norway, 1900.

across their direction and gives them his wind, as it is technically termed, dead ahead. This is the crisis of the affair; if he gives the wind too strongly or too rashly, if he makes the slightest noise or motion, they scatter in an instant and away. If he gives it slightly, gradually, and casually, as it were, not fancying themselves pursued, but merely approached, they turn away from it, working their way down wind to the deadly ambush, of which their keenest scent cannot, under such circumstances, inform them. If he succeeds in it, then inch by inch he crawls after them, never pressing them or drawing in upon them, but preserving the same distance, still giving them the wind as at first, so that he creates no panic or confusion, until at length, when close upon the hidden peril, his sudden whoop sends them headlong down the deceitful breeze upon the treacherous rifle."

"Of all woodcraft none is so difficult, none requires so rare a combination as this, quickness of sight, wariness of tread, every instinct of the craft and perfection of judgment. When resorted to and performed for the admiration of even a woodman, it does not succeed once in a hundred times; therefore not by one man in a thousand is it resorted to at all, and by him rather in the wantonness of woodcraft, and by way of boastful experiment, than with any hope, much less expectation of success." ("Game in Season.")

I once had an adventure with a Caribou which, though slight and unromantic, might have cost me my life. It illustrates the uncertain temper of the animal and the energy with which it can act on occasion.

About 1889 some one in Maine offered to Barnum a fine bull Caribou. The genial showman at once secured this common animal, so rare in menageries, and brought it, wild-eyed and sullen, to Madison Square Garden. As soon as I heard of its arrival I wrote for permission to make some studies, and armed with the manager's letter, went to the Garden. The keeper in charge was as sulky as the prisoner. The letter of the manager barely secured attention.

"You'll find him there," and he jerked his head toward a dark stall.

"That won't do," I said; "I am here to sketch him, and must see him."

"Well, suit yourself."

Proceeding to do so, I got a long rope halter on the creature's neck. Seeing me about the risky business of leading the Caribou into the ring, and knowing he would be held responsible, the keeper got another long halter, and together we brought the animal out where I could see him.

There was nothing to tie him to. We had to stand holding the ropes and ready to

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From a photograph, copyright 1898, by E. S. Curtis.

Herd of Reindeer lying down.

The Lapland Reindeer on the way to Alaska. Photograph taken at Tacoma, Washington.

pull in different directions. In order to have hands free for sketching, I tied the rope around my waist.

The keeper grew very weary of his task. The clowns in the next ring were practising for the afternoon performance, and he turned to watch them. The Caribou seemed to see the chance. Giving a great bound, it jerked the rope from the keeper's grasp. But mine was tied about my waist and the Caribou dashed the length of Madison Square Garden, dragging me by the rope. I rolled over many times, but after about fifty yards got my heels into the sawdust and my hands on the rope. The circus people did nothing but laugh and cheer, as the powerful brute lunged along, but the keeper, realizing that he was laying up trouble for himself, came to the rescue and caught the end of his rope on the next lap.

The Caribou now changed his behavior and stood perfectly still with head down as though he were quite a different animal.

In the early spring as soon as the snow gets soft the bands of Woodland Caribou drift in a northerly direction and speedily the families break up, the old males going off by themselves. It is interesting to know that the females are still wearing the horns, will do so, indeed, *till summer*, while the old Stags have been dehorned by Mother Nature in early winter, so that the females are well equipped to send the males about their business in case there be any who conform not promptly to the established usage of the Caribou.

The calf is born in June and is of a reddish brown, varied with white, but not spotted everywhere, as in the true Deer. Sometimes twins are born. In Norway, when this is the case, I was assured by the herdsmen that the mother usually destroys the second arrival.

The Norway Reindeer and the Barren-Ground Caribou do not hide the calf at all, so that I suppose the same is true of the Woodland species. The mother stays with it, is never far away for a minute, and it is strong enough to follow her within an hour.

The Caribou calf in the country around James Bay is suckled by the mother for two months. (M. Spencer.) But is weaned by the first of September.

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Early in October the rut sets in. The bulls begin to seek the cows, bellowing and fighting much as do the Wapiti, but I never had the luck to see them at this time, nor do I know anyone who has. George Link-later, who knew the Caribou about Lake Abitibi, tells me that they are polygamous, but he has seen only two or three cows with one bull.

Whether they make wallows or have any peculiar habits during this season, I cannot learn. There is great lack of information; at best we can fall back on analogy and reason from the habit of the Norse and Barren-Ground species that the bull beats off other bulls from as many cows as he can secure, that he devotes himself to these for the season. In November when the bands begin their southward trek he is with them still, but now indifferent to the presence of other bulls.

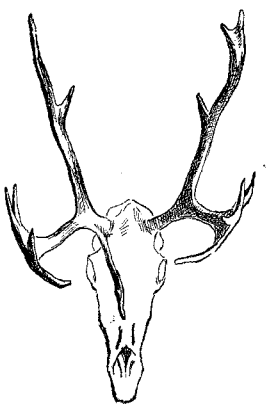
During the winter the Caribou is not under the necessity of yarding, as do Moose and many kinds of Deer. He can travel over the snow when it is too deep to travel through; and travel he does the whole year round. I have yet to learn of Caribou settling down contentedly in any given small locality.

Their food is everywhere; they follow their food, and famine seems to be unknown in their world.

Horns of female Caribou, each about ten inches long.

From a photograph of a specimen in the New York Zoological Park.

By permission of the New York Zoological Society.



Antlers of female Woodland Caribou from Lake Winnipeg.

If we draw lines across our continent to mark the northern limit of trees, the northern limit of the potato, the northern limit of wheat and the northern limit of orchard trees, we shall find that we have at the same time drawn the southern limit of the Barren-Ground Caribou and the northern and southern summer limits and the southern winter limit of the Woodland Caribou.

"As one door shuts another opens" is an adage so ancient that many think it Holy Writ. The vegetable foods of mankind disappear, as already seen, but in their place we find other foods provided.

The area peopled by the Caribou is about half of the continent, or twice as great as that in which the Buffalo was for long man's staff of life. The area in which the Caribou is the most important food supply is one-fourth of the continent. And, as already noted, the Caribou of the Barrens are now in greater numbers than ever the Buffalo were on the Plains.

The great treeless Lone Land is the realm of the Caribou or Reindeer. He alone can make it habitable for man, in any advanced condition, and it was the realization of this that induced the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, Senator H. M. Teller, and the Hon. A. C. Durborow to set about establishing the Reindeer as a domestic animal and range animal in the north. Theoretically the correct thing was to domesticate the native species. But wisely practical, they took advantage of the long domestication of European Reindeer and imported the stock from Norway and Lapland.

There are now several thousands of these domesticated Reindeer in Alaska. The project is an assured success, and the time is in sight when the great northland will support a population of Reindeer people, and supply Reindeer staples in exchange for those of the south.

The Reindeer has always been an important animal to our race. The earliest age of Europe, the dawn of human history, is known as "The Reindeer Age," because at that time the Reindeer was the chief support of man as well as the most numerous large animal. The bone caves and lake beds of southern Europe abound in Reindeer remains; this same Cave Man who hunted the Reindeer, though a naked savage, had a wonderful feeling for art. He

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Thirty-nine-point Caribou.

Shot on the Miramichi River, New Brunswick, by Charles F. Riordan, Esq., November 13, 1898.
Drawn from his own photograph.

was the inventor of etching, and has left us many pictures of contemporary life, etched on bone, slate, and ivory, with that most primitive of gravers, a sharp-cornered flint.

These pictures are the oldest known human art. The most ancient monuments of Egypt, Assyria, and China were probably built thousands of years after the Stone man had accidentally buried his etchings in the midden heap of his camp.

He was only a naked savage, but these pictures, as well as priceless and unimpeachable records of his life and time, in the one universal writing, are fair in drawing, good in composition, and *masterly in character.* No one needs to be told that the man who drew these animals was familiar with them from his youth up.

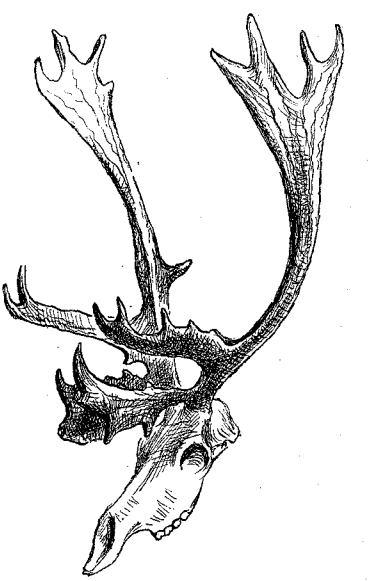
Many species, from birds and snakes to elephants and men, are represented, but the best of the drawings always are those of the Reindeer.

Among these, the palm is given to the Kesserloch etching on a piece of Reindeer antler. The reproduction on page 437 is life size.

At first sight one may be disposed to question the drawing of the hind legs and the recurved bulge of the belly. But a reference to the habits of the living animal explains this. During the rut the bull Reindeer neglect to eat, and late fall sees them spent in strength, worn out, and emaciated. They are so weak now that they are easily destroyed by Wolves and other enemies. From these they seek refuge in the

Fifty-seven-point Caribou from Kenai Peninsula.

In the collection of Mr. Harry E. Lee.
From a photograph by La Roche, Seattle.



Antlers of Woodland Caribou (male) from Rat Portage, Ontario. (Winter, 1903–'04.)

In the collection of Mr. E. W. Darbey, Winnipeg.

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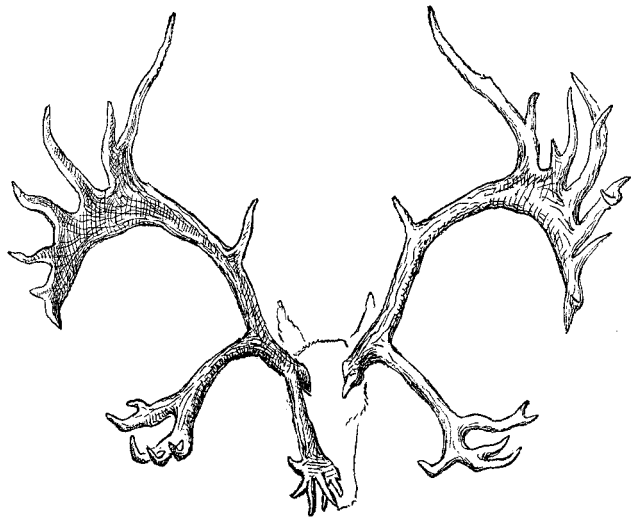

Tanano Caribou.

Spread, 47½ inches; length of right beam, 53 inches; points, 20 and 18.
In the collection of Mr. W. F. Sheard.

bogs and marshes, where their own gifts are guarantee of safety, until the frost makes hard walking of it all, by which time the Stag has regained his vigor.

The perfect antler and the long beard show that this was the season in the Cave-man's drawing, the pinched-up belly, the tottering hind legs, and the truthful rendering of the marsh, show that this was something that he had seen with his own eyes, that his Reindeer indeed was much the same as ours to-day, though he and the beasts he chased are reckoned with the species that lived in Europe ten thousand years ago.

"FOR I AM SICK OF LOVE"

By Hester Bancroft

Ah, dear, be silent, lest thy voice grow kind,
Some whispered cadence thrill of love, and fear
Come burning with it, restlessly and blind;
Lest thy remoteness suddenly grow near.

Thy gracious thought has seemed a shaded pool
Where close hung boughs are chrysophrase above,
And gold-green dapples flicker faint and cool—
Ah, no, child, not the rose-hot breath of love!

Then be not kind, for I would dwell a space,
And feel thy joy encircle all my pain
So calm and hallowedly; leave still this grace,
Nor dim its whiteness with a crimson stain.

For what is love but woe without release?
The shadow of thy purity is peace.

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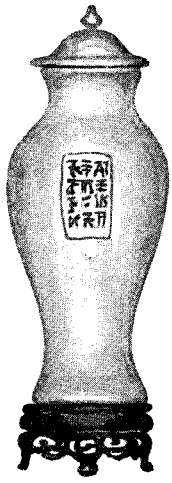
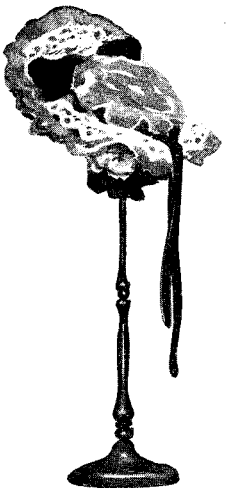


BUYING A SIDEBOARD



By

Winfield Scott Moody

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

"A HUNDRED and fifty dollars is an awful lot of money to go out and spend in one day, isn't it, Peter?" suddenly remarked Peter's wife as she gave critical observation, at arm's length, to certain small cabbages of lace which she was transferring from the back of her hat to the side of her hat, because they wore them on the side, this spring.

"Depends," said Peter. "It would be an awful lot to spend on peanuts, but not so much if you were after a motor car or a steam yacht."

"Well, I've always been thankful that we haven't had motor cars and steam yachts thrust upon us," rejoined Mrs. Peter thickly, with pins in her mouth. "Because we couldn't use them all the time, day and night, and so there they'd be, eating their heads off, what with crews and supplies and chauffeurs and repairs, and I'd worry myself to death over it."

Peter laughed, and dropped his morning newspaper, since he had read his own contribution thereto and glanced over the remainder of its headlines. He rose from the low chair where he had been recumbent in the half-hour after breakfast and walked to the window, while the blue streamer from his pipe swept in a long spiral behind him and fell into a curling, shifting plane in the broad shaft of sunshine which is still the perquisite of dwellers in the top story of old-fashioned apartment houses—a luxury enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wyckoff at the expense of three long flights of stairs.

Peter regarded the crawling traffic in the sunny street for a moment, and then a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he wheeled from the window and marched over to his young wife and looked down into her bright eyes.

"You poor little thing!" he cried; "you've been pinching and scraping so hard in the two years we've been married that you've forgotten that people are ever extravagant, or have fun, in the world—that's what you get for marrying a poor newspaper man!"

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Peter gayly, jumping up and adjusting the reincarnated hat before the old Martha Washington mirror with a gilded yet chickenish eagle dominating its graceful mahogany frame whittled into many sedate curlycues. "It was the best thing I ever did; I can tell you that. And if you hadn't asked me just when you did I should have had to ask you, and I should never have heard the last of that. And as for having fun, haven't we got a whole holiday this very day, on our wedding anniversary, and aren't we going out to spend a hundred and fifty dollars for a lovely old sideboard and some dining-room chairs? Don't you call that having fun?"

"But you've been saving up so hard for 'em, and for a whole year," rejoined her husband regretfully.

"And wasn't that all part of the fun, too?" demanded the young woman. "Why it wouldn't be any fun at all if we could just go out and say to Du Val, 'I'll take that, and that, and that. Send 'em home.' If we were as rich as all that, we should both be dyspeptic and you'd go to Florida while I

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went to Europe," she went on, flitting about the little apartment, and finally poising in front of her devoted Peter as booted and spurred and ready for the fray.

And because they had been married two years, and had been growing fonder of each other every day during all that ocean of time, and because they were so young and happy, and because the sunshine was so bright, and because they wanted to, Peter and his Edith gave each other a beautiful kiss, and then laughed. This world was such a good place!

The Wyckoffs lived in one of those quieter eddies that border the New York current as it swings down below Fourteenth Street into the rapids of commerce.

"Where are we going first?" said Peter, as they went down the long stairs.

"Oh, to John's, of course. Don't you think so?" she said quickly. "Because we used to go there when we were engaged, and pick out the things we'd like to have when we went to housekeeping. And that big highboy, up on the top floor—do you remember how we used to go and sit behind it, and talk, and——"

Peter's delighted chuckle of reminiscence followed his wife's thought.

"And I kissed you, and John saw me."

"Peter! He didn't!"

"Oh, yes, he did. But he didn't care, and I didn't, and you didn't know."

"You said he'd got a sideboard, now, such as we want, didn't you?" said Peter, as they trotted along in the early June sunshine through the equatorial district of Union Square.

"Oh, it is such a fine old fellow!" chirped Mrs. Peter. "It's so big and solemn that I think we ought to call it Daniel Webster. He just stands there and makes you bow down before him."

"He might not be willing to stay in the same room with Red Jimmy and the Beneficent Scandal," suggested Peter doubtfully

For the benefit of those who are not so familiar as I am with the household mythology of the Wyckoff family, let it be said at once (in suitable parenthesis) that "Red Jimmy" was a many-legged old table which stood for sideboard and serving-table combined in their little dining-room, and which had been bought with the proceeds of a story written by Peter for a magazine, based upon the adventures of a noted burglar of whose exploits, capture, and trial Peter had first written the newspaper Odyssey. Such a friendly little table as it was, adjusting itself so readily to their varying needs. Mrs. Peter quite loved it, and was innocently grateful to the beautiful burglar whose name it bore. As to the "Beneficent Scandal," that was an old Chinese porcelain platter of great size and gorgeous decoration which stood for the spoils of an article written for a weekly paper upon an outrageous scandal in the once famous Beneficent Trust Company, a year before. It was a lovely old Scandal, with its border of warriors in antique armor, each separate part of their archaic harness blazoned in soft old enamels, whose glowing pinks made you sure it was *famille rose* until you saw the piercing, lustrous, iridescent greens that made it indubitably *famille vert.* And then the wonderful coat of arms in the centre! A darling old Scandal.

"I know you'll love Daniel," pursued Mrs. Wyckoff, as they turned into the dusty reaches of lower Fourth Avenue. "And as to the chairs, the only trouble is that we can't afford to get six real old ones that are fit to stand before Daniel, I'm afraid. But, oh, won't it be fun to hunt them down! Because there must be half a dozen old chairs somewhere, just waiting for us to find them."

Meantime, all unconscious of his early morning customers coming so blithely to him, old John Rorke stood reflective in his shop. He settled down upon one sturdy leg and leaned his elbow upon a pier-table magnificent with the dull, faded gilding of that empire which saw the making of ancestors. John's shop always impressed you as being a very small one, although it rambled over a considerable space on three floors when you came to explore it. But the rooms were small, and all ingeniously cluttered with Lady Washington tables, Governor Wentworth secretaries, crystal chandeliers from New Orleans, brass-nailed marriage-chests from the Channel Islands, Dutch chairs and settles, Florentine saints in wood, carved and colored apparently in the agony of their martyrdom, the lace-backed chairs of Chippendale, Persian brass and Russian copper sending the sunlight glancing and dancing through the dusty air, and all the delightful *débris* of antiquity. And so, when the burly figure of John himself bulked in the narrow, tortuous track left among the

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furniture, your first impression on entering the dingy glazed door was of a low cave full of splendid spoils, with an Irish giant guarding his treasures.

As John stood leaning upon the pier-table, just behind him spread an old tapestry of Flanders, disposed upon the two high posts of a bedstead, and over his square, grizzled head depended a dull brass candelabrum, with many sockets. As he meditatively chewed a straw—a regrettable habit fixed in early life when he was more at home in the stable than among marquetry cabinets—he gripped a newspaper rolled into a sort of baton in his heavy hand, and thus, against his background of draped columns, he presented a large humoresque reflection of the early Victorian statesman in the old painting that faced him from over the door. Nor was John's brow less grave and lined with thought than that of the British hero, who, very properly, had a red curtain instead of a green one against which to display his dignity.

With the sudden appearance of two figures at the door, John's shrewd gray eye brightened with the light of preparation, and in the same instant recognition of his visitors softened its expression to the same patient indulgence with which he regarded the many ladies who came to delight their eyes without dissipating their substance. For these were old acquaintances whose appreciation of really fine old furniture far outran their purse, yet who never left the shop without making the old man glad he had wasted his time upon them, as he was wont to reflect.

"Good-morning, John," said Mrs. Wyckoff. "How's your cold?" Her eyes smiled up into his rugged face. (John usually had a cold.)

"It's betther, I thank ye, Mrs. Wyckoff," he said, politely backing himself into the tapestry to allow her to pass in. (John's cold was usually better when he was asked.) "An' arr' ye both well? Ye don't be comin' much, lately. How arr' th' poor to live, av ye don't come to see us?"

Mrs. Wyckoff's gay laugh matched the old man's hospitable humor.

"Oh, since you sold me the mirror I don't need to come so often, you know," she retorted. "But we haven't taken the highboy yet, have we? Just to think how long you've had that in the shop! It was before we were married that I first saw it. Do you remember?"

"I moind it well," said John with quiet emphasis. "'Tis arl th' betther now, it's oulder. An' it's as tarl as iver."

Mrs. Wyckoff tossed back her little head and laughed, about half a blush warming her cheek as she thought of what had happened behind its discreet shelter.

"Ah, John, you ought to have been a diplomatist, you know so many tricks."

"I om a diplomatist," assented John, with a heavy grin. "How'd' I get along wid th' laadies av I wasn't? An' it's not too laate for ye to buy th' highboy, now," he went on with bland craft. "Ye'll surely be nadin' plinty o' bureau dhrawers, an' it's rare an' high, just th' thing f'r a smarl apartment, mum. It's a perfect skyscraaper av a bureau."

"Oh, I shouldn't dare to take it away from you now, after you've had it so long," returned the lady, "and especially at the price. Do you still ask sixty dollars for it?"

"It's siventy-five dhollars now, mum," said John gravely. "A new an' romantic inthrust has been added to its histh'ry. It has plaayed a prominent part in th' coortship o' one of America's l'adin' joornalists, an' I'm not sure that it was not at wan time owned by th' ilder Jaames Gardon Binnitt himsilf. I think I may coom to belave tthot, by an' by."

"John, you are certainly growing worse every day," remonstrated Mrs. Wyckoff, the other half of the blush tinting her face as the old man's eyes twinkled good-humoredly, though his square jaw never relaxed into a smile. "But I'm not by way of wanting the highboy at present. It's a sideboard, John, that the Wyckoff family must have next. And Mr. Wyckoff has come to see the one I looked at and liked so much. I think it would be about right, only it's so big, and you ask such an awful price for it. You know you've no business to ask me a hundred dollars for that sideboard—such an old customer as I am."

"D'ye loike it, mum?" said John, full of wiles, trying to learn whether she was really determined to have that particular sideboard. "'Tis a foine boord—I niver saw a foiner, an' 'twas a valyud heirloom in th' family of th' laate Gineral Booregyard, of th' Confiderate arrmy. But av ye ain't sure it w'u'd plaze ye, don't ye taake it—I've manny others."

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They threaded the admirable chaos of the last century, and when in an upper room they stood before Daniel Webster, John's voice grew hushed, as that of a priest at the shrine.

"Ah, 'tis a foine wan—a foine wan!" he whispered. "D'ye obsarve th' ilegant simplicity of it—no fiddlin' carvin'—not th' scratch of a profaane tool on arl its loveliness, saave at th' fut, where ye hav' th' lion's paw, th' agle's hid, an' th' fisthoon o' Chippendaale. An' see th' polish of th' wood! It's like a mirror—like a laake in th' forest. An' did I iver saay ninety to ye for it? [He well knew he had not until now.] Chape, chape at a hunderd, an' at ninety 'tis only offered to an ould custhomer."

Peter regarded the old sideboard with as much delight as his wife. Its massive severity was buttressed by simple columns at the corners, and the grain of the polished wood in its heavy, curved panels shone out like the color in an old painting. "It does look like Daniel Webster," he thought, as his eyes dwelt upon it, "or Cologne Cathedral." He pictured it against his wall, with the Beneficent Scandal hanging over it.

"It is a corker," he admitted. "But I guess we couldn't quite stand ninety. How about seventy-five, John?"

John's glance was full of wounded pride.

"How can ye aask me to taake siventy-foive f'r such a boord as tthot!" he said sternly. "I'd not loike to hear it from anny wan but you, Misther Wyckoff. Oh, no, I can get ninety f'r it anny day from Mrs. Eliphalet Jinkins Brown—she's mad f'r it."

Peter drew his wife aside, while John fell into the cataleptic state which he affected while people held discussions among themselves.

"Well, shall we get it?" he said. "Maybe he'd come down a little more, and even if he wouldn't, I think it's good enough at ninety."

"Why, Peter, you're not going to buy it now, are you?" whispered Edith, scandalized. "Why, we haven't had any shopping at all! Isn't that what we started out for?"

"Well, *I* thought we started out to buy a sideboard, and that you wanted Daniel and nothing else," returned Peter humbly. "I don't believe we shall find a better one."

"Of course not," insisted his wife, with patient pity for a mind so dull. "We'll come back and get Daniel, but just think of the fun of going into a lot of places with a hundred and fifty dollars in your pocket to spend! That's what the holiday's for."

"All right," he agreed; "we'll pretend to forget him for a few hours." He turned to John, whose seamed face was patient; John had grown gray in years while people changed their minds.

"We've got to take another look around, John," he said. "The price is pretty steep, and maybe we can find something else that will do. Anyhow, we've got to look."

"Aye!" said John heartily. "Luk arl around—ut's th' only waay f'r ye to be sure. Maaybe ye'll get just what ye want ilsewhere. But remimber tthat blissin's broighten as they taake their floight, as th' pote says. Av tthat boord sh'd fly away this afthernoon, what w'u'd ye tthink? An' 'twill not stay here as long as th' highboy—I'll tell ye tthat."

"I didn't forget the chairs," said Mrs. Peter, as they hurried up Fourth Avenue; "but I know John hasn't got what I want, and I saw some lovely ones in Bostwick's window last week. If only there are six."

Peter laughed aloud in sheer delight at being with her, on a whole holiday, hurrying to get something lovely that she wanted.

"We'll find 'em," he cried. "And I'll bet you a pound of Maillard's that there will be six. I'll bet there'll be twelve. Now, where's your sporting blood?"

As she looked up radiantly her hand crept under his arm, and his eyes fell upon the little warm glove that pressed his wrist. Such a shabby little glove! He hadn't noticed it before. Before she could speak he added:

"No, I'm going to change that. I'll make it gloves instead of candy, and I'll bet you two—three pairs that we'll find just what we want at Bostwick's, and that you'll buy 'em in five minutes." A Machiavelli of a Peter!

Mrs. Peter shook her head. "No, you don't," she laughed, and her eyes were very tender. "I'm ashamed of you! trying to get me to bet my money away on gloves when we're starving for such bare necessities as sideboards and chairs. For of course you'd win."

Bostwick's window glittered with silver, brass, embroideries from Spanish churches, copper lustre tea-things, crystal candlesticks and Crown Derby, and amid these

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vanities a brazen warming-pan adorned with an incised design of Adam and Eve, with a large serpent in a small tree, stood gaunt as Cromwell among the Cavaliers. But the chairs were gone.

"Maybe they're just inside," faltered Mrs. Peter, entering.

A tall Yankee with a lean, brown jaw, a long neck in which his larynx shot up and down like a piston, and a wiry, drooping, black mustache, stood nobly framed in an archway of carved sandalwood looted from a palace in Morocco. Both Peter and his wife had known Hiram Collins, the manager at Bostwick's, through several years of treasure-hunting. Peter had always said he looked like a hotel clerk gone wrong; Mrs. Peter cherished a secret sympathy for him as a decayed "collector" whom bitter circumstances had compelled to sell his "things."

"Good-morning, Mr. Collins," began his visitor, and then, "Oh, there they are!" she cried, as she spied the chairs of her heart arranged against the wall.

"Ain't them fine? ain't they?" returned the dealer, warmly. "Just think of it, Mis' Wyckoff—eight on 'em—eight ginooine Duncan Phyffe chairs, six sides an' two arms, sound 's a dollar, every one on 'em! I'll git forty dollars apiece for them chairs in less'n a minute when Mr. Brocklesby comes in. I wrote him soon's I got 'em, last week."

Mrs. Peter's heart touched bottom.

"O, Mr. Collins," she sighed. "And I did want them so much! Do you really ask forty dollars apiece for them?"

Mr. Collins's piston spun up and down violently in the excess of his emotion. "Why, that ain't nothin' to ask for them chairs." he protested, as his hand caressed the gentle curves of the old armchair standing so primly upon its slender legs. "They're wuth any money I might ask for 'em. I never see eight Duncan Phyffes all at once before in all my life. I 'most dropped dead when I found 'em."

Peter perceived the need of making a diversion.

"How about a sideboard?" he said. "Have you got a good one for less than two thousand dollars, or even less than seventy-five?"

Mr. Collins grinned. "I sh'd think I had," he said, cheerfully. "See that board back of ye—ain't that all right? Hold on, though, that one's ninety. Come from Long Island yisterday."

The young people regarded it hopelessly. Clumsy carving intruded everywhere, and the wood showed no such splendor of knotted grain as had distinguished Daniel Webster. A gaping crack ran along the top.

"Come to fix that up it'll look splendid," said Mr. Collins reassuringly. "There's more upstairs, but most of 'em come a leetle higher."

"Any other chairs——" began Peter, but his wife broke in with dry tears in her tone.

"Oh, no, I don't want to see any other chairs at all," she said. "And maybe we'd better not stay here any longer——" This in a whisper. "I'm afraid I shall cry."

"Hiram Collins is clean dotty over Duncan Phyffe and all his works," remarked Peter consolingly, as they veered across the avenue toward old Mrs. Siebold's shop. "Years ago, when I first knew him, he used to tell me about a chair made by Duncan Phyffe that he had once owned and sold for fifteen dollars—said fifty would be cheap for it now—you'd think it was an Adams masterpiece, to hear him talk."

Mrs. Siebold, a middle-aged descendant of Ruth, the gleaner, sat beside a brass-inlaid tea-table, stringing beads. Her large flat face wore its customary look of patient despair, as one who had sounded the suffering of a vain world, and now, mourning the late Siebold, was waiting for release.

"I vish I could find some old dining-jairs myself," she whimpered, in response to Mrs Peter's greeting and request. "Old jairs are the sgarcest things. I have three peautiful Embire jairs that Siebold pought at the Charves sale in London, dirty years ago—they should really pe in the Medrobolidan Museum."

Peter's hand gripped his stick.

"That chair," he said, indicating a square-legged, fiddle-backed relic, with an inset cushion covered with broken haircloth—a perfectly ordinary old chair of good design. "Haven't you got six—or even four—like that? How much is it?"

Mrs. Siebold's eyes rolled their saffron balls.

"That's dwendy-five," she said brokenly. "Siebold told me never to sell it for less than forty. There never vas another jair like that. It game from Mendelssohn's music-room."

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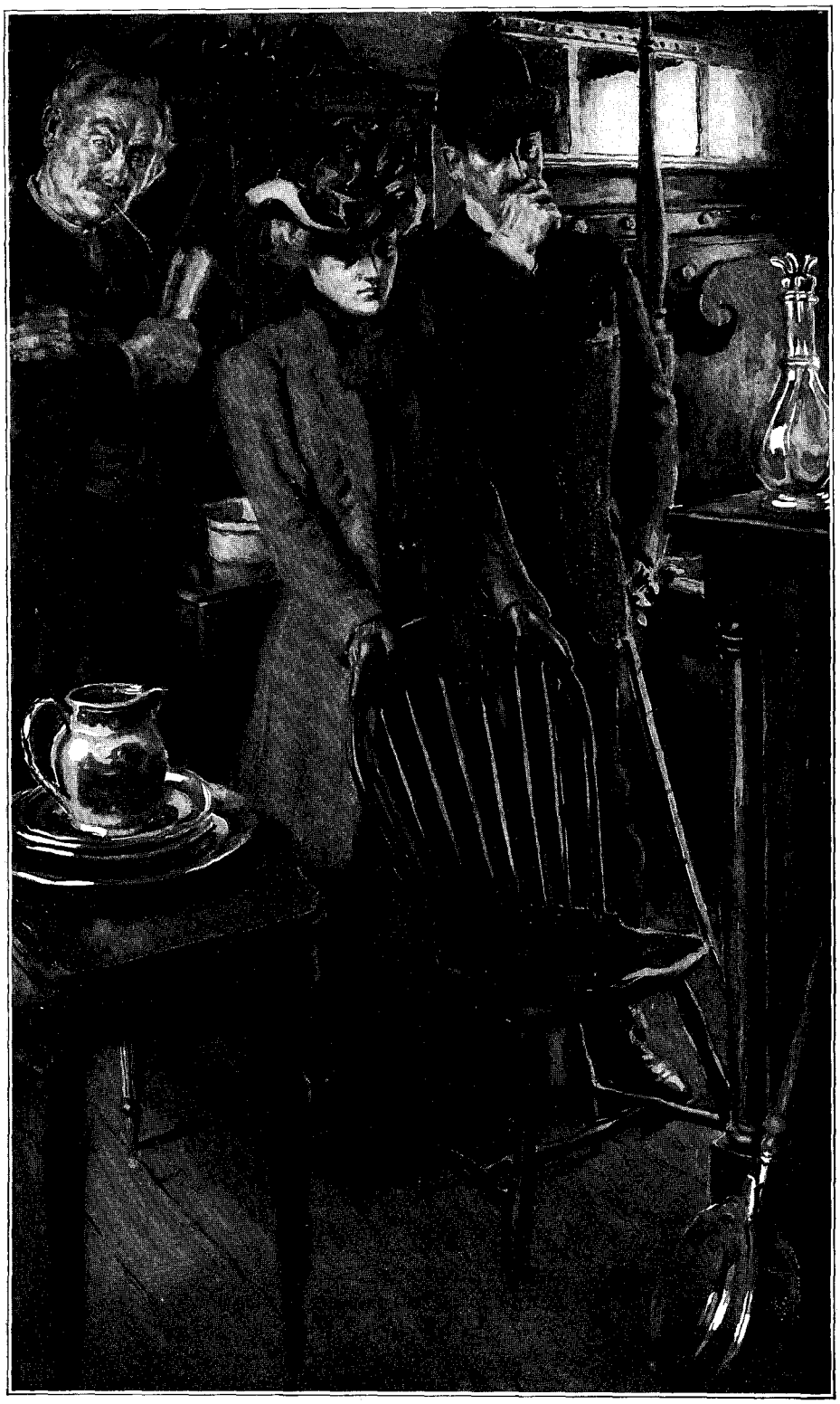

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

When they stood before Daniel Webster, John's voice grew hushed.—Page 447.

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Fourth Avenue stretched before them again—rather dishearteningly, it seemed. The hot June sun poured down upon the dusty stones, and Mrs. Peter felt herself grown small and daunted. Her step, that had beaten such a blithe rhythm at the start, began to flag a little.

"A hundred and fifty dollars isn't such a lot of money, after all, is it?" she murmured, humbly.

"Oh, you only feel poor now because you're tired and hungry," responded Peter, resolutely gay. "We'll get some luncheon, and then we'll have all the pirates at our feet. And let's go to the Holland House."

"Oh, no, Peter," she cried. "It's so awfully expensive."

"Well, can't we be a little extravagant on our wedding-day, I should like to know?" said Peter defiantly.

"Oh, well, but you know we *are* spending our money, and we mustn't be foolish," she urged. "Besides," she went on, changing her tack as she saw Peter's face a little overcast, "I want to learn how to cook kidneys in that lovely way they do them at Riccadello's. And every time I can go there I learn a little more about it." A very able skipper was Mrs. Peter.

"All right," said the docile Peter, shifting his mental course with only one sigh for his vanishing vision of a cool corner "under a palm-tree," like Enoch Arden, but with Edith plus cantaloupe and broiled chicken to cheer his sight.

So they went to Riccadello's and had their spaghetti and kidneys, and when Peter growled at a spot on the table-cloth Mrs. Peter reminded him that they were in Italy, now, and travellers need not notice such trifles. But when Peter, acclimating rapidly, proposed Asti Spumante, Mrs. Peter shook her head.

"You know wine in the middle of the day makes us so heavy and stupid. Black coffee's the thing to sharpen one's wits for those awful pirates up in Fifth Avenue."

"Fifth Avenue?" Peter's eyebrows lifted.

"Why, yes," she returned. "Sometimes you can find lovely things in those shops that aren't dear at all. Kitty Brewster got an old convex mirror in a beautiful carved frame up there for the price of about half a hat, the other day. It was a little broken in one place, but you hang it up high, and it never shows."

So out and away to the higher latitudes—to that air full of fine, floating gold-dust diffused (together with a more plebeian smell) from the motor-cars in which the other half lives. "Anyhow, they all look so prosperous up here, it's a comfort, after old Mother Siebold," remarked Peter, tossing away his cigarette as they turned into the Avenue. Mrs. Peter always let him smoke in the cross-streets, if he felt he must.

"It's no use, Peter," she said a few minutes later, as they stood at the great window in which Du Val had set out a few sample wonders for the public eye. "We shall waste our time in here, but, oh!"

Peter drew a long breath. "Lord, what things there are in the world!" he sighed. "And they call the Chinese heathens!"

Three covered jars, about eighteen inches high, on ancient gilded stands of carved wood, were arranged symmetrically in the large parallelogram of the window upon a piece of dull green brocade. At the base the porcelain was heavy, but the sides, rising in a graceful swell, grew thinner rapidly, and at the point of greatest breadth were almost egg-shell. The paste was clear white, and its surface glittered with the light, shifting iridescence which great age bestows upon vitreous surfaces as a reward for keeping themselves unbroken through the hundreds of years. The intricate geometrical design in dull, rose-colored enamel covered the whole jar, except for a panel on either side in which a few Chinese characters pencilled in "heavenly blue" still uttered the worship of the long-dead artist for his emperor.

As Peter's eyes turned away from the soft radiance of this beauty, they fell upon his wife's hat, with the little cabbages of lace changed from the back to the side. He straightened up suddenly, and said softly, "Come, dear, let's look along."

They turned from the window, and Mrs. Peter gave a little gasp as a young lady (just Edith's age, thought Peter) came rippling down the avenue, clothed upon with such affluence of color, such beauty of line, such perfection of detail, as go to make up what women call "a real creation."

"O, Peter," whispered his wife, "just notice her dress!"

Peter noticed, while Edith's eyes swept her figure with that glance of the whole mind which enabled Houdin, they say,

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when passing a shop-window to swallow with his eyes every separate article it contained.

"Wasn't it stunning, Peter?" she said with a little wistful note in her voice that made Peter's eyes turn instantly upon the slim gray figure at his side. "But this isn't buying sideboards," she added briskly. "Come along."

But Peter, intent now upon a new train of thought, went on noticing. He wasn't much of a connoisseur in the matter of women's clothes, and Edith, in her quiet, simply made gowns, with her sweet, high-bred face and soft brown hair, gilt in the sun and full of coppery shadows, had always seemed to him to float in the upper ether of the mode. But now he saw with a new vision. Her sleeves were not as other women's sleeves. Her hat lacked the profusion of blossom, the tilt, the touch of other women's hats. Even the lines of her skirt and coat were different, in some intangible way.

"Here's Boerhaven's," said Mrs. Peter. "I know somebody who got an old chair cheap here, once. Maybe he's got something. Let's look, anyway," she ended, plaintively.

Boerhaven & Co. were of Rotterdam, Paris, London, and New York, and their business dealings rather improved upon the Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. At this time of the year, however, neither member of the firm wasted his valuable time in New York. A young man with short curling blond hair and the expression of an active young sparrow-hawk bowed before them with cold reserve as they entered among the tall Delft beakers and tarnished gold brocades.

"That is a noble one," he answered Mrs. Peter's polite question, waving his hand toward a sideboard something smaller than a trolley-car, covered with elaborate carving. "Of Nuremberg, from the seventeenth century."

Mrs. Peter laughed. "Oh, I want a smaller one," she said with hollow cheerfulness.

"This is a bit of Renaissance work," said the man, with the air of a guide at the Uffizi, indicating a walnut cabinet so beautifully wrought that both the young people stopped still in frank delight of the eye. "Of Padua. The price is eight hundred. Perhaps you are looking for something cheaper?"

"Oh, yes, I want a small mahogany sideboard," said Peter, flushing a bit. "Haven't you any colonial furniture?"

"Most of our collection is continental," answered the salesman indifferently. "Perhaps you might find more colonial pieces in Fourth avenue." He leaned his elbow negligently upon a pedestal that supported a modern Florentine Madonna in glistening white marble.

They walked up the Avenue a few steps without speaking. Then, "Confound his impudence!" said Peter.

"It does seem as if our poor hundred and fifty dollars had shrunk, somehow," admitted his wife. She was pink with vexation, and averted her face that he might not see it. As she turned her head she caught sight of such a vision of delight——

No old tables or chairs. No ancient porcelain or bronze. No antique fabrics, but modern ones—a whole window full of new frocks.

"Oh, let's look in at Netherland's for a minute!" she cried, her chill disappointment scattered in the warmth of such radiance. "Now, let's play 'choose,'" she went on. "You pick out one and I'll pick out one, and we'll see how we agree."

Peter deliberated. A dozen costumes, for the street, for evening, for ten o'clock, for two o'clock, for five o'clock, gave him a wide range. Not the green one, nor the lilac, pretty as it was. At last he decided.

"That one," said he, indicating a reception gown of gorgeous purple. "For you, I should think that would be just about right."

"Oh, you goose!" she sighed. "Just see that lovely little brown one with the waistcoat embroidered in peacock's eyes and the jabot of real lace. Isn't it a perfect dream? And I do believe it's just about my size." She gazed in rapture.

Peter's face grew more and more intent. His hair tingled at the roots as if he were receiving static electricity. And the next instant the priming caught fire, and bang! went his idea.

"You've got to have that dress," he said firmly. "You need it, and you've got to have it."

"Oh, you foolish boy!" protested his wife, rosy pink again, but this time with surprise. "You're crazy, Peter. That's a French dress, and it costs an awful lot—as much as we've got altogether, I'm afraid. Besides, I don't need it."

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"Yes, you do," declared Peter warmly. "You've been wearing that dress you've got on for two years—why, it was part of your trousseau, dear!"

"Well, but it's all right, still," she urged. "It was a very expensive dress, and it lasts beautifully. It's good for all this season—plenty good enough."

"No, it isn't," returned Peter stoutly. "It isn't good enough. No two-year-old dress is good enough for you."

"Now, don't be foolish, dear," she pleaded. "You know we can't have everything, and just think of Daniel Webster."

"Daniel be blowed!" said Peter briefly. "We'll get Daniel, or something like him, some other time when we need him worse."

He saw the dissent gathering in her soft eyes, and he went on with tender overbearing.

"Now, this is peanuts, and not motor-cars or yachts. What's the sense in starving for peanuts because we can't hire a chauffeur, of Padua, from the seventeenth century?"

Mrs. Peter laughed a little helplessly. "But it isn't the way we ought to do," she persisted. "And as to this dress, why, I'm all right in it."

Peter played his ace with the brutality of despair.

"You're not all right in it," he said. "You don't look like other women in the street to-day. You need a new dress and a new hat."

"Well, if it comes to that, you don't look like other men. Your hat's all right, but that suit of clothes never was just what it should be, and you got it early last spring."

Peter stood on guard at once.

"Oh, it's only a business suit," he said, "and I'm sure I don't see what's the matter with it," although he did know, very well. "Do you want me to turn up my trousers at the bottom like that chap?" He nodded his head toward a young gentleman who progressed down the sunny sidewalk with smoothly curled trousers flapping over beautiful pearl-colored spats.

Mrs. Peter's virtuous resolution rose high, when a sudden thought turned her ice to water in an instant. It was the season of bargains in the big shops. Her eyes pleaded like a deer's for a moment. Then she felt herself go.

"Well——" she hesitated. "Maybe we might go in and ask the price—perhaps it's marked down." Then in an instant she stood heroic in her defeat before Peter's attempted advance.

"I won't stir a step till you promise me you'll get a new suit of clothes if I get that dress!" she panted.

"All right," said Peter. "Let's go in."

"From your old tailor, Peter," she insisted, her hand on his arm. "No cheap clothes. I've seen you reading the cheap tailors' advertisements sometimes, but I won't have it. You've got to go to your old tailor and order a suit to-day if I'm going to think about that dress."

Peter swept her into the shop. As the frock-coat of the floor-man made obeisance to her Mrs. Peter felt the fire of battle run through her little blue veins. Her head was erect; she smelled the smoke of the bargain table.

"This one?" said the salesman, polite, but indifferent. "This is now seventy dollars—just reduced from a hundred and twenty-five."

"O-o-h, yes," she said softly. "And is it not somewhere near my measure?"

"Please try it on, madam," suggested the frock-coat. "Will you step into the elevator?"

On the next floor a "sumptuous" lady (as Peter mentally classified her), with a towering pompadour, led the way to a cabinet, her black dress trailing magnificently. Cautious in such unfamiliar waters, Peter dropped anchor near a window. In the mirrored dressing-room the sumptuous lady slipped the little brown dress upon the enraptured Mrs. Peter.

"It is French, madam," she said, as she deftly fastened the lace collar in the back and adjusted the jabot. "It is a model costume; there is not another like it in the city. And I think it will not need a single alteration. It is most unusual. See for yourself," and she swung a second long mirror so as to repeat the figure.

Edith turned herself in every direction. Yes, it was absolutely perfect. It seemed to have been made for her.

"Shall I ask the gent'man to step in, madam?" ventured the attendant.

Peter's eyes opened wide as they fell upon the familiar little figure in the unfamiliar smartness of the latest mode. Why, this was the very Edith of his courtship; this was

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what belonged to her by birthright. And he had not been able to give it to her. Only the presence, however self-effaced, of the sumptuous lady prevented him from behaving like a bridegroom.

"Isn't it lovely?" she smiled, pinker than ever with delight. "And it doesn't need a thing done to it. And you see the waistcoat and the jabot take the place of the expensive blouse that I should have to buy to go under it, so it's really cheap," she added in an undertone.

"Don't take it off," said he, fervently. "And can you get a hat, here, too?"

The sumptuous lady reappeared as from the clouds. "We have just reduced a number of spring models in millinery," she cooed. "I think one of them was made to go with this costume. If you will allow me, I will bring it."

What wimple could have so nobly crowned a great lady? What Indian scarf could have so entwined a princess's brow? What flowers could have so wreathed a dryad's temples in ancient Sicily? A vision of Arcady, a gift of Heaven, a miracle of the Rue de la Paix!

"There!" said the sumptuous lady. "Madam, I really think that's cheek. And that hat'll grow on you, I'm sure."

O lady in black, bless you for that phrase! A shriek of laughter from Mr. and Mrs. Peter disconcerted the sumptuous one for an instant.

"But it's quite large enough now," said Mrs. Peter, her eyes dancing. "But it's very nice. What is the price?"

"This is fifteen, madam, reduced from thirty," responded the attendant with dignity, venturing no more flights of complimentary fancy.

"Well, then," hesitated Peter, "are you sure it's all right? Nothing at all to do to the bias, or anything?"

Mrs. Peter turned upon him serene eyes of blissful peace. Her words fell like the roses in the fairy tale from the princess's lips.

"I think this will be all," she said quietly. "Please send my other things to this address," and she gave the attendant a card.

As they moved up the Avenue together, Mrs. Peter trod quite six inches above the pavement. When she spoke her voice was superbly calm.

"And now for your tailor, dear," she said. "He's right here in the next cross-street, isn't he?"

Peter assented, and in the same breath: "But come in here, first; you want some gloves," he said.

With a new pair of fawn-colored gloves upon her hands and another (conceded to Peter's insistence) stowed in his breast-pocket, they entered the tailor's shop together. Peter was most cordially welcomed.

"I was afraid you had forgotten me, sir," said the man. "Something for the street?" He unrolled four or five pieces of cloth. "On all these I shall take pleasure in giving you the fifteen per cent. reduction I make to my old customers this month."

"Oh, not that one, Peter," pronounced his wife. "It's such a woolly one—like the child's caterpillar. This one, now." Peter's taste agreed.

"Is that all the trouble a man has!" she cried, after a moment's activity of the tape-measure.

"I'll send you a card early next week, Mr. Wyckoff," said the tailor;" Tuesday, I think."

As they turned back toward the Avenue Peter looked at his watch.

"Half past five. Now, do you know what's going to happen?"

"What?" smiled his wife radiantly.

"We're going to finish this celebration properly," he announced. As they reached the corner he nodded to a beckoning cabby cruising for a fare along the curb.

"Oh, what!" she quivered happily.

Peter held the raiment of his goddess as she stepped into the hansom.

"Go up to the East Drive and around the Park," he said, "and get back to Sherry's at seven."

"Peter!"

He stepped in, and the doors swung together. As they whirled away in the afternoon kaleidoscope, he said firmly:

"And we're going to have champagne."

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BY DAY AND NIGHT

By George Cabot Lodge

I

THAT day we saw the sunlight dawn and die,
The twilight close, the dusk grow deep and still,
The red moon rise, the white moon climb the hill,
And darkness fill the caverns of the sky.
That night we saw the storm-strewn beaches lie
Endless and pale, the midnight stare with stars,
The ocean flash like countless scimitars—
And felt the feet of time go soundless by.
That day! That night! . . . we saw the harvest rise
Of Truth's immortal seed and yield its grain,
Where thro' the soul's starved acres love had passed;
We were like mariners whose sleepless eyes
Have sought on each horizon's verge in vain
Their landfall—and who come to port at last!

II

That day Love stood like sunrise at the goal;
The labyrinth of life seemed filled with light;
And, as we passed, a splendour calm and bright
Wreathed for the brows of death an aureole.
Swiftly we saw dissolve from pole to pole
Wide gyres of indistinguishable night,
Till, grave with raptures of austere delight,
We stood in the vast daybreak of the soul!
Then, as in memory's spectral afterglow,
Life seemed a rumour of far things, a tale
Told in a ghostly twilight long ago;
And Love, whose guidance we had shared so long,
Paused on the verge of death's inviolate pale
With lips of silence and with eyes of song.

III

That night of spiritual silences
We found love's inmost silence, where the days
Are silent, where the perishable phrase
Of song is silent, and where silence is
Like light along majestic distances
Opened before the soul's unswerving gaze;
Where life is silent, and the blatant ways
Of life, and life's divine uncertainties.
There we beheld the dark enigmas yield
In silence, and in silence truth appear
Stainless as starlight on a silver shield.
And still we felt, as in transcendent skies
Beyond the mind's last outpost, calm and clear,
Silence and glittering tranquillities.

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COOPER

By W. C. Brownell

I

IT is only superficially remarkable that Cooper should have been over thirty when he wrote his first story. Had he possessed the native temperament of the literary artist, he certainly would not have deferred experimentation so long. Nor would he, if he had had to cast about for a livelihood, probably, or if his environment had been other than it was. But to determine the literary vocation of a man of literary genius, surely, yet nevertheless a man who had been occupied in wholly unliterary pursuits until so ripe a maturity as his, the accident of a whim was not only an appropriate but altogether the most natural cause. "Precaution" was the result of such an accident. It has no other merit, but it established the fact, which apparently he had never suspected, that he had the gift of improvisation; and when he found his material, in his next book, he produced a work that established his reputation as a writer of romance. He did much better, as he did far worse, afterward, but "The Spy" is eminently characteristic. It betrays his faults —very nearly all of them, I think—and most of his virtues. It signalized the entrance into the field of romance, in the fulness of untried but uncommon powers, of a born story-teller. This he was first of all. Some of his stories are dull, but they are never not stories. He belongs, accordingly, in the same category with Scott and Dumas and George Sand and, in general, the writers whose invention is a conspicuous if not their preponderant faculty, a faculty which though it may often weary others, seems itself never to tire.

The circumstances of his life explain the characteristics of his books with even more completeness than circumstances—as has now become a commonplace—explain everything, and constitute as well as alter cases. He had little systematic education. His character was developed and affirmed before his mind was either trained or stored. His taste naturally suffered. Taste is the product of tradition, and of tradition he was quite independent, quite ignorant. Fortunately, he was also ignorant of its value, and when at thirty he began to produce literature his energy was unhampered by diffidence. But it was inevitable that the literature he produced should be extremely unliterary, and noticeably so in proportion to its power. His talent was not distinctively a literary talent. He had not even a tincture of bookishness. Of the *art* of literature he had perhaps never heard. It was quite possible in his day—singular as it may seem in ours—not to hear of it. He left school early and was a sailor, a man of business, a gentleman of more or less leisure—enough, at all events, to encourage a temperament that was aristocratic and critical, and not in the least speculative, adventurous, and æsthetic.

His prolixity is perhaps his worst fault; it is, at all events, the source of the worst fault his novels have, the heaviest handicap a novel can have—namely, their tedium. To begin with, hardly one of them is without its tiresome character. Not a few have more than one. Few of his best characters avoid tedium at times; at times even Leatherstocking is a bore. Cooper must himself, in actual life, have been fond of bores. Perhaps his irascibility was soothed by studying this particular foible of his fellows. The trait is to be suspected in other writers of fiction; Scott, for example. For my own part, I recall no character in Cooper as tiresome as the Bailie Nicol Jarvie in "Rob Roy." Cooper, however, in this respect is, in general, unsurpassed. The Scotch doctor in "The Spy," the Dutch father in "The Water Witch," the Italian disputants in "Wing-and-Wing," the crack-brained psalmodist in "The Last of the Mohicans"—but it is idle to specify, the list is too long.

It is true that to represent a bore adequately a novelist cannot avoid making him tiresome. That is his *raison d'être*, and for a novelist *nihil humani* can be *alienum*. But

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Terence himself would have modified his maxim if he could have foreseen Cooper's addiction to this especial genus. And, as I say, some of the best and most interesting of his personages prose at times interminably: the Pathfinder talking about his own and Killdeer's merits at the prize-shooting, not a few, indeed, of the deliverances of this star character of Cooper's entire company, are hard to bear. And both the bores who are so explicitly—and thus, exhaustively—exhibited as such and the non-bores who nevertheless so frequently bore us have the painful and monotonous family resemblance of all being tiresome in one way—in prolixity. They are really not studied very closely as bores or as occasionally tiresome personages, but are extremely simplified by being represented merely as long-winded. No shades of character, no particular and individual weaknesses are illustrated by their prolixity. Their prolixity is itself the trait that distinguishes them.

Yet even our own time, in which no writer with a tenth of his ability would commit his faults, may profitably inquire how it is that Cooper's popularity has triumphed so completely over so grave a fault. Largely, I think, it is due to the fact that the fault is a "literary"—that is to say, a technical—defect, and is counterbalanced by the vitality and largeness of the work of which it, too, is a characteristic. It is far from negligible. On the contrary, it is, however, accounted for, the chief obstacle that prevents Cooper from attaining truly classic rank—the rank never quite attained by anyone destitute of the sense of form, the feeling for perfection which is what makes art artistic, however inane or insubstantial it may be. But Cooper's technical blemishes are in no danger of being neglected. As Thackeray said impatiently of Macaulay's, "what critic can't point them out?" To point out Cooper's is so easy that his critics are singularly apt to sag into caricature in the process. What is less evident, but what is far more worth indicating, so far as his diffuseness, at least, is concerned, is that there is, speaking somewhat loosely, a certain artistic fitness in it, and that this is probably the main reason why it has so slightly diminished not only his popularity, but his legitimate fame. It is, in a word, and except in its excess, an element of his illusion. And in a sense, thus, it is rather a quality than a defect of his work. His illusion is incontestable. No writer of romance has more. It is simply impossible to praise him too highly here. And where the effect is so plainly secured one may properly divine some native felicity in the cause, however abstractly considered, inadequate to anything such a cause may seem.

II

Cooper is usually called the American Scott, in a sense that implies his indebtedness to Scott as a model and a master. His romances are esteemed imitations of the Waverley Novels, differing from their originals as all imitations do in having less energy, less spontaneity—of necessity, therefore, less originality. The view is a superficial one. How much or how little Cooper owed to Scott is a question for the literary historian rather than the critic. Doubtless he copied Scott in various practical ways. Romance had received a stamp, a *cachet*, from Scott that, devoted to the same *genre*, it was impossible to ignore. Scott's own derivation may be defined quite as clearly, and the record of it is, like similar studies, one that has its uses. For other than didactic purposes, however, it is the contrast rather than the resemblance, even, between him and Cooper that is pertinent. It is misleading to compare them—in any sense which implies that Cooper's originality is in any degree inferior. It is idle to characterize so voluminous a writer as imitative. Imitation will not furnish the momentum for forty volumes, whatever its initial impetus. Cooper's inspiration is as genuine, his zest as great, his genius as individual, as Scott's own. He was less of an artist. He was nothing at all of a poet—at least, in any constructional sense. It is simply impossible to fancy him essaying verse. Even balladry, even rhyming, is beyond him.

> Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
> His life-blood stains the spotless shield;

—there is not a note like that in his equipment. For a writer of romance the defect is grave. He did not inhabit the same world of the imagination. Nor did he know the world of society as Scott knew it. Anyone who can take literally Scott's generous compliment to Miss Austen must never have read "St. Ronan's Well." If he had less temperament he had also far less culture. His environment forbade it. He

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lived in the present. His conservatism was a rationalized liberalism—nothing akin to the instinctive toryism which made it natural for Scott to poetize history. And consequently his environment and his genius combined to confine him in the main to a field which, however interesting in itself, is incontestably inferior to the grandiose theatre of Scott's fiction. A splendid historical pageant winds its way through the Waverley Novels, with which nothing that the pioneer America of Cooper's day furnished could compare.

It is, indeed, in his material that Cooper presents the greatest possible contrast to Scott. It is vain, I think, for American chauvinism itself to deny that our civilization is less romantic than an older one, than that of Europe. To begin with, it has less background, and, as Stevenson pointed out, romanticism in literature largely consists in consciousness of the background. Nothing, it is true, is more romantic than nature, except nature plus man. But the exception is prodigious. Nature in Cooper counts as romantically as she does in Scott, but it is nature without memories, without monuments, without associations. Man, too, with him, though counting on the whole as romantically, does not count as background. His figures are necessarily foreground figures. They are not relieved against the wonderful tapestry of the past. In a word, there is necessarily little *history* in Cooper. Of course, there is "The Bravo," as admirable a tale as "Mercedes of Castile" is an unprofitable one. But the mass of Cooper's most admirable accomplishment is thoroughly and fortunately American, and compared with Europe America has no history. Scott's material in itself, thus, constitutes an incontestable romantic superiority. For fiction history provides off hand a whole world for the exercise of the imagination.

There is a quality in Cooper's romance, however, that gives it as romance an almost unique distinction. I mean its solid and substantial alliance with reality. It is thoroughly romantic, and yet—very likely owing to his imaginative deficiency, if anything can be so owing—it produces, for romance, an almost unequalled illusion of life itself. This writer, one says to oneself, who was completely unconscious of either the jargon or the philosophy of "art," and who had a superficially unromantic civilization to deal with, has, nevertheless, in this way produced the rarest, the happiest, artistic result. He looked at his material as so much life; it interested him because of the human elements it contained. Scott viewed his through an incontestably more artistic temperament, as romantic material. "Quentin Durward" is, it is true, a masterpiece and, to take an analogous novel of Cooper's, "The Bravo" is not; the presentation of the latter's substance is not masterly enough to answer the requirements of a masterpiece; the substance itself is far less important than the splendid historical picture, with its famous historical portraits, that Scott has painted in his monumental work. But Scott was inspired, precisely, by the epic potentialities for painting and portraiture of the struggle between Louis and Charles and its extraordinarily picturesque accessories. Cooper's theme was the effect of oligarchical tyranny on the social and political life of Venice at the acme of her fame and glory. Humanly speaking, "The Bravo" has more meaning. Historical portraiture aside, I do not think there is in "Quentin Durward" the sense of actual life and its significance that one gets from the tragedy of Jacopo Frontoni's heroic story and the picture of the vicious Venetian state whose sway corrupted "alike the ruler and the ruled" and where "each lived for himself." The gist of the latter book is more serious; it is conceived more in the modern manner; it is not a mere panorama of mediæval panoply and performance, but a romance with a thesis—at least so much of a thesis as any highly concentrated epoch must suggest to a thinking and reflective, instead of a merely seeing and feeling student of its phenomena. And Cooper's genius was a thinking and reflective one.

In "Waverley" the romantic element of the struggle between the legitimist and the legitimate parties, as we may say, is powerfully set forth, the passionate ardor of the one and the practical good sense of the other are effectively contrasted, though largely by indirection and in an accessory way. In "Wyandotte" the antagonism between Tory and patriot, between the British and the American partisan is given far more relief. It is not used merely as a romantic element, tragically dividing a household as it does, but exhibited as a clash of states of mind, of feeling, of conscience, of tradition.

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It is the subject, or at least a part of it, not mainly a contribution to its color. The reader notes the reasons that made Major Willoughby a loyalist and Captain Beekman a patriot. The book is a picture of the times as well as a story, in presenting not only the action but the thinking of the times. One remarks in it that there were "issues" then as well as events. And, of course, with Cooper's noteworthy largeness they are presented with due impartiality, and in this way, too, acquire a sense of verisimilitude and a value that treatment of them as solely romantic elements could not secure. And in the way of pure romance—romance quite independent of any associations of time and place—there *are* novels of Cooper which are unsurpassed. For an example of this element, in virtue of which, after all, Cooper's tales have made the tour of the world, take the introductory book of the famous Leatherstocking Tales, "The Deerslayer." "The Deerslayer's" romance is, in the net impression it leaves, in the resultant effect of its extraordinary visualization of its wild and lovely material, as poetic as Chateaubriand's, and fully as effective as that of any work of Scott.

III

THE verisimilitude of Cooper's Indians has been the main point of attack of his caricaturing critics. None of them has failed to have his fling at this. And it is extraordinary what a convention Cooper's assumed idealization of the Indian has become. I say extraordinary, because it is the fact that the so-called "noble red man," whom he is popularly supposed to have invented, does not exist in his books at all. Successful or not, his Indians, like his other characters, belong to the realm of attempted portraiture of racial types, and are, in intention at all events, in no wise purely romantic creations.

If they were they would, of course, be superabundantly justified. The introduction into literature of the North American Indian, considered merely as a romantic element, was an important event in the history of fiction. He was an unprecedented and a unique figure—at least on the scale, and with the vividness with which he is depicted in Cooper, for the Indians of Mrs. Behn and Voltaire and Chateaubriand can, in comparison, hardly be said to count at all. They are incarnated abstractions didactically inspired for the most part; L'Ingénu, for example, being no more than an expedient for the contrasted exhibition of civilized vices. But Cooper's Indians, whatever their warrant in truth, were notable actors in the picturesque drama of pioneer storm and stress. They stand out in individual as well as racial relief, like his other personages, American, English, French, and Italian, and discharge their rôles in idiosyncratic as well as in energetic fashion. To object to them on the ground that, like Don Quixote and Athos, the Black Knight and Saladin, Uncle Toby and Dalgetty, they are ideal types without actual analogues would be singularly ungracious.

However, they are not ideal types, but depend for their validity in large degree on their reality of portraiture as well as on their romantic interest. As I say, they stand on the same ground as Cooper's other characters, and share with them the seriousness that a close correspondence to life gives to fiction that has a realistic basis, however great its romantic interest may also be. They are not in the least "ideal" personages. Cooper does not, to be sure, take quite the cowboy view of the Indian, and people with a smattering of pioneering who regard the cowboy as an expert in Indians and echo his opinion that "the only good Indian is a dead one," may find him unduly discriminating. Still, the cowboy's ethnological experience is, after all, limited, and the frontiersman of recent years has had to deal not with the Indian of the time of Cooper's tales, but with his descendants demoralized by contact with his censors, to say nothing of the "century of dishonor." Cooper's view is certainly that the Indian is human. But the fact which is so generally lost sight of is that the "noble red man"—the fictitious character that he is charged with inventing—is not to be found in his pages. In general he endows the Indian with traits which would be approved as authentic even by the ranchman, the rustler, or the army officer. His Indians are in the main epitomized in Magua. And in the mass the race is depicted pretty much as Hawkeye conceived the Mingoes of the Mohawk Valley and Leatherstocking the Sioux of the prairies—"varmints" one and all. The exceptions are few. There are the Dela-

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wares, Chingachgook and Uncas, Conanchet and the Pawnee Hardheart—hardly any others of importance. And the "goodness" of these is always carefully characterized as *sui generis*. The difference between their moral "gifts," as Leatherstocking often enough points out, and those of the white man is always made to appear as radical. The most "idealized" of them is shown as possessing passions and governed by a code that sharply distinguish him from a white of analogous superiority to his fellows. Nor is his ability exaggerated. In spite of his special senses, developed by his life in peace and war, his woodcraft and physical prowess, when it comes to the pinch in any case his inferiority to the white man is generally marked. So far from being untruthful idealizations Cooper's little group of "good Indians" is in both quality and importance considerably below what a writer not actuated by the truly realistic purpose which was always his would be justified in depicting as representative of the best specimens of the Indian race. The history of this country abounds in figures from Massasoit to Brandt, from Osceola to Joseph, of moral and mental stature hardly emulated by any of Cooper's aborigines. The only approach to them is in the sage Tamenund of the Lenni Lenape, who is introduced at a great age, and with failing faculties almost extinct. Chingachgook dies a drunkard as old Indian John. Uncas is slain when a mere youth, before his character is thoroughly developed. Conanchet proves untamable by the best of white influences. Wyandotte preserves his fundamental treachery and vengefulness through years of faithful service to the family to which he is attached. In short, Cooper's Indians are at once Indians to the core, and thoroughly individualized as well. The "stock" Indian is no more to be found in his books than the "ideal" primitive hero. He has added to the traditional material of romance an entire race of human beings, possessing in common the romantic elements of strangeness and savagery, but also illustrating a distinctive and coherent racial character.

IV

"If Cooper," said Balzac, "had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature he would have uttered the last word of our art." The phenomena of nature are certainly well handled by Cooper. Nowhere else has prose rendered the woods and the sea so vividly, so splendidly, so adequately—and so simply. Too much can hardly be said of this element of the sea stories and the Leatherstocking Tales. But there is a peculiarity in Cooper's view and treatment of nature. Nature was to him a grandiose thaumaturgic manifestation of the Creator's benevolence and power, a stupendous spectacular miracle, a vision of beauty and force unrolled by Omnipotence, but a panorama, not a presence. There was nothing Wordsworthian, nothing pantheistic in his feeling for her—for "it," he would have said. No flower ever gave him thoughts that lay too deep for tears. He was at one with nature as Dr. Johnson was with London. There is something extremely tonic and natural in the simplicity of such an attitude, and as a romancer the reality and soundness of it stood Cooper in good stead. It is due to it that nature in his books is an environment, an actual medium, in which his personages live and move rather than a background against which they are relieved, or a rival to which their interest yields. It is the theatre of their action. It simply never occurs to Cooper to "paint the phenomena of nature" except as thus related to his people or their story—generally more closely related than an accessory, and never less so than an atmosphere. But he knew the sea and the woods, and felt them as no other romancer has ever done, and he made such distinguished use of them as abundantly to merit Balzac's eulogy.

To say, however, that he did not succeed in the painting of character as in a domain wherein he was unrivalled is not to depreciate his portraiture. And certainly Balzac's meaning is merely that in the one field his excellence was unique and in the other it was not. Balzac, moreover, in the manner of his time, exaggerated the value for fiction of painting the phenomena of nature; he meant his praise to be very high praise indeed, and it would greatly have surprised him, we may be sure, to have had anyone, as has since been done, take his reference to Cooper's powers of portraiture as depreciatory, as a putting of his finger on Cooper's weak point. He adored Cooper.

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His admiration of him was not undiscriminating—any more than any other of his admirations. But his enthusiasm for him at his best—even at his second best—was unbounded. "The Pathfinder" says his latest biographer, M. André Le Breton, "*lui arrachait de véritables rugissements de plaisir et d'admiration.*" It is idle to refer Balzac's "*rugissements de plaisir*"—at any rate, as late as 1840—altogether to the "painting of the phenomena of nature." Here, for example, is his own estimate of Leatherstocking: "*Je ne sais pas si l'œuvre de Walter Scott fournit une création aussi grandiose que celle de ce héros des savanes et des forêts.*" And, though in speaking of Cooper and Scott, he says, "*l'un est l'historien de la nature, l'autre de l'humanité,*" the antithesis is doubtless due to the greater prominence of nature in Cooper's works as in his material, to Cooper's artistic inferiority, and to the vaster stage of the Waverley drama—to say nothing of the charms for Balzac of antithesis in itself. Cooper, continues M. Le Breton, after citing the above phrase, is not less than Scott "a great painter of manners," and "I fear," he says, later, "that the usurers of Balzac, his lawyers, bankers, and notaries owe too much to the sojourn his imagination had made in the cabin of Leatherstocking or the wigwam of Chingachgook, and that there are in the *Comédie Humaine* too many Mohicans in spencers or Hurons in frock-coats."

The criticism of Balzac is sound enough, but the compliment to Cooper is equally clear. To have shared with Scott the derivation of "the master of us all," as Mr. Henry James calls Balzac (who has other titles to fame, but in the light of his provenience from Cooper none so piquant), of itself constitutes a position in the hierarchy of fiction. And in so far as Balzac does derive from Cooper, he does so in virtue of Cooper's realism. His Mohicans in spencers and Hurons in frock-coats really testify to the vivid reality of Cooper's characters which so impressed the great French realist as to lead him to transfer to the boulevards in unconscious caricature the types which in their native environment possessed a vitality energetic enough to impose imitation even on a romancer of whose greatness originality is a conspicuous trait.

Interesting testimony, however, to the force and truth of Cooper's characters as Balzac's authoritative approval and their influence on his own are, it is interesting only in an authoritative way, and as counterbalancing the judgment of critics of less weight. The characters are there to speak for themselves—to any reader, as they spoke to Balzac. Sainte-Beuve praises them without reserve. In reviewing an early work, he speaks enthusiastically of Cooper's "*faculté créatrice qui enfante et met au monde des caractères nouveaux, et en vertu de laquelle Rabelais a produit* Panurge; *Le Sage*, Gil Blas; *et Richardson*, Clarisse." They certainly differ in value and validity, and not only because the types they represent or the conceptions they incarnate so differ, but in what for the sake of clearness may be called the un-Shakespearean way of being characterized with varying effectiveness. Balzac notes the inferiority of Cooper's secondary personages to those of Scott—which is true only of his *conventional* secondary personages, I think. For these he had not the zest that the true *artist* has in all his creations. His personages interested him personally or not at all. And when he has no interest he is the last word of the perfunctory. But it is certainly true that he is nowhere less perfunctory than in the creation of character, and that as a rule even his secondary characters adequately fill the rôle assigned to them. Even if they are not made much of, even if he does not, as the French expression is, *les faire valoir*, they are solidly real. They are the exact analogues of the negligible folk one meets in life.

Thackeray wrote literary criticism lightly and had an instinctive repugnance to curbing his prejudices. But in the matter of fiction his authority is unimpeachable. No one ever—and others have tried—parodied Cooper so well. His "Leatherlegs" is an amusing figure. His serious judgment, however, is as follows: "I have to own," he says, "that I think the heroes of another writer, viz., Leatherstocking, Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin, are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leatherstocking is better than anyone in 'Scott's lot.' *La Longue Carabine* is one of the great prizemen of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures all, American or British—and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them." He has, indeed.

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From the point of view of literature the drama itself is finally assayed for character rather than action. This is true even of Greek tragedy, where everything revolves about the action, where the action is altogether the overwhelming *motif*. The Greeks were nothing if not didactic, one may say, and the gospel of art for art's sake would be understood no more on Parnassus than on Olympus, would seem equally grotesque and alien to the vital interests of man to the audiences of Menander and the pupils of the Platonic Academy, where no one entered who was ignorant of geometry, and where the basis of æsthetics was assumed to be ethical and utilitarian. Even in a drama which—in the best of taste, of course, and in the most serious artistic sense—preached, as we may be sure "The Coëphori" preached to the trembling Felixes of its day, a drama of which the thesis is so tremendously concrete as to make the characters seem abstract, the vigor of the presentation is due to the force with which the characters, however traditional, are conceived and portrayed.

And the same thing is true of romance. What gives the story vital rather than transient interest is the personages to whom the events happen. It is the human nature in the "Arabian Nights," in the "Decameron," in "Gil Blas," that secures their perennial interest. Just as this element in Balzac usually counteracts the effect of his occasional melodrama, and in Dumas often palliates his essential levity, and in Hugo endues with grandeur what else would be insipid. What is it that gives such a romance as "Ivanhoe" its value as literature—in other words, its enduring interest? Not the tourney, the attack on Front de Bœuf's castle, the bout between Friar Tuck and the Black Knight, the archery exhibition of Locksley, but the character of Rebecca of York and the warfare between good and evil in the passionate soul of the Templar, as truly the protagonist of the book as Lucifer is of "Paradise Lost," or Hector—who has infinitely more *character* than Achilles—of the "Iliad." What would the ultra-romantic Rob Roy be without Di Vernon and Rasleigh Osbaldistone? What would Robinson Crusoe be without the autobiographer's account of his interior experiences as well as his adventures? Could anything more insipid be imagined than the mere adventures of Don Quixote recounted by a Dumas or a Stevenson? Gautier's "*Le Capitaine Fracasse*" is a delightful imaginative work, but the defect that has probably prevented its ever being reread is that its figures are feeble. On the other hand, the character interest of Hamlet or Macbeth, for example, is so overwhelming as to obscure for most readers, probably, the splendidly romantic setting in which it is fixed. But the point is too obvious to dwell upon. The most inveterate lover of the story for the story's sake must admit that what makes literature of romance is the element that distinguishes its classic examples from the excellent stories of Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe—the element of character, namely. On any other theory that now forgotten masterpiece, "The Three Spaniards," a veritable marvel of purely narrative romance, should still be in everyone's hands.

Even in romance, therefore, what gives the story vital rather than transient interest is the personages to whom the events happen, and the function of the most romantic events is largely to elucidate the actors in them. A main excellence of romance as a literary form is that it elucidates a range of character with which only the imagination can adequately deal, traits and personalities which lie outside the realm of the novel of manners. Its environment has thus its own peculiar advantages, but when it exalts its environment at the expense of its figures it proportionately loses value as literature. What, accordingly, sets Cooper by the side of Scott is his instinct and practice in precisely this respect. He always has a story and always tells it well. He is, in fact, one of the great story-tellers of the world—so much so, indeed, that the narrative probably absorbed most of his conscious effort in all his books. He thought of these, and often described them on his title-pages as "tales."

But if his characters, on the other hand, show no particular care, it is because they are the direct products of his genius. They probably "came to him in his sleep." They are not studied from life or "worked out" from a central imaginative conception. They are thoroughly realistic, and yet imaginatively typical simply because Cooper had a remarkable instinct for character. He could read it and divine it in life, and when he came

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to create it and put it in situations of his own imagining he knew how it would act and what traits it would develop. For the time being he undoubtedly lived with his creations as if they were actual people. His acquaintance with actual people was very large. He alludes in "The Two Admirals" to "the course of a chequered life in which we have been brought in collision with as great a diversity of rank, profession, and character, as often falls to the lot of any one individual," and the multifarious variety of personages with which his novels are peopled proceeds from this circumstance—plus, of course, his genius in transmuting through his imagination his experience into his creation. And not only was his experience wide—both in his native pioneer civilization and in the more highly developed European world—but he was conspicuously endowed with the philosophic temperament. On what he saw he reflected. The individuals he met did not merely impress him with their peculiarities, they taught him human nature. He had the great advantage, associated with his deficiency of not being a writer from the first, of having been first a man. No writer of romance has been, as indisputably Cooper was, distinctly a publicist also. Scott's politics, for example, are neglible; Cooper's are rational, discriminating, and suggestive. He knew men as Lincoln knew them—which is to say, very differently from Dumas and Stevenson.

Consequently, the world of his creation is above all a solid one. Romantic as it is in form, its substance is of the reality secured by confining the form, the story, to its office of creating the illusion and not constituting the *primum mobile*. Slipshod as his story is now and then in disregarding probability and consistency so far as incident is concerned, the characters are never compromised by this carelessness, and where they are concerned he always checks his romance by the law of the situation, so to speak. *They* never share the occasional improbability or inconsistency of the events in which they participate, and the latter, accordingly, to any but a trivial sense, count no more than a self-correcting misprint.

No writer, not even the latest so-called psychological novelist, ever better understood the central and cardinal principle of enduing a character with life and reality—namely, the portrayal of its moral complexity. The equal in this vital respect of the New Hampshire man, Ithuel Bolt, in "Wing-and-Wing" hardly exists in all Scott, and must be sought in Thackeray or George Eliot. An essay could be written on him as on a character of history. As a New England type, too, he is a masterpiece of great representative value. Having him end his days as a deacon of his especial denomination, after a lifetime of chicane and deceit, notably self-deception, was an inspiration, which must have been appreciated, even, or perhaps particularly, in New Hampshire itself. There is an occasional caricature when Cooper's temper gets the upper hand, like the fatuous Dodge of "Homeward Bound," or where he has some congenial antipathy to express, like the Rev. Meek Wolfe of "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish." But for pure caricature—caricature for its own sake, such as Dickens's or the impossible heroes of the inferior romancers and novelists—he has no fondness, no faculty, indeed, so firmly grounded is his genius in the rational and the real. The Scotch doctor in "The Spy" is a bore, but not a caricature. Leatherstocking's silent laugh and characteristic expressions occur in superabundance, but they no more denote poverty of characterization than the constant epithets of Homer. The scoundrel Spike in "Jack Tier" has, nevertheless, a side in virtue of which his wife clings to him—far otherwise explicably than Nancy to Bill Sykes, for example. The struggle between good and evil impulses in the breast of the Red Rover is a truly heroic portrayal. The internal conflict that paralyzes the will of the "blue" admiral in "The Two Admirals" is treated with the insight of Hawthorne. To open any of the more important "tales" is to enter a company of personages in each of whom coexist—in virtue of the subtle law that constitutes character by unifying moral complexity—foibles, capacities, qualities, defects, weakness and strength, good and bad, and the inveterate heterogeneity of the human heart is fused into a single personality. And the variety, the multifariousness of the populous world that these personages, thus constituted, compose, is an analogue on a larger scale of their own individual differentiation. Cooper's world is a microcosm

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quite worthy to be set by the side of those of the great masters of fiction and, quite as effectively as theirs, mirroring a synthesis of the actual world to which it corresponds, based on a range of experience and framed with imaginative powers equalled by them alone.

V

Cooper's women are generally believed, I suppose, especially to illustrate his limitations as a novelist of character. His practice of referring to them as "females" is found amusing, for though it was a common enough practice of his day it has certainly become so obsolete as to seem singular to the reader of current books exclusively. Professor Lounsbury, who is the wittiest of writers, and, in consequence, a little at the mercy of a master faculty, has a good deal of fun with these "females" in his model biography. He says that "in fiction at least one longs for a ruddier life than flows in the veins of these pale, bleached-out personifications of the proprieties," though "they may possibly be far more agreeable to live with" than the "women for whom men are willing or anxious to die." As regards not by any means all but a certain class of Cooper's "females," one can but "feel what he means." Tastes differ, and in the quiet scholastic closes of New Haven no doubt they like a little more ginger "in fiction at least" than palates more accustomed to it demand. In the dustier and more driving world at large the simplicity and sweetness of these natures may be considered to make in an equivalent way the same appeal of novelty. However what "one longs for, in fiction at least," is not the measure of a novelist's success in character portraiture. To say that his characters are conventional is, if they are, a just reproach. To say that they are insipid is not. Professor Lounsbury may very explicably sigh for "the stormier characters of fiction that"—as he conceives—"are dear to the carnal-minded," and the carnal-minded may, in turn, perversely delight in Arcadian innocence, but the business of the novelist, and of the realistic romance writer such as Cooper, is to "pander" to the desires of neither, but to "feel" his characters as individuals, whatever their nature, and to depict them with personal zest and attention.

Some, at all events, of those gentle and placid beings that he was fond of creating are very real. It is possibly because they are measured by the standard provided by more modern fiction rather than by actual life that they are found conventional. They would appear truer according to this paradoxical criterion if they were more exceptional. But the very definite forecast that Professor Lounsbury makes for them shows how real they seem to him, after all. The reader, he says, "is as sure as if their career had been actually unrolled before his eyes of the part they will play in life." They are types of a kind of woman probably far more persistent in life than in fiction, and more persistent in life than is generally suspected at the present perhaps transitional crisis in mankind's view of woman. In fiction we have, for the moment at least, and except in such rare instances as the fiction of Mr. Howells, lost sight of that side of the "female" in virtue of which she used to be called "the weaker vessel." The rise and education, the enormous increase and differentiation of the activities of woman at the present time, have in life also somewhat obscured this side of her nature. It is, however, too essential and integral a side to be more than temporarily forgotten, and it would not be surprising if, in the not remote future, some disquietude at woman's failure to take very significant advantage of her very signal opportunities should qualify the current conviction that her insignificance hitherto has been wholly due to her subjection. "Educate them as much as you please and give them all the privileges they want," observed an empirical philosopher once, "you will still have to take care of them." Woman herself would probably still agree that when pain and anguish wring *her* brow the male of her species is called upon to be a ministering angel of extremely energetic efficiency. Cooper's women certainly have to be taken care of, but this fact does not demonstrate them to be wooden and conventional, and is apparently not inconsistent with the nature of the *ewig Weibliches*, however insipid the resultant fiction, as fiction, may be found.

At any rate, these types existed in abundance in Cooper's day, and were not perfunctorily adopted by him from the characterless religious and other contemporary novel. It is in range rather than in quality

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that his portraiture of women is deficient. He portrayed the types he knew as realistically as he did his men, but his knowledge of women was not wide. He was eminently a man's man. The domestic affections probably taught him most of what he knew of woman, and of women in general he probably met comparatively few. And of these, of course, he "studied" none, that particular exercise of the literary artist's faculties being in his day but imperfectly developed. His clinging weaklings are as good as Scott's, I think. But he had nothing like Scott's social experience, and his women are less varied in consequence. Possibly, also, they are less varied because he had less ideality; for Scott was a poet and Cooper was not, though I think he shows a very charming ideality in his treatment of his women—not only is not one of them brutally limned, but there is a marked chivalry in his treatment of all of them. Moreover, in some of these women, destined in Professor Lounsbury's view for Dorcas societies and the manufacture of sacerdotal slippers, there is a spiritual strength that qualifies their softness very nobly as well as very truly. There is scarcely in all Scott the equal in this respect of Ghita Caraccioli, in "Wing-and-Wing"—a tale which, aside from its adventurous interest and the admirable art that makes it exceptional among Cooper's works, is a particularly moving love story.

And the range of Cooper's female characters is far wider than is commonly appreciated or than is common in romance. In Dumas one may say there are no women at all. In Stevenson there are extraordinarily few. Romance in general does not very insistently demand the feminine element—except, of course, the romance that demands nothing else—such as "Paul et Virginie." In the romance of adventure woman, almost of necessity, plays a subordinate part. She is almost inevitably reduced to the type, in order to count as a dramatic factor. The realism of Cooper's romance appears here as elsewhere. There are few of his women who are purely lay figures even among the insipid ones, as I have said, at least if we except the inferior novels—novels which, in Cooper's case, ought not to be considered at all; he wrote enough good ones to earn negligibility for such books as "Mercedes of Castile" and "The Ways of the Hour." Even such effaced characters as Alice Monro in "The Last of the Mohicans" are real enough. In almost every case, however insignificant and insipid they may be, they have the effect of being thoroughly alive—of having been felt and definitely visualized by their author. To this extent and in this way they bear, perhaps, even more striking witness to his master faculty, the faculty of creating character, than their more accentuated sisters.

But these latter are, for romance, as distinguished from the novel of character and manners pure and simple (which Cooper essayed, to be sure, but in which he certainly did not succeed), unusually numerous and varied. Take the instances I have already cited of "Ivanhoe" and "Waverley" and compare the women of those two books with those of "The Last of the Mohicans" and "The Deerslayer." The background of the two former books has more dignity and importance than the woods of America in the middle of the eighteenth century could possibly provide. But the characters of the four American "females" and the contrast between the members of each couple of them are at least as firmly drawn, as vivid, and as effective. Cora Munro, with her strain of negro blood appealing so strongly to both of her redskin admirers, her inevitably hopeless passion for Hayward and her truly tragic predestination, is an original and admirable creation. The two girls in "The Deerslayer" are masterpieces. Judith Hutter particularly is a character worthy of a place among the important figures of fiction. Her beauty, her worldliness, her exotic refinement, set off against the rude and vulgar background of her family environment and blending exquisitely with the wild beauty of her lacustrian surroundings, her sensibility to such simple elevation as she finds in the Deerslayer's character, the delicacy of her wooing of him and acquiescence in his rejection of her, and her final acceptance of her inevitable fate, compose a portrait with accessories rare in fiction of any kind and particularly rare in romance. The feeble-minded Hetty, who serves superficially as her foil, is portrayed with equal attentiveness and great delicacy. There is something very gentle and attaching in the art with which Cooper—quite without consciousness of doing anything unusual, and

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as simply as if it were the most natural thing in the world—achieves the difficult task of making convincing and interesting a character whose rectitude and fearlessness of nature enable her to play a rôle of pathetic dignity hardly hampered by a clouded mind. Here Cooper's touch, so heavy in generalization, in humor, and in broader portraiture often, is lightness itself. Some sympathetic strain in his nature endued him, too, with an analogous felicity in portraying such Ariel-like women as the masquerading mistresses of the Red Rover and the Skimmer of the Seas. These characters with him are the very converse of conventional, both in conception and in presentation, and they are at the same time perfectly embodied and realized with a definiteness and verisimilitude such as Scott in vain labored to impute to his tricksy Fenella in "Peveril of the Peak." They have the touch of fancy and the magic of strangeness, but they are understood as women in a way quite beyond the reach of a writer to whom the sex is the sealed book it is sometimes asserted to have been for Cooper.

Katharine Plowden in "The Pilot" is a breezy and even a brilliant girl. The heroine of "The Bravo" is extremely winning and pathetic. Mildred Dutton in "The Two Admirals" has as much dignity and resource as gentleness. The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish is a unique study, or at least sketch, of a white girl with an Indian soul. Maud Willoughby in "Wyandotte" is a charming beauty with a reserve of force, such as Kingsley might have conceived. And of Betty Flanagan in "The Spy" it is perhaps enough to record Miss Edgeworth's testimony in a letter to the author asserting that no Irish pen could have drawn her better. In fine, to my own sense, at least, Cooper drew well in the main such women as he drew. Of some of them he made memorable successes. That he drew no great variety of them and essentially duplicated his "females" now and then was very largely due to the limitedness of his experience, so generally confined to his acquaintance with his own sex, save for a circle probably without much variety. The wide experience of people he speaks of in "The Two Admirals" in the passage I have already cited, refers exclusively to men. Of course if he had been a sufficiently imaginative writer, if rather his imagination had not been less spiritual than romantic, he would have been less dependent on experience. But the romantic writer with a spiritual imagination is apt to be as insubstantial as he is rare, and in his portraits of women as elsewhere Cooper's romanticism is thoroughly realistic and, with whatever modification due to the sex of its subjects, thoroughly substantial and robust. Conventional, however, the main, the characteristic, figures among them cannot be called, and it is hard to account for Professor Lounsbury's comparison of them to "the pattern woman of the regular religious novel," except on the theory of unfamiliarity with "the regular religious novel," and an undue preference for "the stormier characters of fiction dear to the carnal-minded."

VII

THERE is one aspect of Cooper's contribution to literature that makes American neglect of his merits and his fame incomprehensible on any creditable grounds. That aspect is as varied as it is salient, but from its every facet is reflected *the rational aggrandizement of America*. Quite aside from the service to his country involved in the fact itself of his foreign literary popularity—greater than that of all other American authors combined—it is to be remarked that the patrotic is as prominent as any other element of his work. To him, to be sure, we owe it that immediately on his discovery, the European world set an American author among the classics of its own imaginative literature; through him to this world America, not only American native treasures of romance, but distinctively American traits, ideas and habits, moral, social and political, were made known and familiar. He first painted for Europe the portrait of America. And the fact that it is in this likeness that the country is still so generally conceived there eloquently attests the power with which it was executed. The great changes that time has wrought in its lineaments have found no hand to depict them vigorously enough—at least in fiction—to secure the substitution of a later presentment for Cooper's. But in speaking of the patriotic element in his work, I refer only indirectly to its service in exalting American literature in European eyes and acquainting European minds with Ameri-

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can character. Mainly I mean to signalize—what indirectly this proceeds from—the truth that in a large sense the subject of Cooper's entire work is America, nothing more, nothing less.

The undoubted aristocratic blend of his temperament and his traditions did not in the least conflict with his democracy, his Americanism. There is nothing *a priori* inconsistent in the holding of democratic convictions by the most aristocratic natures. The history of all religions, for example, is conclusive as to this; and from Pericles to the Gracchi, from Montaigne to Emerson, the phenomenon is common enough in politics and philosophy as well. Nor are his later American books *a posteriori* evidence of his defection. The excuses and perversions, the faults, and even the eccentricities of democracy, and the way in which these were illustrated by the democracy of his day, are certainly castigated—caricatured on occasion—with vigor, with zest with temper, even. But the wounds are the faithful ones of a friend—an extremely candid friend, of course—in a period of American evolution when candor of the kind was apt to be confounded with censure. His candor, however, was merely the measure of his discrimination. His censure is always delivered from a patriotic standpoint. The things, the traits, he satirizes and denounces are in his view the excrescences of democracy, and infuriate him as perversions, not as inherent evils. There is not the remotest trace of the snob in him. His meticulous and sometimes absurd excursions into the fields of etiquette and etymology, his rating of his countrymen for their minor crudities and fatuities, are the naïve, and sometimes elephantine endeavors of a patriotic censor conscious of the value of elegance to precisely such a civilization as our own. We can see readily enough to-day that it is calumny to attribute his democracy in Europe to pure idealism, and his disgust with demagogy after his return to an irascibility that changed his convictions. The discriminating American—Lowell, for a prominent example—is naturally an advocate of democracy abroad and a critic of it at home. And Cooper's temperament was not more irascible than his mind was judicial. There is apparently, in fact, a native relation between irascibility and the judicial quality. Breadth of view, unless it is combined with the indifference of the *dilettante*, is naturally impatient of narrowness.

Defects of temper, at all events, which were conspicuous in Cooper certainly co-existed with a fair-mindedness equally characteristic. Not a great, he was distinctly a large man in all intellectual respects. Professor Trent in his "History of American Literature" recurs to this central trait again and again, one is glad to note, in his exceptionally appreciative characterization. He was peppery, but not petulant, iracund without truculence. His quarrels with his encroaching Cooperstown neighbors, and with the unspeakable press of his day, undoubtedly lacked dignity, but in all cases he was in the right, and his outraged sense of justice was at the bottom of his violence. And his fair-mindedness so penetrated his patriotism as to render it notably intelligent, and therefore beneficent. In his day intelligent patriotism was not thoroughgoing enough to be popular. Partisanship was exacted. The detachment which Cooper owed to his experience and judicial mindedness was simply not understood. It seemed necessarily inconsistent with patriotic feeling. Such scepticism is, in fact, not unknown even in our own time! But in Cooper's, appreciation of foreign, and criticism of native traits, was in itself almost universally suspect. Yet such candor as his in noting excellence in men and things of other nations and civilizations is even nowadays rarely to be encountered. France, Italy, England, the Irish, Swiss, Germans—every nationality, in fact, that figures in his pages—is depicted with absolute sympathy and lack of prejudice. In "Jack Tier," written during the Mexican War, the Mexican character at its best is incarnated in the most polished and high-minded, the most refined and least vulgar of personalities. In the matter of national traits it is still more or less true that, as Stendhal observed, *la différence fait la haine;* but to no writer of the English tongue at all events, even since his time, could the reproach be addressed with less reason than to Cooper. "Wing-and-Wing" is a text-book of true cosmopolitanism, and "Wyandotte" a lesson in non-partisanship at home.

No doubt it is only logical to be cosmopolitan and liberal when one is lecturing one's countrymen on their narrowness and

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provinciality. But the disposition to lecture them on this particular theme itself witnesses Cooper's genuine fair-mindedness and his desire to communicate it to his readers. Moreover, the quality appears in his writings quite as often instinctively as expressly; it pervades their purely artistic as well as their didactic portions. And there are two manifestations of it that are particularly piquant and certainly to be reckoned among Cooper's patriotic services. One is his treatment of New England, and the other that of the Protestant sects as distinguished from the Episcopal Church.

Upon the New England of his day Cooper turned the vision of a writer who was also a man of the world—a product of civilization that can hardly be said to have existed then within its borders; save, perhaps paradoxically, in the shy personality of the recluse Hawthorne. He was himself an eminent example of what used to be called in somewhat esoteric eulogy by those who admired the type, a conservative, and New England was the paradise of the radical, the visionary, the doctrinaire. He had no disposition, accordingly, to view it with a friendly eye or to pass by any of its imperfections. The narrowness, the fanaticism, the absurd self-sufficiency and shallowness, the contempt for the rest of the country, the defects of the great New England qualities of thrift and self-reliance, characteristic of the section were particularly salient to him, and to signalize them was irresistible to an emancipated observer who could view them from a detached standpoint.

It is difficult now to recall the New England of Cooper's day. Never, perhaps, in the world's history was so much and so wide-spread mental activity so intimately associated with such extreme provinciality. For a miniature portrait of it consult the first pages of Lowell's essay on Thoreau. At present we need to have even the eminence of the section recalled to us. Prof. Barrett Wendell's engaging "Literary History," in which he not only confines American literature of much value to New England, but even tucks it into the limits of Harvard College, is an interesting reminder of days that seem curiously distant. Between 1825 and 1850, at all events, New England, always the apex, had become also the incubus of our civilization, and called loudly for the note-taking of a chiel from beyond its borders. Cooper performed that service. And, as I say, it is to be counted to him for patriotism. To him we owe it that not only American authorship but American literature have been from his day of national rather than sectional character. The world he represented to the Europe of his day was a comprehensively American world, and the country as a whole, with the theretofore false proportion of its different sections duly rectified, first appeared in effective presentation in the domain of art.

His analogous hostility to ecclesiastical sectarianism was, perhaps, a corollary of his view of the New England whence largely it came. English non-conformity transplanted added to its own defects those inseparable from an establishment which practically it enjoyed. Its contentiousness became tyrannous, and its virtual establishment, destitute of traditions, served mainly to crystallize its crudities. Cooper's Episcopalianism was, in a doctrinal sense, no doubt, equally narrow. And his piety was strongly tinctured with dogma. Some of his polemic is absurd, and when he is absurd he is so to a degree only accounted for by his absolute indifference to appearing ridiculous. The "Crater" is an extraordinary exhibition of denominational fatuity. But in his day his churchmanship gave him in religious matters the same advantage of detachment that his treatment of New England enjoyed. It gave him a standard of taste, of measure, of decorum, of deference to tradition and custom, and made him a useful and unsparing critic of the rawness and irresponsibility so rife around him, in a field of considerably more important mundane concern to the community of that time than—owing largely to its own transformation—it has since become. He knew the difference in the ecclesiastical field, as few in his day did, between "a reading from Milton and a reading from Eliza Cook." The intellectual mediocrity of the Episcopal pulpit did not blind him as it did others, to "the Church's" distinctive superiorities, secular and religious. A ritual, a clergy (however triturate as a hierarchy), a sense of historic continuity, the possession of traditions, the spirit of conformity in lieu of self-assertion (a spirit so necessary to "the *communion* of saints"), set off the "Churchmen" of that day somewhat sharply from the immensely larger part of their respective

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societies. And Cooper's criticism of the more unlovely traits of the descendants of the Puritans and the Scotch-Irish immigration, on the whole made for an ideal that, socially considered, must be regarded as superior to that he found defective. His "conservative" spirit, in a word, enabled him to perform a genuine and patriotic service to our civilization in this respect as it did in the case of its portrayal of New England types of character. And as in the latter case he is not to be charged with provinciality equivalent to that which he exposed, but really judges it from an open-minded and cosmopolitan standpoint, so, too—though naturally in a distinctly lesser degree, in consequence of his own ecclesiastical and theological rigidities—he exhibits the defectiveness of American non-conformity from a distinctly higher plane than its own. The proof of this and of his large tolerance in religious matters—where his controversial spirit is not aroused—is the fact that Catholicism and Catholics always receive just and appreciative treatment at his hands. Even atheism itself he treats with perfect and comprehending appreciation. In this respect the scene in "Wing-and-Wing" where Raoul Yvard is about to be executed as a spy forms a striking contrast to the somewhat analogous one in "Quentin Durward," where Scott uses the death of the unbelieving Hayraddin Mograbin to point a series of perfunctory commonplaces.

I come back in conclusion to Professor Trent's epithet. Cooper's was above all a *large* nature. Even his littlenesses were those of a large nature. Let us refine and scrutinize, hesitate and distinguish, when we have corresponding material to consider. But in considering Cooper's massive and opulent work it is inexcusable to obscure one's vision of the forest by a study of the trees. His work is in no sense a *jardin des plantes;* it is like the woods and sea that mainly form its subject and substance. Only critical myopia can be blind to the magnificent forest, with its pioneer clearings, its fringe of "settlements," its wood-embosomed lakes, its neighboring prairie on the one side and on the other the distant ocean with the cities of its farther shore—the splendid panorama of man, of nature, and of human life unrolled for us by this large intelligence and noble imagination, this manly and patriotic American representative in the literary parliament of the world.

HOROLOGION

By Louise Imogen Guiney

THE frost may form apace,
  The roses pine away:
Nomæa, if I see thy face,
  Then is the summer day.

A word of thine, a breath,
  And lo! my joy shall seem
To look far down where life and death
  Stir like a forded stream;

Or else shall misery sound
  And travel, in that hour,
All utmost things in one shut round,
  As a bee feels his flower.

How then should clocks avail,
  And dials answer fair?
Till the last eve dance down the gale,
  With no star in her hair,

O love, my solar chime!
  O love, my wheel of night!
Be thy bright heart, not ashen Time,
  My measure, law, and light.

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A BACHELOR OF ELEMENTS

By Nelson Lloyd

Illustrations by Fletcher C. Ransom

"HERE'S your news," the Store-keeper said, pushing the county paper very formally through the little window in the case of glass-fronted pigeon-holes at the end of the counter. After he had critically inspected the letter he held in his hand, he passed that through the window, too. Then he peered around the side of the post-office to see how it was received.

The fortunate one was a tall young man, who stood hesitatingly eying the missive, now the back, now the front, upside down and cata-cornered, as if he doubted that it was for him. But it was for him. There in a bold copy-book hand, every letter perfect in its form and slant, was written:

Mr. Robert Twoller, B. E.
City.

"Isn't it yours, Rawb?" inquired the Store-keeper testily, as though the delay were cheating him out of some choice bit of news.

The other made no reply, but he drew a knife from his pocket, carefully opened the envelope and walked to the window, where in the seclusion formed by his own broad back he could be alone.

This is what he read:

My dear Mr. Twoller:

Your kind bequest that I be your lady this evening at the lecture on Success, at the Teachers' Institute by the Rev. Waldo Tangerian, the converted Turk, has been received and is excepted with pleasure. I will be ready the minute of six so you need not hitch when you come to the house. Just call good and I will run out.

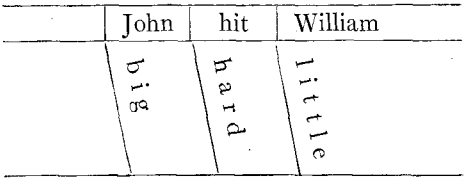
Your affectionate friend,
Viola Kate Cooper.

"Isn't it for you, Rawb?" inquired the Store-keeper in his most insinuating tones, lounging out from his post behind the counter.

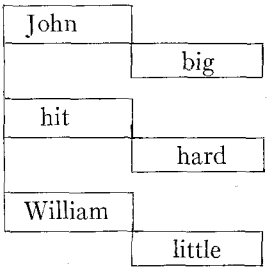
The only reply he got was a smile.

"The handwrite was that of a stranger," he went on. "It puzzled me, it did, and——"

This Robert Twoller was a peculiar fellow! For though he smiled again, a bland, good-humored smile, he stepped quickly out of the door, slamming it most impolitely. But he had a right to smile. The note more than made up for the disappointment of the previous day when Viola had been unable to attend the institute at Pleasantville and hear him read his paper on "The Best Methods of Diagramming." That paper was the effort of his life, and he had wanted her to witness his triumph. All the teachers in the county, assembled in the Court-house, had heard his argument, and they were unanimous in declaring that he had clearly proved the superiority of his system. He had shown them that it confused the youthful mind to diagram a sentence after this manner:



Much easier of comprehension by the young pupil was his method of the juxtaposition of the subject, predicate, and object, with the modifying adjectives and adverb:



He had wanted her to witness his triumph, but a headache had played him false. He had even doubted that headache, and had feared to risk another rebuff; but to-morrow she was to leave East Har-

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monsville and return to her home in Kishikoquillas, so in a nervous hand he had penned his request that she accompany him to the lecture by the converted Turk. She had accepted. To-night he was to have a seven-mile drive with her, and if in all that distance, skimming along in the silence of the snow-muffled night, he could not tell her all that was nearest his heart, the seven miles home from Pleasantville still remained.

As he walked up the village street, pressing her note in his hand, he planned it all out. After they had gone a great while, away from the town, out into the white, silent land, so far that it would seem that in all the universe they were alone, just the two of them, he would tell her. Perhaps she would open up by saying, "I'm going back to Kishikoquillas to-morrow." Then he would trust the choosing of the way to that wise horse of his, and would whisper, "Don't, Miss Cooper. I know Kishikoquillas is a nicer valley than ours, and that there you will find men more worthy of you. I offer you all I have. I've a farm. It's small, but with the help of lime and phosafits it will raise enough for two. I've a school, and the East Harmonsville school is one of the best in the county. I'm finely educated, as you can see by my degree. I got it at the Airy Grove Normal School. I'm a Bachelor of Elements."

They drove that night through the white, silent country as he had planned. They were all alone, side by side, in the close grasp of the sleigh. In the starlight and snowlight he could see the girl's face, framed in a red hood and rosy in the keen wind. Her mood was quieter, too, and she did not chaff him, as was her liking so often, but spoke with a gentle pensiveness. Then after a long silence, broken only by the jingle of the bells and the crunching of the snow beneath hoof and runner, she said: "I'm going back to Kishikoquillas to-morrow," and he said, "Kishikoquillas must be a nice place." His opportunity had passed! It was a pure slip on his part, he told himself again and again, and if she had not taken him so by surprise, he would have swung in with his declaration. Woman-like, she gave him no other chance. She spoke again, but it was to complain of the cold, and by the time he had prepared himself for his ordeal, they were at the court-house steps, in the full glare of the light that streamed from the open doorway.

When Robert Twoller allowed himself that margin of the seven miles homeward drive in event of his first failure, he had reckoned without the Rev. Waldo Tangerian, and the converted Turk's personality was not one to be slighted. The lecturer's dark face, his long hair, massive shoulders, tall, loosely hung frame spoke of power to Robert the moment the young man's eyes rested on him. And the impression gained by this inspection from the seat in the centre of the crowded court-room was strengthened and garnished by Associate Judge Spong.

"Our privilege to-night is a great one," said Judge Spong. He stood forth in the yellow lamp-glare, his sack coat carefully folded back as to show a broad expanse of shirt bosom, bounded by a low-cut waistcoat of fancy cloth, with a heavy gold watch chain stretching across in front. "Not only to the teachers of the county, gathered here in convention, but to the laymen I see with us to-night, it will come as an inspiration to see and hear the words of one who, throughout all this broad land of ours stands forth as the very apotheosis of suck-cess. Born in an humble hut in the Carpathian Mountains of a Turkish father and a Turkish mother, and all that means, surrounded in infancy by all the darkness of that pagan land, he has risen to the heights where few men tread. The little Turkish boy is to-day a Christian minister, at the head of one of the greatest churches in the great city of Philadelphia. But a few days since it was my privilege to visit him in his lovely home in Spring Garden Street, where he gathers about him all the greatest and wisest of the land, and standing there on the threshold, I cried aloud to myself, 'Suck-cess—aye—Suck-cess!'"

Success was the watchword of the night! The very air seemed charged with achievement! Fame was at everybody's hand, waiting only for an introduction.

"When I think of suck-cess," began the converted Turk, after he had taken a copious draught of water, and paused a moment till there was absolute silence save for the clinking of the ice in the pitcher at his side, "I have only to turn to my right hand and look on the distinguished jurist

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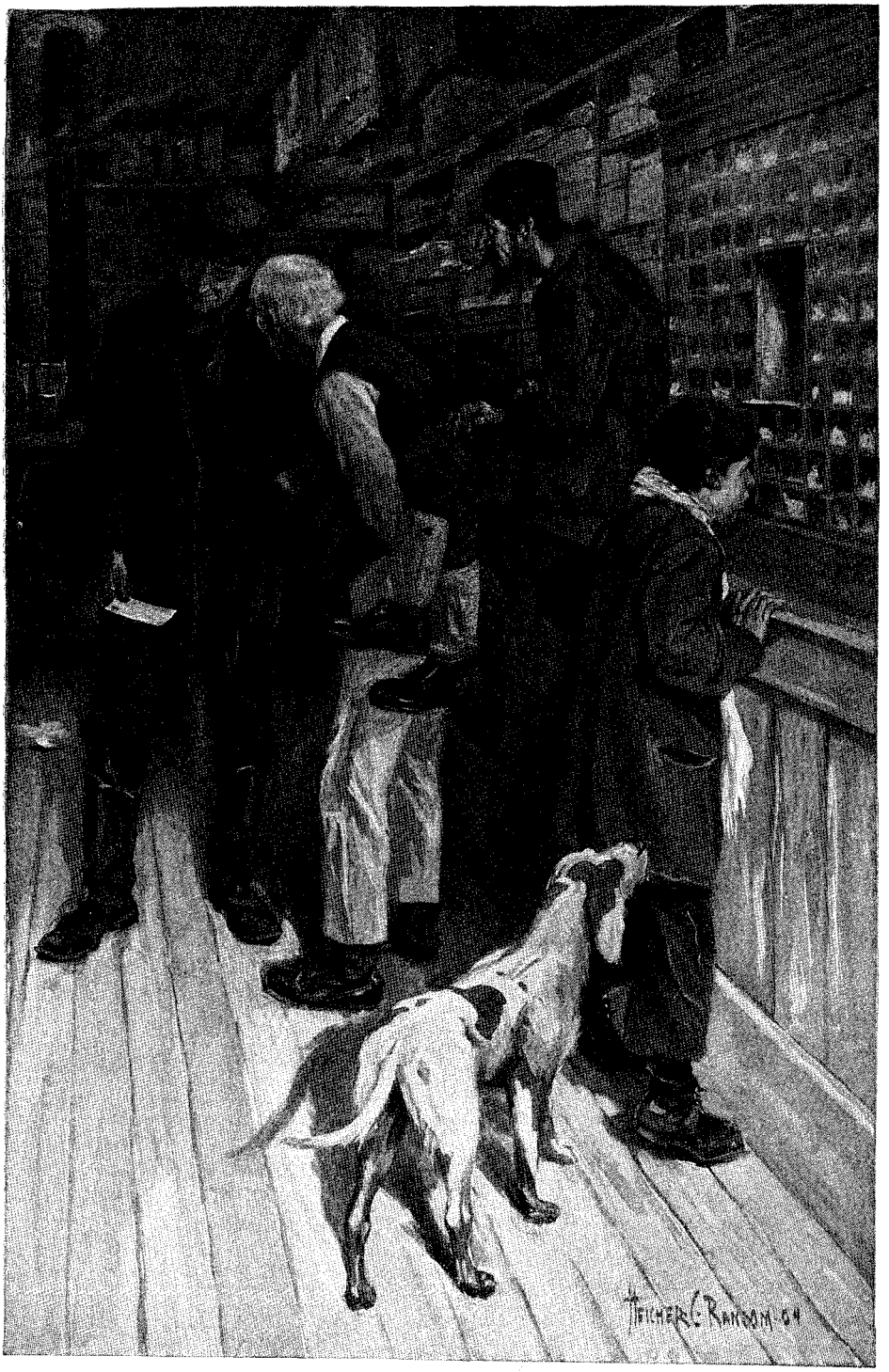

Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

"Isn't it for you, Rawb?" inquired the Store-keeper.—Page 469.

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who has presented me to you with such kind words." Now the Associate Judge, as everybody knows, is a coal dealer whose legal activities are confined to road views and the minor duties of the court; but that made no difference to the Reverend Waldo. "I cannot tell you how we in Philadelphia love Judge Spong," he went on. "I cannot tell you how grand it is, my dear friends, that a community should have in its midst such a monument of judicial integrity and learning, such a shining beacon of Christian virtue and charity, and one withal so modest and simple."

The distinguished Turk turned on his heels and bowed to Judge Spong. The distinguished jurist acknowledged the compliment with an inclination of the head and a deprecating wave of a fat hand. The lecturer did not stop to press the point farther home, but proceeded to place himself on friendly terms with his audience by drawing a large handkerchief from the tails of his frock coat. Dignity vanishes before a sneeze. The pocket-handkerchief is the flag of humanity. It always flies inverted, the ensign of our mortality. The Reverend Waldo knew that. He signalled thus to the uttermost part of the hall that though he was great, he was still a man, like the humblest teacher before him.

"'Suck-cess—aye—Suck-cess!'"—Page 470.

The opening was very simple and quiet. Life, the speaker said, was like a ladder, up which we climb rung by rung. Some reach the top where Success is, and from that high pinnacle view the world. Others fall back; then struggle up again, only to fall once more and sink at last in the mire of Failure! The Reverend Waldo smiled. There flashed to his mind the case of a German he once knew, an honest, simple-minded man, who bet a dollar that an Irishman could not carry him up a ladder to the top of a three-story dwelling. Success was in the Irishman's grasp; the roof was almost in his reach when he cried "I lose!" and dropped the German. The Teuton died, the Reverend Waldo said.

Through the court-room there was a solemn silence, then an uncertain shuffling of feet, then a titter and a roar.

Robert Twoller for an instant felt a pang of sympathy for the German. Then he leaned back and laughed, and laughed, and poked Viola with his elbow.

"He is certainly good!" he exclaimed.

But if Robert expected that this lecture was to deal with the lighter things of life, he was mistaken; for while the speaker at times relieved the solemnity of his rolling periods with felicitous anecdotes of the Irishman, the Negro, or the Little Girl in his church at home, the trend of his thought was to inspire his hearers to noble effort and accomplishment. Robert felt himself carried away from the littleness of his own life, from the narrowness of his valley and the pettiness of his village, to the great world where men fought and died for right and wrong. With Alexander he conquered the world; with Cæsar he ruled Rome; with Napoleon, the Corsican lad, he battled his way to a throne; with Lincoln the rail-splitter, and Garfield of the tow-path, he cut his way to the White House. In one of those solemn intervals, while Tangerian poured a glass of water and drained it, the young man turned to himself

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again. What stupidity and egotism had been his! But for this great Turk's awakening him, he would have gone on forever, puffed up with the pride of his little learning and his B. E. Now only the wisdom of a Galileo or a Newton could appease his hunger for knowledge; only the glory of a Wellington could quench his thirst for fame. On the morrow he would place his foot upon the ladder and begin the climb. He promised himself that, as the Reverend Waldo was for the last time signalling with his handkerchief that he was human and susceptible to draughts, before he began the peroration that was to draw his hearers to the perilous edges of their seats, and silence their restless breathing and unruly heart-beats.

"Isn't he lovely?" whispered Viola.

"He's elegant," was the answer.

Robert had forgotten the girl. Now she came to him as an unpleasant reality. He looked at her and wondered how he had ever dreamed of hampering himself in his climb with the burden of such a plump little thing as she was. Viola was pretty, distractingly so, but the soldier going forth to battle does not encumber himself with beautiful works of art. She was fair to look at, she was gentle and good to be with, and were he to waste his life away in his own valley, he could ask no better company. But a new life had opened to him. He was called to high endeavor. Perhaps when he reached the topmost rung he would find there waiting for him, with smiling face and outstretched hands, a woman worthy of a victor. Bonaparte, the poor Corsican boy, had won a princess of Austria, Tangerian said, and in the great preacher's own congregation a young man who had begun life as a homeless newsboy had just earned the hand of the fairest and richest woman in Spring Garden Street. Robert smiled when he thought of his own escape. The Fates had been with him on that seven-mile drive, and they would be with him on the morrow and ever after as he fought his way alone to Success.

Tangerian said it was grand to fight alone, in the glory of one's own strength. He paused. With hands folded behind him he walked thrice across the platform. Turning slowly on his heels, with martial precision, he raised one hand and pointed away off into the Future.

"We look down the river of Time," he said. "Ceaselessly it flows before us. Countless

"We look down the river of Time."

are its whirlpools and its eddies. We shudder as we contemplate its cruel rocks and fearful rapids. And you and I—shall we cast ourselves upon the waters? Shall we float languidly down that ceaseless river, paper ships, to be hurled about on every tide and eddy, until at last we are swallowed up in the vast sea of nonentity? Shall we, I say? Or shall we with mighty stroke of arm breast the rapids and the whirlpools, swimming ever upward, heedless of the countless perils, spurning jutting rock and cruel eddy, until at last we reach that high plain whence flows the river, and there, looking out, survey the world?"

It seemed to Robert Twoller that he had begun to swim. All around him the teachers surged, and he stupidly pulled on his overcoat and twisted his muffler about his neck without helping Viola with her tangled

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" 'Shall we breast the ripples and the pools?' "

wraps. He plunged down the crowded aisle aimlessly, while she hurried after him, and they were away out in the white, silent country before either spoke.

"I'm going back to Kishikoquillas to-morrow," the girl ventured.

"How?" said Robert absently.

"I said I'm going back to Kishikoquillas to-morrow," the girl answered.

"Oh," said he, "that will be nice. How was it that last piece run?" He pointed to the moon with his whip. " 'Shall we breast the ripples and the pools, swimmin' up stream, never heedin' the countless pur'ls, till at last we reach that high point whence the river comes and lookin' away surveys the world?' "

Most women have to float down the river of Time, anyway, so Viola was not much interested in the problem of swimming up stream.

"I like it so much in East Harmonsville," she said. "It's a lovely place."

"It's so slow and out o' the way," returned Robert. "What was it Tangerian sayd? It run like this—don't you mind?—'I, too, would sleep away my life amid some sylvan scene; I, too, would wander ever amid the fields of golden posies and along the silver streams, but ever in my breast I hear a call.'"

"Well, how nice any place is, depends who else is there," the girl said softly.

Robert was worried. He brought his whip down from the moon to the back of his horse, sending the animal ahead with redoubled speed toward home and safety. Robert was wary, too.

"That's so," he said. "But don't you mind how Tangerian told about leavin' his home in the Carpathian Mountains, sayin' good-by to his mother and father and all them Turkish brothers and sisters in answer to the call? That was elegant, wasn't it?"

"It was beautiful," the girl answered feebly.

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She was eying him so curiously, so gently, that for the moment he almost forgot the ladder to success; he almost forgot the converted Turk and his inspiration; he almost plunged head-foremost into the mire of Failure. But he braced himself. He was breasting an angry rapid, he said to himself, and he struck out with his arm, and the whip came down on the horse's back again.

To Robert Twoller those seven miles seemed endless. To Viola Cooper they flashed by. To the horse the master had gone mad, urging him on this way, ceaselessly sawing at the bit, with the whip always cruelly thrashing. And there was no rest, up hill or down, until they jingled into the village and drew up before the Hannaberry's house, where Viola was staying. There she left them, and the panting horse, with reins dragging loose, walked home to his stable.

Ambition moves the world, Tangerian said. But when ambition has slept all night after a drive of seven miles in zero weather, when it awakens to be confronted with ice in the pitcher and fires unlighted, its ardor is likely to be cooled. The Reverend Waldo in his comfortable home in Spring Garden Street, could mentally soar. Robert Twoller, shivering in his room before that ice-capped pitcher, had but one ambition, and that was a furnace-heated house. And this was the day he was to begin to climb! He mounted the first rung in the ladder by getting warm. On the second rung he paused to eat his breakfast. There seemed to be no other rungs above him. Just how to go on climbing was a problem. He smoked his Sunday-morning pipe and thought it all over. If he had a furnace-heated house he would not know the joy of thawing out before a ten-plate stove. He began to suspect that the converted Turk had misled him. After all, there might be some comfortable perches lower down the ladder where one could rest

He smoked his Sunday-morning pipe and thought it all over.

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Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

"I thought some 'un might be lookin'."—Page 477.

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in peace; there might be some delectable island in that wondrous river where one could tarry in comfort, little harmed by the swirling eddies; there might be——

Outside, sleigh-bells were sounding! He ran to the window and peered through the frosted glass to see Viola Cooper, with her fat horse and Dunkard sleigh, jogging away from his life forever, back to the rolling fields of Kishikoquillas, that land of plenty.

The fat horse was a slow horse, and in a minute Robert was abreast of him.

"Where are you going?" he demanded of the girl when she had reined up.

"I'm going back to Kishikoquillas," said she. "And you?"

"I'm startin' to-day to climb the ladder of suck-cess," the young man answered, smiling; "but I can't find the first rung. I'm lookin' for a rung."

"And what will you do with a rung?" the girl asked, not comprehending.

"If I hadn't a-ketched you I'd 'a' used it on the converted Turk," said Robert solemnly. "But I've ketched you, and there's somethin' I wanted to say—somethin' I'd 'a' sayd last night if it hadn't 'a' been for Tangerian. I wanted to say——"

The eyes of the village were wide open. Robert saw that.

"Mebbe," said he, "you wouldn't mind drivin' up the road a piece and 'round the bend. I'll foller."

Rare is woman's intuition! The fat horse jogged around the bend, but so heavy was his gait that when he halted Robert was leaning into the sleigh.

"Last night, Viola Kate," he said, "I'd an idee I'd like to climb the ladder of suck-cess, but it seems to me now like there might be some comfortable places to set lower down—if you've some one to set with you."

"There might," the girl said.

And she looked away over the glistening fields. That gave him heart, for he knew that when a woman looked you in the eye you should tremble.

"Last night," said he, "I thought I'd like to work and study and be a great man like Tangerian; but to-day I'm satisfied to go on just a plain bachelor of elements."

"I tho't last night you'd always be a bachelor," the girl said.

"I can't help that," said he. "Airy Grove Normal gave me that degree; but I'll be a married man, too—if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," the girl said.

Who now cares for success? Robert does not. Tangerian is forgotten. The river of Time can flow on. The ladder can reach to Heaven, but he need not climb it. For one brief moment he knows what Heaven is. Then suddenly he straightens up and looks sharply around.

"What's the matter?" cries the girl.

"I thought some 'un might be lookin'," he answers.

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THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

XIII

HIGH WATER AT YARDLEY

TEN years have passed away. The sturdy little fellow in knee-trousers is a lad of seventeen, big and strong for his age; Tod is three years older, and the two are still inseparable. The brave commander of the pirate ship is now a full-fledged fisherman and his father's main dependence. Archie is again his chief henchman, and the two spend many a morning in Tod's boat when the bluefish are running. Old Fogarty does not mind it; he rather likes it, and Mother Fogarty is always happier when the two are together.

"If one of 'em gits overboard," she said one day to her husband, "t'other kin save him."

"Save him! Well, I guess!" he replies. "Salt water skims off Archie same's if he was a white-bellied gull; can't drown him no more'n you kin a can buoy."

The boy has never forgotten Scootsy's epithet, although he has never spoken of it to his mother—no one knows her now by any other name. She thought the episode had passed out of his mind, but she did not know everything that lay in the boy's heart. He and Tod had discussed it time and again, and had wondered over his own name and that of his nameless father, as boys wonder, but they had come to no conclusion. No one in the village could tell them, for no one ever knew. He had asked the doctor, but had only received a curious answer.

"What difference does it make, son, when you have such a mother. You have brought her only honor, and the world loves her the better because of you. Let it rest until she tells you; it will only hurt her heart if you ask her now."

The doctor had already planned out the boy's future; he was to be sent to Philadelphia to study medicine when he left school and was then to come into his office and later on succeed to his practice.

Captain Holt would have none of it.

"He don't want to saw off no legs," the bluff old man blurted out when he heard of it. "He wants to git ready to take a ship 'round Cape Horn. If I had my way I'd send him some'er's where he could learn navigation, and that's in the fo'c's'le of a merchantman. Give him a year or two before the mast. I made that mistake with Bart—he loafed 'round here too long and when he did git a chance he was too old."

Report had it that the captain was going to leave the lad his money, and had therefore a right to speak; but no one knew. He was closer-mouthed than ever, though not so gruff and ugly as he used to be; Archie had softened him, they said, taking the place of that boy of his he "druv out to die a good many years ago."

Jane's mind wavered. Neither profession suited her. She would sacrifice anything she had for the boy provided they left him with her. Philadelphia was miles away, and she would see him but seldom. The sea she shrank from and dreaded. She had crossed it twice, and both times with an aching heart. She feared, too, its treachery and cruelty. The waves that curled and died on Barnegat beach—messengers from across the sea—brought only tidings fraught with suffering.

Archie had no preferences—none yet. His future was too far off to trouble him much. Nor did anything else worry him.

One warm September day Archie turned into Yardley gate, his so'wester still on his head framing his handsome, rosy face; his loose jacket open at the throat, the tarpaulins over his arm. He had been outside the inlet with Tod—since daybreak, in fact—fishing for bass and weakfish.

Jane had been waiting for him for hours. She held an open letter in her hand, and her

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face was happier, Archie thought as he approached her, than he had seen it for months.

There are times in all lives when suddenly and without warning, those who have been growing quietly by our side impress their new development upon us. We look at them in full assurance that the timid glance of the child will be returned, and are astounded to find instead the calm gaze of the man; or we stretch out our hand to help the faltering step and touch a muscle that could lead a host. Such changes are like the breaking of the dawn; so gradual has been their coming that the full sun of maturity is up and away flooding the world with beauty and light before we can recall the degrees by which it rose.

Jane realized this—and for the first time—as she looked at Archie swinging through the gate, waving his hat as he strode toward her. She saw that the sailor had begun to assert itself. He walked with an easy swing, his broad shoulders—almost as broad as the captain's and twice as hard—thrown back, his head up, his blue eyes and white teeth laughing out of a face brown and ruddy with the sun and wind, his throat and neck bare except for the silk handkerchief—one of Tod's—wound loosely about it; a man really, strong and tough, with hard sinews and capable thighs, back, and wrists—the kind of sailorman that could wear tarpaulins or broadcloth at his pleasure and never lose place in either station.

In this awakening Jane's heart-strings became tightened. She became suddenly conscious that the Cobden look had faded out of him; Lucy's eyes and hair were his, and so was her rounded chin, with its dimple, but there was nothing else about him that recalled either her own father or any other Cobden she remembered. As he came near enough for her to look into his eyes she began to wonder how he would impress Lucy, what side of his nature would she love best—his courage and strength or his tenderness?

The sound of his voice calling out her name recalled her to herself and a thrill of pride illumined her happy face like a burst of sunlight as he tossed his tarpaulins on the grass and put his strong arms about her.

"Mother, dear! forty black bass, eleven weakfish, and half a barrel of small fry—what do you think of that?"

"Splendid, Archie. Tod must be proud as a peacock. But look at this!" and she held up the letter. "Who do you think it's from? Guess now," and she locked one arm through his, and the two strolled back to the house.

"Guess now!" she repeated, holding the letter behind her back. The two were often like lovers together.

"Let me see," he coaxed. "What kind of a stamp has it got?"

"Never you mind about the stamp."

"Uncle John—and it's about my going to Philadelphia."

Jane laughed. "Uncle John never saw it."

"Then it's from— Oh, you tell me, mother!"

"No—guess. Think of everybody you ever heard of. Those you have seen and those you——"

"Oh, I know—Aunt Lucy."

"Yes, and she's coming home. Home, Archie, think of it, after all these years!"

"Well, that's bully! She won't know me, will she? I never saw her, did I?"

"Yes, when you were a little fellow." It was difficult to keep the tremor out of her voice.

"Will she bring any dukes and high daddies with her?"

"No," laughed Jane, "only her little daughter Ellen, the sweetest little girl you ever saw, she writes."

"How old is she?"

He had slipped his arm around his mother's waist now and the two were "toeing it" up the path, he stopping every few feet to root a pebble from its bed. The coming of the aunt was not a great event in his life.

"Just seven her last birthday."

"All right, she's big enough. We'll take her out and teach her to fish. Hello, granny!" and the boy loosened his arm as he darted up the steps toward Martha. "Got the finest mess of fish coming up here in a little while you ever laid your eyes on." With the words he caught the old nurse's cap from her head and disappeared, shouting with laughter, in the direction of the kitchen, the cap on his own head.

Jane joined in the merriment and, moving a chair from the hall, took her seat on the porch to await the boy's return. She was too happy to busy herself about the house or to think of any of her outside duties. Doctor

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John would not be in until the afternoon, and so she would occupy herself in thinking out plans to make her sister's home-coming a happy one.

As she looked down over the garden as far as the two big gate-posts standing like grim sentinels beneath the wide branches of the hemlocks and saw how few changes had taken place in the old home since her girl sister had left it, her heart thrilled with joy. Nothing really was different; the same mass of tangled rose-vines climbed over the porch —now quite to the top of the big roof, but still the same dear old vines that Lucy had loved in her childhood; the same honeysuckle hid the posts; the same box bordered the paths. The house was just as she left it; her bedroom had really never been touched. What few changes had taken place she would not miss. Meg would not run out to meet her, and Rex was under a stone that the doctor had placed over his grave; nor would Ann Gossaway peer out of her eyrie of a window and follow her with her eyes as she drove by; her tongue was quiet at last, and she and her old mother lay side by side in the graveyard. Doctor John had exhausted his skill upon them both, and Martha, who had forgiven her enemy, had sat by her bedside until the end, but nothing had availed. Mrs. Cavendish was dead, of course, but she did not think Lucy would care very much. She and Doctor John had nursed her for months until the end came, and had then laid her away near the apple-trees she was so fond of. But most of the faithful hearts who had loved her were still beating, and all were ready with a hearty welcome.

Archie was the one thing new—new to Lucy. And yet she had no fear either for him or for Lucy. When she saw him she would love him, and when she had known him a week she would never be separated from him again. The long absence, she felt sure, could not have wiped out all remembrance of the boy, nor would the new child crowd him from her heart.

When Doctor John sprang from his gig (the custom of his daily visits had never been broken) she could hardly wait until he tied his horse—poor Bess had long since given out—to tell him the joyful news.

He listened gravely, his face lighting up at her happiness. He was glad for Jane and said so frankly, but the situation did not please him. He at heart really dreaded the effect of Lucy's companionship on the woman he loved. Although it had been years since he had seen her, he had followed her career, especially since her marriage, with the greatest interest and with the closest attention. He had never forgotten, nor had he forgiven her long silence of two years after her marriage, during which time she had never written Jane a line, nor had he ever ceased to remember Jane's unhappiness over it. Jane had explained it all to him on the ground that Lucy was offended because she had opposed the marriage, but the doctor knew differently. Nor had he ceased to remember the other letters which followed, and how true a story they told of Lucy's daily life and ambitions. He could almost recall the wording of one of them. "My husband is too ill," it had said, "to go south with me, and so I will run down to Rome for a month or so, for I really need the change." And a later one, written since his death, in which she wrote of her winter in Paris and at Monte Carlo, and "how good my mother-in-law is to take care of Ellen." This last letter to her sister, just received—the one he then held in his hand, and which gave Jane such joy, and which he was then reading as carefully as if it had been a prescription—was to his analytical mind like all the rest of its predecessors. One sentence sent a slight curl to his lips. "I cannot stay away any longer from my precious sister," it said, "and am coming back to the home I adore. I have no one to love me, now that my dear husband is dead, but you and my darling Ellen."

The news of Lucy's expected return spread rapidly. Old Martha in her joy was the mouthpiece. She gave the details out at church the Sunday morning following the arrival of Lucy's letter. She was almost too ill to venture out, but she made the effort, stopping the worshippers as they came down the board walk; telling each one of the good news, the tears streaming down her face. To the children and the younger generation the announcement made but little difference; some of them had never heard that Miss Jane had a sister, and others only that she lived abroad. Their mothers knew, of course, and so did the older men, and all were pleased over the news. Those of them who remembered the happy, joyous girl with her merry eyes and ringing laugh were ready

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to give her a hearty welcome; they felt complimented that the distinguished lady—fifteen years' residence abroad and a rich husband had gained her this position—should be willing to exchange the great Paris for the simple life of Warehold. It touched their civic pride.

Great preparations were accordingly made. Billy Tatham's successor (his son)—in his best open carriage—was drawn up at the station, and Lucy's drive through the village with some of her numerous boxes covered with foreign labels piled on the seat beside the young man—he insisted on driving Lucy and the child himself—was more like the arrival of a princess revisiting her estates than anything else. Martha and Archie and Jane filled the carriage, with little Ellen on Archie's lap, and more than one neighbor ran out of the house and waved to them as they drove through the long village street and turned into the gate.

Archie threw his arms around Lucy when he saw her, and in his open, impetuous way called her his "dear aunty," telling her how glad he was that she had come to keep his good mother from getting so sad at times, and adding that she and granny had not slept for days before she came, so eager were they to see her. And Lucy kissed him in return, but with a different throb at her heart. She felt a thrill when she saw how handsome and strong he was, and for an instant there flashed through her a feeling of pride that he was her own flesh and blood. Then there had come a sudden revulsion, strangling every emotion but the one of aversion—an aversion so overpowering that she turned suddenly and catching Ellen in her arms kissed her with so lavish a display of affection that those at the station who witnessed the episode had only praise for the mother's devotion. Jane saw the kiss Lucy had given Archie, and a cry of joy welled up in her heart, but she lost the shadow that followed. My lady of Paris was too tactful for that.

Her old room was all ready. Jane, with Martha helping, had spent days in its preparation. White dimity curtains starched stiff as a petticoat had been hung at the windows; a new lace cover spread on the little mahogany, brass-mounted dressing-table—her great grandmother's, in fact—with its tiny swinging mirror and the two drawers (Martha remembered when her bairn was just high enough to look into the mirror), and pots of fresh flowers placed on the long table on which her books used to rest. Two easy-chairs had also been brought up from the sitting-room below, covered with new chintz and tied with blue ribbons, and, more wonderful still, a candle-box had been covered with cretonne and studded with brass tacks by the aid of Martha's stiff fingers that her bairn might have a place in which to put her dainty shoes and slippers.

When the trunks had been carried upstairs and Martha with her own hands had opened my lady's gorgeous blue morocco dressing-case with its bottles capped with gold and its brushes and fittings emblazoned with cupids swinging in garlands of roses, the poor woman's astonishment knew no bounds. The many scents and perfumes, the dainty boxes, big and little, holding various powders—one a red paste which the old nurse thought must be a salve, but about which, it is needless to say, she was greatly mistaken—as well as the rabbit's foot smirched with rouge (this she determined to wash at once), and a tiny box of court-plaster cut in half moons—so many things, in fact, did the dear old nurse pull from this wonderful bag that the modest little bureau could not hold half of them, and the big table had to be brought up and swept of its plants and belongings.

The various cosmetics and their uses were especial objects of comment.

"Did ye break one of the bottles, darlin'?" she asked, sniffing at a peculiar perfume which seemed to saturate everything. "Some of 'em must have smashed; it's awful strong everywhere—smell that"—and she held out a bit of lace which she had taken from the case, a dressing-sacque that Lucy had used on the steamer.

Lucy laughed. "And you don't like it? How funny, you dear old thing! That was made specially for me; no one else in Paris has a drop."

And then the dresses! Particularly the one she was to wear the first night—a dress flounced and furbelowed and of a creamy white (she still wore mourning—delicate purples shading to white—the exact tone for a husband six months dead). And the filmy dressing-gowns, and, more wonderful than all, the puff of smoke she was to sleep in, held together by a band of violet ribbon; to say nothing of the dainty slippers

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bound about with swan's-down and the marvellous hats, endless silk stockings of mauve, white, and black, and long and short gloves. In all her life Martha had never seen or heard of such things. The room was filled with them and the two big closets, crammed to overflowing, and yet a dozen trunks were not yet unpacked, including the two small boxes holding little Ellen's clothes.

The night was one long to be remembered. Everyone said the Manor House had not been so gay for years. And they were all there—all her old friends and many of Jane's new ones, who for years had looked on Lucy as one too far above them in station to be spoken of except with bated breath.

The intimates of the house came early. Doctor John, first with his grave manner and low voice—so perfectly dressed and quiet, Lucy thought she had never seen his equal in bearing and demeanor—nor one so distinguished-looking, not in any circle in Europe; and Uncle Ephraim, grown fat and gouty, leaning on a cane, but still hearty and wholesome, and overjoyed to see her; and Pastor Dellenbaugh—his hair was snow-white now—and his complacent and unruffled wife; and the others, including Captain Holt, who came in late. It was almost a repetition of that other home-coming years before, when they had gathered to greet her, then a happy joyous girl just out of school.

Lucy wore in their honor the dress that had so astonished Martha, and a diamond-studded ornament which she took from her jewel-case and fastened in her hair. The dress followed the wonderful curves of her beautiful body in all its dimpled plumpness and the jewel set off to perfection the fresh, oval face, laughing blue eyes—wet forget-me-nots were nearest their color—piquant, upturned nose and saucy mouth. The color of the gown, too, harmonized both with the delicate pink of her cheeks and with the tones of her rather too full throat showing above the string of pearls that clasped it.

Jane wore a simple gray silk gown which followed closely the slender and almost attenuated lines of her figure. This gown the doctor always loved because, as he told her, it expressed so perfectly the simplicity of her mind and life. Her only jewels were her deep thoughtful eyes, and these, to-night, were brilliant with joy over her sister's return.

As Jane moved about the rooms welcoming her guests the doctor could not but admit that at no time in their lives had the contrast between the two sisters been stronger or greater.

One, as he knew, a butterfly of thirty-seven, living only in the glow of the sunlight, radiant in plumage, alighting first on one flower and then on another, but always on flowers, never on weeds; gathering such honey as suited her taste; never resting where she might by any chance be compelled to use her feet, but always poised in air; a woman rich, brilliant, and beautiful, and—here was the key-note of her life—always, year in and year out, warmed by somebody's admiration, whose she didn't much mind nor care, so that it gratified her pride and relieved her of *ennui*.

The other—and this one he loved with his whole soul—a woman of forty-six, unselfish, tender-hearted, and self-sacrificing; whose feet, though often tired and bleeding, had always trodden the earth.

As Lucy greeted first one neighbor and then another, sometimes with one hand, sometimes with two, offering her cheek now and then to some old friend who had known her as a child, Jane's heart swelled with something of the pride she used to have when Lucy was a girl. Her beautiful sister, she saw, had lost none of the graciousness of her old manner, nor of her tact in making her guests feel perfectly at home. Jane noticed, too—and this was new to her—a certain well-bred condescension, so delicately managed as never to be offensive—more the air of a woman accustomed to many sorts and conditions of men and women, and who chose to be agreeable as much to please herself as to please her guests.

And yet with all this poise of manner and condescending graciousness, there would now and then dart from Lucy's eyes a quick searching glance of inquiry, as she tried to read her guests' thoughts, followed by a relieved look on her own face as she satisfied herself that no whisper of her past had ever reached them. These glances Jane never caught.

Doctor John was most cordial in his greeting and talked to her a long time about some portions of Europe, particularly a certain café in Dresden where he used to dine, and another in Paris frequented by the *beau monde*. She answered him quite frankly, telling him of some of her own experiences in both places, quite forgetting that she was

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giving him glimpses of her own life while away—glimpses which she had kept carefully concealed from Jane or Martha. She was conscious, however, after he had left her of a certain uncomfortable feeling quivering through her as his clear, steadfast eyes looked into hers. He listened, and yet she thought she detected his brain working behind his steadfast gaze. It was as if he was searching for some hidden disease. "He knows something," she said to herself, when the doctor moved to let someone else take his place. "How much I can't tell. I'll get it all out of sister."

Blunt and bluff Captain Holt, white-whiskered and white-haired now, but strong and hearty, gave her another and a different shock. What his first words would be when they met and how she would avoid discussing the subject uppermost in their minds if, in his rough way, he insisted on talking about it, was one of the things that had worried her greatly when she decided to come home, for there was never any doubt in her mind as to his knowledge. But she misjudged the captain, as had a great many others who never looked beneath the rugged bark covering his heart of oak.

"I'm glad you've come at last," he said gravely, hardly touching her hand in welcome, "you ought to have been here before. Jane's got a fine lad of her own that she's bringin' up; when you know him ye'll like him."

She did not look at him when she answered, but a certain feeling of relief crept over her. She saw that the captain had buried the past and intended never to revive it.

The stern look on his face only gave way when little Ellen came to him of her own accord and climbing up into his lap said in her broken English that she heard he was a great captain and that she wanted him to tell her some stories like her good papa used to tell her. "He was gray like you," she said, "and big," and she measured the size with her plump little arms that showed out of her dainty French dress.

With Doctor John and Captain Holt out of the way Lucy's mind was at rest. "Nobody else round about Yardley except these two knows," she kept saying to herself with a bound of relief, "and for these I don't care. The doctor is Jane's slave, and the captain is evidently wise enough not to uncover skeletons locked up in his own closet."

These things settled in her mind, my lady gave herself up to whatever enjoyment, compatible with her rapidly fading mourning, her simple surroundings afforded, taking her cue from the conditions that confronted her and ordering her conduct accordingly and along these lines: Archie was her adopted nephew, the son of an old friend of Jane's, and one whom she would love dearly, as, in fact, she would anybody else whom Jane had brought up; she herself was a gracious widow of large means recovering from a great sorrow; one who had given up the delights of foreign courts to spend some time among her dear people who had loved her as a child. Here for a time would she bring up and educate her daughter.

"To be once more at home," she had said with upraised Madonna-like eyes and clasped hands to a group of women who were hanging on every word that dropped from her pretty lips, "and in dear old Warehold, too! Do you know what that is to me? There is hardly a day I have not longed for it. Pray forgive me if I do not come to see you as often as I would, but I really hate to be an hour outside of the four walls of my precious old home."

XIV

A PACKAGE OF LETTERS

UNDER the influence of the new arrival it was not at all strange that many changes were wrought in the domestic life at Cobden Manor.

My lady was a sensuous creature, loving color and flowers and the dainty appointments of life as much in the surroundings of her home as in the adornment of her person, and it was not many weeks before the old-fashioned sitting-room had been transformed into a French boudoir. In this metamorphosis she had used but few pieces of new furniture—one or two, perhaps, that she had picked up in the village, as well as some bits of mahogany and brass that she loved—but had depended almost entirely upon the rearrangement of the heirlooms of the family. With the boudoir idea in view, she had pulled the old tables out from the walls, drawn the big sofa up to the fire, spread a rug—one of her own—before the

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mantel, hung new curtains at the windows and ruffled their edges with lace, banked the sills with geraniums and begonias, tilted a print or two beside the clock, scattered a few books and magazines over the centre-table, on which she had placed a big, generous lamp, under whose umbrella shade she could see to read as she sat in her grandmother's rocking-chair—in fact, had, with that taste inherent in some women—touched with a knowing hand the dead things about her and made them live and mean something;—her talisman being an unerring sense of what contributed to personal comfort. Heretofore Doctor John had been compelled to drag a chair half-way across the room in order to sit and chat with Jane, or had been obliged to share her seat on the sofa, too far from the hearth on cold days to be comfortable. Now he could either stand on the hearth-rug and talk to her, seated in one corner of the pulled-up sofa, her work-basket on a small table beside her, or he could drop into a big chair within reach of her hand and still feel the glow of the fire. Jane smiled at the changes and gave Lucy free rein to do as she pleased. Her own nature had never required these nicer luxuries; she had been too busy, and in these last years of her life too anxious, to think of them, and so the room had been left as in the days of her father.

The effect of the rearrangement was not lost on the neighbors. They at once noticed the sense of cosiness everywhere apparent, and in consequence called twice as often, and it was not long before the old-fashioned sitting-room became a stopping-place for everybody who had half an hour to spare.

These attractions, with the aid of a generous hospitality, Lucy did her best to maintain, partly because she loved excitement and partly because she intended to win the good-will of her neighbors—those who might be useful to her. The women found her more than charming: and a constant source of delight her jewels of various kinds, her gowns of lace and frou-frou, her marvellous hats, her assortment of parasols, her little personal belongings and niceties—gold scissors, thimbles, even the violet ribbons that rippled through her transparent underlaces—so different from those of any other woman they knew, captivated and held them. To them she was a beautiful Lady Bountiful who had fluttered down among them from heights above, and whose departure, should it ever take place, would leave a gloom behind that nothing could illumine.

To the men she was more reserved. Few of them ever got beyond a handshake and a smile, and none of them ever reached the borders of intimacy. Popularity in a country village could never, she knew, be gained by a pretty woman without great discretion. She explained her foresight to Jane by telling her that there was no man of her world in Warehold but the doctor, and that she wouldn't think of setting her cap for him as she would be gray-haired before he would have the courage to propose. Then she kissed Jane in apology, and breaking out into a rippling laugh that Martha heard upstairs, danced out of the room.

Little Ellen, too, had her innings; not only was she prettily dressed, presenting the most joyous of pictures, as with golden curls flying about her shoulders she flitted in and out of the rooms like a sprite, but she was withal so polite in her greetings, dropping to everyone a little French courtesy when she spoke, and all in her quaint, broken dialect, that everybody fell in love with her at sight. None of the other mothers had such a child, and few of them knew that such children existed.

Jane watched the workings of Lucy's mind with many misgivings. She loved her lightheartedness and the frank, open way with which she greeted everybody who crossed their threshold. She loved, too, to see her beautifully gowned and equipped and to hear the flattering comments of the neighbors on her appearance and charm; but every now and then her ear caught an insincere note that sent a shiver through her. She saw that the welcome Lucy gave them was not from her heart, but from her lips; due to her training, no doubt, or perhaps to her unhappiness, for Jane still mourned over the unhappy years of Lucy's life—an unhappiness, had she known it, which had really ended with Archie's safe adoption and Bart's death. Another cause of anxiety was Lucy's restlessness. Every day she must have some new excitement—a picnic with the young girls and young men, private theatricals in the town hall, or excursions to Barnegat Beach, where they were building a new summer hotel. Now and then she would pack her bag and slip off to New York or Philadelphia for days at a time to stay with friends she had met abroad, leaving Ellen with Jane and Martha. To the older sister, Lucy seemed like some wild, un-

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tamable bird of brilliant plumage used to long soaring flights, perching first on one dizzy height and then another, from which she could watch the world below.

The thing, however, which distressed Jane most was her attitude to Archie. She made every allowance for her first meeting at the station, and knew that necessarily it must be more or less constrained, but she had not expected the almost cold indifference with which Lucy had treated the boy ever since.

As the days went by and Lucy made no effort to attach the boy to her or to interest herself either in his happiness or welfare, Jane became more and more disturbed. She had prayed for this home-coming and had set her heart on the home-building which was sure to follow, and now it seemed farther off than ever. One thing troubled and puzzled her: while Lucy was always kind to Archie indoors, kissing him with the others when she came down to breakfast, she never, if she could help it, allowed him to walk with her in the village, and she never on any occasion took him with her when visiting the neighbors.

"Why not take Archie with you, dear?" Jane had said one morning to Lucy, who had just announced her intention of spending a few days in Philadelphia with Max Fielding's sister Sue, whom she had met abroad when Max was studying in Dresden —Max was still a bachelor, and his sister kept house for him. He was abroad at the time, but was expected by every steamer.

"Archie isn't invited, you old goosie, and he would be as much out of place in Max's house as Uncle Ephraim Tipple would be in Parliament."

"But they would be glad to see him if you took him. He is just the age now when a boy gets impressions which last him through ——"

"Yes, the gawky and stumble-over-things age! Piano-stools, rugs, anything that comes in his way. And the impressions wouldn't do him a bit of good. They might, in fact, do him harm," and she laughed merrily and spread her fingers to the blaze. A laugh was often her best shield. She had in her time dealt many a blow and then dodged behind a laugh to prevent her opponent from striking back.

"But, Lucy, don't you want to do something to help him?" Jane asked in a pleading tone.

"Yes, whatever I can, but he seems to me to be doing very well as he is. Doctor John is devoted to him and the captain idolizes him. He's a dear, sweet boy, of course, and does you credit, but he's not of my world, Jane, dear, and I'd have to make him all over again before he could fit into my atmosphere. Besides, he told me this morning that he was going off for a week with some fisherman on the beach—some person by the name of Fogarty, I think."

"Yes, a fine fellow; they have been friends from their boyhood." She was not thinking of Fogarty, but of the tone of Lucy's voice when speaking of her son.

"Yes—most estimable gentleman, no doubt, this Mr. Fogarty, but then dear, we don't invite that sort of people to dinner, do we?" and another laugh rippled out.

"Yes, sometimes," answered Jane in all sincerity. "Not Fogarty, because he would be uncomfortable if he came, but many of the others just as humble. We really have very few of any other kind. I like them all. Many of them love me dearly."

"Not at all strange; nobody can help loving you," and she patted Jane's shoulder with her jewelled fingers.

"But you like them, too, don't you? You treat them as if you did."

Lucy lifted her fluted petticoat, rested her slippered foot on the fender, glanced down at the embroidered silk stocking covering her ankle, and said in a graver tone:

"I like all kinds of people—in their proper place. This is my home, and it is wise to get along with one's neighbors. Besides, they all have tongues in their heads like the rest of the human race, and it is just as well to have them wag for you as against you."

Jane paused for a moment, her eyes watching the blazing logs, and asked with almost a sigh:

"You don't mean, dear, that you never intend to help Archie, do you?"

"Never is a long word, Jane. Wait till he grows up and I see what he makes of himself. He is now nothing but a great animal, well built as a young bull, and about as awkward."

Jane's eyes flashed and her shoulders straightened. The knife had a double edge to its blade.

"He is your own flesh and blood, Lucy," she said with a ring of indignation in her voice. "You don't treat Ellen so; why should you Archie?"

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Lucy took her foot from the fender, dropped her skirts, and looked at Jane curiously. From underneath the half-closed lids of her eyes there flashed a quick glance of hate—a look that always came into Lucy's eyes whenever Jane connected her name with Archie's.

"Let us understand each other, sister," she said icily. "I don't dislike the boy. When he gets into trouble I'll help him in any way I can, but please remember he's not my boy—he's yours. You took him from me with that understanding and I have never asked him back. He can't love two mothers. You say he has been your comfort all these years. Why, then, do you want to unsettle his mind?"

Jane lifted her head and looked at Lucy with searching eyes—looked as a man looks when someone he must not strike has flung a glove in his face.

"Do you really love anything, Lucy?" she asked in a lower voice, her eyes still fastened on her sister's.

"Yes, Ellen and you."

"Did you love her father?" she continued in the same direct tone.

"Y-e-s, a little—— He was the dearest old man in the world and did his best to please me; and then he was never very well. But why talk about him, dear?"

"And you never gave him anything in return for all his devotion?" Jane continued in the same cross-examining voice and with the same incisive tone.

"Yes, my companionship—whenever I could. About what you give Doctor John," and she looked at Jane with a sly inquiry as she laughed gently to herself.

Jane bit her lip and her face flushed scarlet. The cowardly thrust had not wounded her own heart. It had only uncovered the love of the man who lay enshrined in its depths. A sudden sense of the injustice done him arose in her mind and then her own helplessness in it all.

"I would give him everything I have, if I could," she answered simply, all her insistency gone, the tears starting to her eyes.

Lucy threw her arms about her sister and held her cheek to her own.

"Dear, I was only in fun; please forgive me. Everything is so solemn to you. Now kiss me and tell me you love me."

That night when Captain Holt came in to play with the "little Pond Lily," as he called Ellen, Jane told him of her conversation with Lucy; not as a reflection on her sister, but because she thought he ought to know how she felt toward Archie. The kiss had wiped out the tears, but the repudiation of Archie still rankled in her breast.

The captain listened patiently to the end. Then he said with a pause between each word.

"She's sailin' without her port and starboard lights, Miss Jane. One o' these nights with the tide settin' in she'll run up ag'in somethin' solid in a fog and then—God help her! If Bart had lived he might have come home and done the decent thing, and then we could git her into port some'er's for repairs, but that's over now. She better keep her lights trimmed. Tell her so for me."

What this "decent thing" was he never said—perhaps he had but a vague idea himself. Bart had injured Lucy and should have made reparation, but in what way except by marriage—he, perhaps, never formulated in his own mind.

Jane winced under the captain's outburst, but she held her peace. She knew how outspoken he was and how unsparing of those who differed from him and she laid part of his denunciation to this cause.

Some weeks after this conversation the captain started for Yardley to see Jane on a matter of business, and incidentally to have a romp with the Pond Lily. It was astonishing how devoted the old sea-dog was to the child, and how she loved him in return. "My big bear," she used to call him, tugging away at his gray whiskers. On his way he stopped at the post-office for his mail. It was mid-winter and the roads were partly blocked with snow, making walking difficult except for sturdy souls like Captain Nat.

"Here, Cap'n Holt, yer jest the man I been a-waitin' for," cried Miss Tucher, the postmistress, from behind the sliding window. "If you ain't goin' up to the Cobdens, ye kin, can't ye? Here's a lot o' letters jest come that I know they're expectin'. Miss Lucy's (many of the village people still called her Miss Lucy, not being able to pronounce her dead husband's name) "come in yesterday, and seems as if she couldn't wait. This storm made everything late and the mail got in after she left. There ain't nobody comin' out to-day and here's a pile of 'em—furrin'

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most on 'em. I'd take 'em myself if the snow warn't so deep. Don't mind, do ye? I'd hate to have her disapp'inted, for she's jes's sweet as they make 'em."

"Don't mind it a mite, Susan Tucher," cried the captain. "Goin' there, anyhow. Got some business with Miss Jane. Lord, what a wad o' them!"

"That ain't half what she gits sometimes," replied the postmistress, "and most of 'em has seals and crests stamped on 'em. Some o' them furrin lords, I guess, she met over there."

These letters the captain held in his hand when he pushed open the door of the sitting-room and stood before the inmates in his rough pea-jacket, his ruddy face crimson with the cold, his half-moon whiskers all the whiter by contrast.

"Good-mornin' to the hull o' ye!" he shouted as he swung back the door of the sitting-room. "Cold as blue blazes outside, I tell ye, but ye look snug enough in here. Hello little Pond Lilly! why ain't you out on your sled? Put two more roses in your cheeks if there was room for 'em. There, ma'am," and he nodded to Lucy and handed her the letters, "that's 'bout all the mail that come this mornin'. There warn't nothin' else much in the bag. Susan Tucher asked me to bring 'em to you 'count of the weather and 'count o' your being in such an all-fired hurry to read 'em."

Little Ellen was in his arms before this speech was finished and everybody else on their feet shaking hands with the old salt, except poor deaf old Martha, who called out, "Good mornin', Captain Holt," in a strong, clear voice, and in rather a positive way, but who kept her seat by the fire and continued her knitting, and complacent Mrs. Dellenbaugh, the pastor's wife, who, by reason of her position, never got up for anybody.

The captain advanced to the fire, Ellen still in his arms, shook hands with Mrs. Dellenbaugh and extended three fingers, rough as lobster's claws and as red, to the old nurse. Of late years he never met Martha without feeling that he owed her an apology for the way he had treated her the day she begged him to send Bart away. So he always tried to make it up to her, although he had never told her why.

"Hope you're better? Heard ye was under the weather; was that so? Ye look spry 'nough now," he shouted in his best quarter-deck voice.

"Yes, but it warn't much. Doctor John fixed me up," Martha answered coldly. She had no positive animosity toward the captain—not since he had shown some interest in Archie—but she could never make a friend of him.

During this greeting Lucy, who had regained her chair, sat with the letters unopened in her lap. None of the eagerness Miss Tucher had indicated was apparent. She seemed more intent on arranging the folds of her exquisite morning-gown accentuating the graceful outlines of her well-rounded figure. She had glanced through the package hastily, and had found the one she wanted and knew that it was there warm under her touch—the others did not interest her.

"What a big mail, dear," remarked Jane, drawing up a chair. "Aren't you going to open it?" The captain had found a seat by the window and the child was telling him everything she had done since she last saw him.

"Oh, yes, in a minute," replied Lucy. "There's plenty of time." With this she picked up the bunch of letters, ran her eye through the collection, and then with the greatest deliberation, broke one seal after another, tossing the contents on the table. Some she merely glanced at, searching for the signatures and ignoring the contents; others she read through to the end. One was from Dresden, from a student she had known there the year before. This was sealed with a wafer and bore the address of the café where he took his meals. Another was stamped with a crest and emitted a slight perfume; a third was enlivened by a monogram in gold and began: "Ma chère amie," in a bold round hand. The one under her hand she did not open, but slipped into the pocket of her dress. The others she tore into bits and threw upon the blazing logs.

"I guess if them fellers knew how short a time it would take ye to heave their cargo overboard," blurted out the captain, "they'd thought a spell 'fore they mailed their manifests."

Lucy laughed good-naturedly and Jane watched the blaze roar up the wide chimney. The captain settled back in his chair and was about to continue his sea yarn, as he

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called it, to little Ellen, when he suddenly loosened the child from his arms, and leaning forward in his seat toward where Jane sat, broke out with:

"God bless me!" he broke out; "I believe I'm wool-gathering. I clean forgot what I come for. It's you, Miss Jane, I come to see, not this little curly head that'll git me ashore yet with her cunnin' ways. They're goin' to build a new life-saving station down Barnegat way. That Dutch brig that come ashore last fall in that so'-easter and all them men drownded could have been saved if we'd had somethin' to help 'em with. We did all we could, but that House of Refuge ain't half rigged and most o' the time ye got to break the door open to git at what there is if ye're in a hurry, which you allus is. They ought to have a station with everything 'bout as it ought to be and a crew on hand all the time; then, when somethin' comes ashore you're right there on top of it. That one down to Squam is just what's wanted here."

"Will it be near the new summer hotel?" asked Lucy carelessly, just as a matter of information, and without raising her eyes from the rings on her beautiful hands.

"'Bout half a mile from the front porch, ma'am"—he preferred calling her so—"from what I hear. 'Tain't located exactly yet, but some'er's along there. I was down with the Gov'ment agent yesterday."

"Who will take charge of it, captain?" inquired Jane, reaching over her basket in search of her scissors.

"Well, that's what I come up for. They're talkin' about me," and the captain put his hands behind Ellen's head and cracked his big knuckles close to her ear, the child laughing with delight as she listened.

The announcement was received with some surprise. Jane, seeing Martha's inquiring face, as if she wanted to hear, repeated the captain's words to her in a loud voice. Martha laid down her knitting and looked at the captain over her spectacles.

"Why, would you take it, captain?" Jane asked in some astonishment, turning to him again.

"Don't know but I would. Ain't no better job for a man than savin' lives. I've helped kill a good many; 'bout time now I come 'bout on another tack. I'm doin' nothin'—haven't been for years. If I could get the right kind of a crew 'round me—men I could depend on—I think I could make it go."

"If you couldn't nobody could, captain," said Jane in a positive way. "Have you picked out your crew?"

"Yes, three or four of 'em. Isaac Polhemus and Tom Morgan—Tom sailed with me on my last voyage—and maybe Tod."

"Archie's Tod?" asked Jane, replacing her scissors and searching for a spool of cotton.

"Archie's Tod," repeated the captain, nodding his head, his big hand stroking Ellen's flossy curls. "That's what brought me up. I want Tod, and he won't go without Archie. Will ye give him to me?"

"My Archie!" cried Jane, dropping her work and staring straight at the captain.

"Your Archie, Miss Jane, if that's the way you put it," and he stole a look at Lucy. She was conscious of his glance, but she did not return it; she merely continued listening as she twirled one of the rings on her finger.

"Well, but, captain, isn't it very dangerous work? Aren't the men often drowned?" protested Jane.

"Anything's dangerous 'bout salt water that's worth the doin'. I've stuck to the pumps seventy-two hours at a time, but I'm here to tell the tale."

"Have you talked to Archie?"

"No, but Tod has. They've fixed it up betwixt 'em. The boy's dead set to go."

"Well, but isn't he too young?"

"Young or old, he's tough as a marlinespike—A1, and copper fastened throughout. There ain't a better boatman on the beach. Been that way ever since he was a boy. Won't do him a bit of harm to lead that kind of life for a year or two. If he was mine it wouldn't take me a minute to tell what I'd do."

Jane leaned back in her chair, her eyes on the crackling logs, and began patting the carpet with her foot. Lucy became engrossed in a book that lay on the table beside her. She didn't intend to take any part in the discussion. If Jane wanted Archie to serve as a common sailor that was Jane's business. Then again, it was, perhaps, just as well for a number of reasons, to have him under the captain's care. He might become so fond of the sea as to want to follow it all his life.

"What do you think about it, Lucy?" asked Jane.

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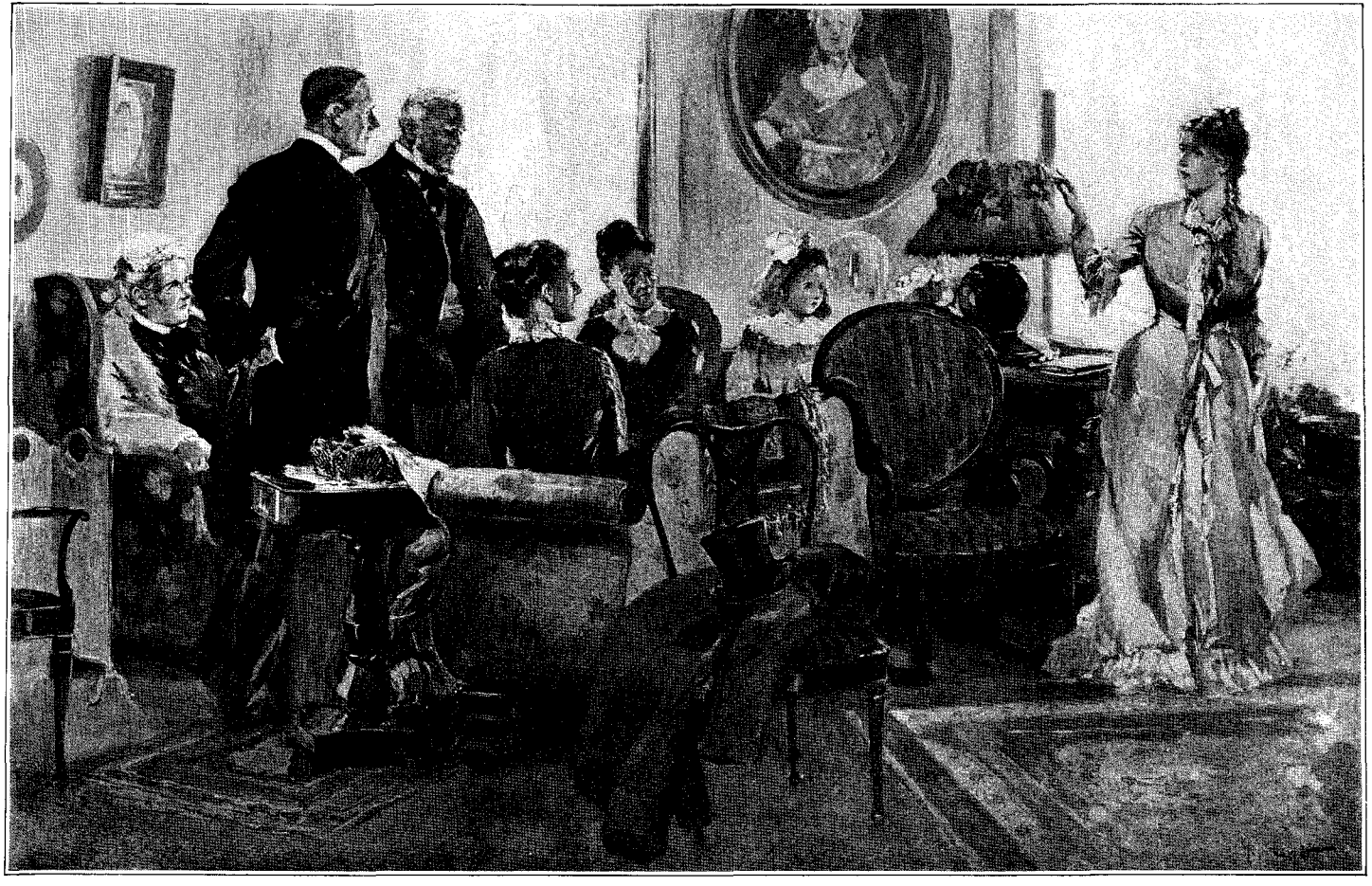

Drawn by George Wright.

"Yes, but don't count me *in*, please," exclaimed Lucy.

—"The Tides of Barnegat."

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"Oh, I don't know anything about it. I don't really. I've lived so long away from here I don't know what the young men are doing for a living. He's always been fond of the sea, has he not, Captain Holt?"

"Allus," said the captain doggedly; "it's in his blood." Her answer nettled him. "You ain't got no objections, have you, ma'am?" he asked, looking straight at Lucy.

Lucy's color came and went. His tone offended her, especially before Mrs. Dellenbaugh, who, although she spoke but seldom in public had a tongue of her own when she chose to use it. She was not accustomed to being spoken to in so brusque a way. She understood perfectly well the captain's covert meaning, but she did not intend either to let him see it or to lose her temper.

"Oh, not the slightest," she answered with a light laugh. "I have no doubt that it will be the making of him to be with you. Poor boy, he certainly needs a father's care."

The captain winced in turn under the retort and his eyes flashed, but he made no reply.

Little Ellen had slipped out of the captain's lap during the colloquy. She had noticed the change in her friend's tone, and, with the instinct of a child, had seen that the harmony was in danger of being broken. She stood by the captain's knee, not knowing whether to climb back again or to resume her seat by the window. Lucy, noticing the child's discomfiture, called to her.

"Come here, Ellen, you will tire the captain."

The child crossed the room and stood by her mother while Lucy tried to rearrange the glossy curls, tangled by too close contact with the captain's broad shoulder. In the attempt Ellen lost her balance and fell into her mother's lap.

"Oh Ellen!" said her mother coldly; "stand up, dear. You are so careless. See how you have mussed my gown. Now go over to the window and play with your dolls."

The captain noted the incident and heard Lucy's reproof, but he made no protest. Neither did he contradict the mother's statement that the little girl had tired him. His mind was occupied with other things —the tone of the mother's voice for one, and the shade of sadness that passed over the child's face for another. From that moment he took a positive dislike to her.

"Well, think it over, Miss Jane," he said, rising from his seat and reaching for his hat. "Plenty of time 'bout Archie. Life-savin' house won't be finished for the next two or three months; don't expect to git into it till June. Wonder, little Pond Lily, if the weather's goin' to be any warmer?" He slipped his hand under the child's chin and leaning over her head peered out of the window. "Don't look like it, does it, little one? Looks as if the snow would hold on. Hello! here comes the doctor. I'll wait a bit—good for sore eyes to see him, and I don't git a chance every day. Ask him 'bout Archie, Miss Jane. He'll tell ye whether the lad's too young."

There came a stamping of feet on the porch outside as Doctor John shook the snow from his boots and the next instant he stepped into the room bringing with him all the freshness and sunshine of the outside world.

"Good-morning, good people," he cried, "every one of you! How very snug and cosey you look here! Ah, captain, where have you been keeping yourself? And Mrs. Dellenbaugh! This is indeed a pleasure. I have just passed the dear doctor, and he is looking as young as he did ten years ago. And my Lady Lucy! Down so early! Well, Mistress Martha, up again I see; I told you you'd be all right in a day or two."

This running fire of greetings was made with a pause before each inmate of the room—a hearty hand-shake for the bluff captain, the pressing of Mrs. Dellenbaugh's limp fingers, a low bow to Lucy, and a pat on Martha's plump shoulder.

Jane came last, as she always did. She had risen to greet him and was now unwinding the white silk handkerchief wrapped about his throat and helping him off with his fur tippet and gloves.

"Thank you, Jane. No, let me take it; it's rather wet," and he started to lay the heavy overcoat over a chair. "Wait a minute," he added. "I've some violets for you if they are not crushed in my pocket. They came last night," and he handed her a small parcel wrapped in tissue paper. This done, he took his customary place on the rug with his back to the blazing logs and began unbuttoning his trim frock-coat, bringing to view a double-breasted, cream-white waistcoat—he still dressed as a man of thirty, and always in the fashion— as

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well as a fluffy silk scarf which Jane had made for him with her own fingers.

"And what have I interrupted?" he asked, looking over the room. "One of your sea yarns, captain?"—and he reached over and patted the child's head, who had crept back to the captain's arms—"or some of my lady's news from Paris? You tell me, Jane," he added, with a smile, opening his thin, white, almost transparent fingers and holding them behind his back to the fire, a favorite attitude.

"Ask the captain, John." She had regained her seat and was reaching out for her work-basket, the violets now pinned in her bosom—her eyes had long since thanked him.

"No, do you tell me," he insisted, moving aside the table with her sewing materials and placing it nearer her chair.

"Well, but it's the captain who should speak," Jane replied, laughing, as she looked up into his face, her eyes filled with his presence. "He has startled us all with the most wonderful proposition. The Government is going to build a life-saving station at Barnegat beach, and they have offered him the position of keeper, and he says he will take it if I will let Archie go with him as one of his crew."

Doctor John's face instantly assumed a graver look. These forked roads confronting the career of a young life were important and not to be lightly dismissed.

"Well, what did you tell him?" he asked, looking down at Jane in the effort to read her thoughts.

"We are waiting for you to decide, John." The tone was the same she would have used had the doctor been her own husband and the boy their child.

Doctor John communed with himself for an instant and replied with an air as if each and everyone in the room was interested in the decision.

"Well, let us take a vote. We'll begin with Mistress Martha, and then Mrs. Dellenbaugh, and then you, Jane, and last our lady from over the sea. The captain has already sold his vote to his affections, and so must be counted out."

"Yes, but don't count me *in*, please," exclaimed Lucy with a merry laugh as she arose from her seat. "I don't know a thing about it. I've just told the dear captain so. I'm going upstairs this very moment to write some letters. Bonjour, Monsieur le docteur; bonjour Monsieur le Capitaine and Madame Dellenbaugh," and with a wave of her hand and a little dip of the head to each of the guests, she courtesied out of the room.

When the door was closed behind her she stopped in the hall, threw a glance at her face in the mirror, satisfied herself of her skill in preserving its beautiful rabbit's-foot bloom and freshness, gave her blonde hair one or two pats to keep it in place, rearranged the film of white lace about her shapely throat, and gathering up the mass of ruffled skirts that hid her pretty feet, slowly ascended the staircase.

Once inside her room and while the vote was being taken downstairs that decided Archie's fate she locked her door, drew a chair to the fire, took the unopened letter from her pocket, and broke the seal.

"Don't scold, little woman," it read. "I would have written before, but I've been awfully busy getting my place in order. It's all arranged now, however, for the summer. The hotel will be opened in June, and I have the best rooms in the house, the three on the corner overlooking the sea. Sue says she will, perhaps, stay part of the summer with me. Try and come up next week for the night. If not I'll bring Sue with me and come to you for the day.

"Your own Max."

"It's about time, Mr. Max Fielding," she said with a sigh of relief as she rose from her seat and tucked the letter into her desk. "You've had string enough, my fine fellow; now it's my turn. If I had known you would have stayed behind in Paris all these months and kept me waiting here I'd have seen you safe aboard the steamer. It's the first time I've travelled three thousand miles to oblige a man, and it will be the last. Opens in June, does it? Well, I can just about stand it here until then; after that I'd go mad. This place bores me to death."

(To be continued.)

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SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN, P. R. E.*

By William B. Boulton

IT seems a rare distinction for a man to have gained immediate recognition as a master of an art like etching which he had practised only as an amateur at intervals during the stress of an absorbing profession, to have played a dominant part in its revival after a long period of neglect, and to have retained his position as one of its chief exponents for forty years. Such, nevertheless, is the artistic record of Sir Seymour Haden, the President of the Royal Society of Painter Engravers, and to those who have the privilege of his acquaintance and know the facts of his career the result is no matter of surprise. To succeed in any work undertaken is assured to such natures as Sir Seymour Haden's. Great decision of character, a tireless energy, and a love of hard work early brought professional success to the young surgeon; the rare combination of those qualities with the artistic temperament made his success as an etcher almost as sure. The choice of etching as a method of artistic expression worked to the same result. An art which bestows its rewards upon the man who decides and executes upon the inspiration of the moment rather than upon him who ponders and delays was the art of all others for a man of Sir Seymour's temperament placed in the circumstances in which his work was done.

I have formed such conclusions after many opportunities of meeting Sir Seymour in his leisure at Woodcote Manor, in Hampshire, of examining the treasures of his collected work, and of intimate conversation with himself, with Lady Haden, and with Dr. H. Nazeby Harrington, Sir Seymour's devoted friend and literary executor, for whose labor in the preparation of a complete catalogue of his etchings posterity will yet be thankful. Sir Seymour has been good enough to furnish me with some details of his life and recollections, and Dr. Harrington was especially helpful in recalling many incidents which were somewhat unwillingly admitted by Sir Seymour as being trivial, but which I set down here with his permission as likely to be of interest to those who know him only as an artist.

For those who have recognized the energy and mental vigor of Sir Seymour Haden in 1905 it is difficult to realize that he was born in 1818, and that one of his first recollections is that of the death of the ill-fated Lord Castlereagh, whose funeral in 1824 he witnessed from his father's shoulders. The Hadens come of a north country family long settled at Derby and noted for many generations as medical men. Sir Seymour's grandfather, Thomas Haden, was the pupil of a brother of that capable painter, Wright of Derby, to whose fortune Sir Seymour's aunt, Eliza Haden, succeeded, as the result of a connection between the two families by a marriage. Young Haden early showed unmistakable signs of artistic tastes. He had the eye of the born artist, regarded most things from the scenic point of view; as a boy wrote plays for his school fellows dealing with brigands, ships, and smugglers, and painted the scenery for them himself. Then came the years of study for surgery, during which he fell into the scientific groove and left art untouched, if not forgotten, for fifteen years. In 1838 he went to Paris to complete his medical studies at the Sorbonne; the following year found him as *prosecteur* or lecturer in a military school of surgery at Grenoble. There, at the age of twenty-one, his artistic instincts revived, and his practice of drawing with the point as an aid to the study of anatomy determined the method of expression he was eventually to adopt.

Throughout his long life Sir Seymour has been a strenuous advocate of the value of observation in education as opposed to knowledge acquired only from books, and of drawing as the best of all aids to observation. Young Haden enforced those principles upon the students at Grenoble with an energy which gained him the sobriquet of *main de fer*. The vigorous young *prosecteur* was never backward in showing his contempt for the youths who relied upon their text-books

*The original etchings by Sir Francis Seymour Haden which are here reproduced in reduced size have been lent for that purpose by Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co.

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alone. He would confound these by placing a subject in unusual attitudes—kneeling, crouching, even hanging by the heels—and running a rapier through it, call upon those helpless ones to name the organs or muscles displaced by the change of position, through which the weapon passed. Upon a visit to the school eighteen years later he was disappointed to find that the students had returned to their old faulty methods, but the incident is an early illustration of Sir Seymour's eminently practical character.

Young Haden's first opportunity of practising art for its own sake, however, was to come later. By 1842, at the age of twenty-four, he had passed all his examinations in Paris, had gained honors at London University, and had qualified in England as a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. But overwork had already told upon him, and he was forced to take rest. In that year the kindness of the aunt already mentioned enabled him to make a prolonged tour on the Continent, during which he travelled over a great part of France and Italy in company with the Marquis de Bellune and two other companions. For two years he found many opportunities of sketching from nature, at first in water-color and crayon, later with the etching needle. The only existing prints from six lost plates—the "Pisa," "Ischia Castle," "Tiber Houses," and three others etched by young Haden at this time—were acquired by an American connoisseur, and presented by him to the New York Museum, where they now are. These are slight unlabored impressions, but displaying, within their limits, the spirit of the true etching. In those early efforts Haden discovered the suitability of the etched line for the expression of his own artistic feeling. He recognized that the great freedom of the movement of the needle over the copper gives etching qualities which are possessed by no other of the graphic processes. That freedom makes the mechanical part of the method almost automatic, and allows the personality of the artist to appear in his work to an eminent degree. "The mind unhindered by the more clumsy restrictions of other methods enters into the subject, and the essence of that subject is transmitted at once by the mind to the plate." Those six Italian plates were all etched in 1843, and it is important to note that for fifteen years Haden did no others. When in 1858 he again took to etching he produced within a year plates which display a maturity upon which he has scarcely improved since.

Haden's intimacy with the young Bellune, who was a devout Catholic, took him often to the Vatican, where he was always glad to accompany his friend in his frequent audiences of Pope Gregory XVI, though he could never be persuaded to kiss his Holiness's toe. He found the Pope much interested in English peasant life, which he imagined he was studying to advantage in a complete set of Raimbach's plates after Wilkie. Haden had to tell him that these prints represented the life of a totally different class—that of the yeomen and middle classes. The Pope was nevertheless much interested in everything English and took great pleasure in his conversations with the young surgeon.

Haden took the opportunity which these frequent interviews offered of making a portrait sketch of the Pope upon his shirt-cuff, and went time after time in the same garment for that purpose. Gregory concealed all knowledge of what was going on until Haden was taking his leave after a fourth of these interviews, when he remarked, "I now know why M. Haden has appeared four times in audience without changing his linen." The drawing was carefully made, and was considered an excellent likeness, but it was lent to a friend in later years, and has unfortunately disappeared. The loss of this portrait, of which he had every reason to be proud, has been to him a cause of lasting regret.

A prolonged stay at the Grande Chartreuse in the same year was the direct result of young Haden's frequent audiences of the Pope. He presented himself at the monastery with the intention of making the usual stay of one or two nights, but remained for six weeks. The gate was then kept by a monk named Jean Marie, and Haden in receiving from him the usual injunctions as to silence happened to mention that he had lately been received at the Vatican. The news spread about the monastery, and the injunctions as to silence were thrown to the winds by the monks in their curiosity to hear about his Holiness. Haden was, in fact, cross-examined daily by the general himself as to details of the Pope's life and character, and they were sorry to part with him even at the end of six weeks, during which he roamed the countryside on sketching and botanizing expeditions. Sir Seymour has to-day a fairly

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complete herbarium of the district as a memorial of that visit.

At the end of his second year of travel Haden found himself at Milan. He was in front of his hotel in that city when an Englishman drove into the square evidently in a state of great distress. Seeing a fellow-countryman, he exclaimed, "For God's sake, take me to a doctor!" "I'm a surgeon myself," replied Haden, "but you probably want an eminent man." "No," was the reply; "do come at once to Como. Some friends of mine have just lost one of two sons from typhoid, and the other will be dead unless we can get help at once." They drove off, only to find the second boy dead and the parents distracted with grief. Haden, of course, could do nothing except indicate the proper means of conveying the bodies of the poor boys to England. The father was Lord Thomas Hay, a brother of the eighth Marquess of Tweeddale, and he and Lady Thomas were so grateful to young Haden, and so convinced of his ability, that they promised that if he would take a house in the West End of London and set up in practice, they would insure his success. There was a risk in such a course for a young man of twenty-six, but he took their advice. Lady Kinloch, the mother of Lady Thomas Hay, was a lady of great social influence, which she exerted unsparingly in his favor, and the young surgeon never had a moment of anxiety afterward. To this day he speaks with gratitude of the invaluable help he received from those kind friends.

Sir Francis Seymour Haden,
President of the Royal Society of Painter Engravers.

The calls of a constantly increasing practice left no time for etching, and for thirteen years Mr. Haden left needle and copper untouched. Those years were none the less an important period in his artistic education and development. The neglect into which etching had fallen and the lack of appreciation of even the greatest of its exponents offered the best opportunities for those who valued the work of the great masters of the art. Good impressions from the plates of Rembrandt and the other great etchers could then be bought at reasonable prices. Mr. Haden found no difficulty in getting together a collection of these, and a careful study of the methods of those masters was the relaxation of his scanty leisure during years of hard work. This study had naturally a profound effect upon his art when, in 1858, he resumed its practice.

Another artistic influence came to Mr. Haden in his acquaintance with James McNeill Whistler. He remembers Whistler as a very lovable boy, and having married his half-sister, he received him into his household in Sloane Street, where the painter lived with Mr. and Mrs. Haden for several years. Whistler first took up etching seriously in 1857, and it may have been his example which induced Mr. Haden to resume it. In any case, in 1858, and the year following, they worked often together on the same subject. One of the four plates etched by Mr. Haden in 1858 was the rare and delicate "Lady Reading," a portrait of his wife; Whistler's plate, "Reading by Lamplight," is a rendering of his sister at the same sitting and from the same point of view. Two other plates from the same subject, each typical of the artist, are preserved in Mr. Haden's "Sub Tegmine" and Whistler's "Greenwich Pensioner." Whistler fills his plate with the figure of the man; Haden is obviously struck with the mystery of the woodland in Greenwich Park, with which Whistler had no sympathy.

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Whatever the influences which went to the artistic development of Mr. Haden, it is obvious to all who know his etching that the plates he produced in 1859 revealed him as a master of the art. In that year he was forty-one, and had previously etched ten plates only, the six slight impressions of 1843, and the three figure subjects and the "Amalfi" of 1858. Among the fourteen plates of the following year are at least a half dozen which he has hardly surpassed since. Of these are surely the strong and solemn "Mytton Hall," the "Study Window," with its wondrous sky, the spontaneous and sympathetic "Water Meadow," "On the Test," and "Egham." The list could be prolonged to show the typical qualities of Sir Seymour's best work at that early date, the strength and decision of his line, and his sympathetic rendering of the very spirit of out-door nature. There was surely never a better vindication of his own views upon art, his scorn of schools and the academic tradition, than his sudden production of these plates at the age of forty-one.

The importance of Sir Seymour's part in the revival of etching is best realized by a glance at the state of the art in England at the time that he and Whistler were producing those memorable plates of the middle years of the last century. They were both as voices crying in the wilderness. Etching was under a cloud; even so honest a critic as Ruskin described it as "a blundering art." There was indeed in London a small band, artists who amused themselves by meeting periodically at each other's houses and illustrating a given subject, usually the work of a well-known poet. Mr. Haden became a member of this club, which included at the time T. Creswick, Redgrave, Millais, Hook, Horsely, Holman Hunt, Samuel Palmer, and Thomas Barlow. The work produced was altogether unimportant as etching; pretty vignettes for the "Songs of Shakespeare," the "Deserted Village," and the like, without any quality but careful finish. The general lack of character in the work of the club may be partly explained by the fact that the plates were all left to be bitten in by the secretary, Barlow. Some few exceptions there were to the general insipidity of the productions of the Etching Club; Hook etched one or two good plates, and the "Herdsman," a noble plate by Samuel Palmer, was among its later publications. But the majority of its members had no real appreciation of the qualities of pure etching. They regarded Mr. Haden as an amiable faddist, and rejected his plates with a cheerful impartiality. There was consolation, nevertheless, in their attitude toward the work of the greatest of etchers. Mr. Haden once took to a meeting of the club his collection of Rembrandt etchings. Instead of the chorus of approval which might have been expected from a society of artists there was a dead silence during the examination of the prints, broken at last by one of the body, who remarked, "Rum things!"

In such circumstances it is not surprising that the first real appreciation of Mr. Haden's work came from Paris. During the three or four years following 1858 his plates had accumulated, and though he published nothing, impressions which he gave to his friends got into circulation. These attracted the notice of M. Philippe Burty, at that time connected with the Gazette des Beaux Arts. This gentleman persuaded Mr. Haden to allow the publication of impressions of twenty-five of his plates under the title of "Études à l'Eau Forte." There was no idea of an appeal to English connoisseurs, and the characteristic preface written by Mr. Haden shows how little he thought of his own work, but to the surprise of all concerned, it gained instant recognition in England. An exhibition held a little later at Messrs. Colnaghi's was most successful and Mr. Haden was hailed at once as a master of the art he had chosen.

The publication of his work in France brought him in contact with many notable figures of the artistic world of that country. He remembers Corot as a sunny, cheerful character; J. F. Millet as his very opposite, an earnest, melancholy peasant, whose very nature is reflected in the solemn presentation of the sterner facts of the lives of his own class. Fantin Latour Mr. Haden had known earlier; he stayed, indeed, in Derbyshire with Whistler and the Hadens, and Lady Haden remembers him as very melancholy and extremely sensitive to criticism. He painted a portrait of one of the family and deliberately dashed out each feature criticised by the assembled company with a dab of white paint. Sir Seymour knew intimately Charles Jaque, of whose etchings of animal life he has a high opinion. He and Daubigny often worked together at the same subject; the "Erith Marshes" and the

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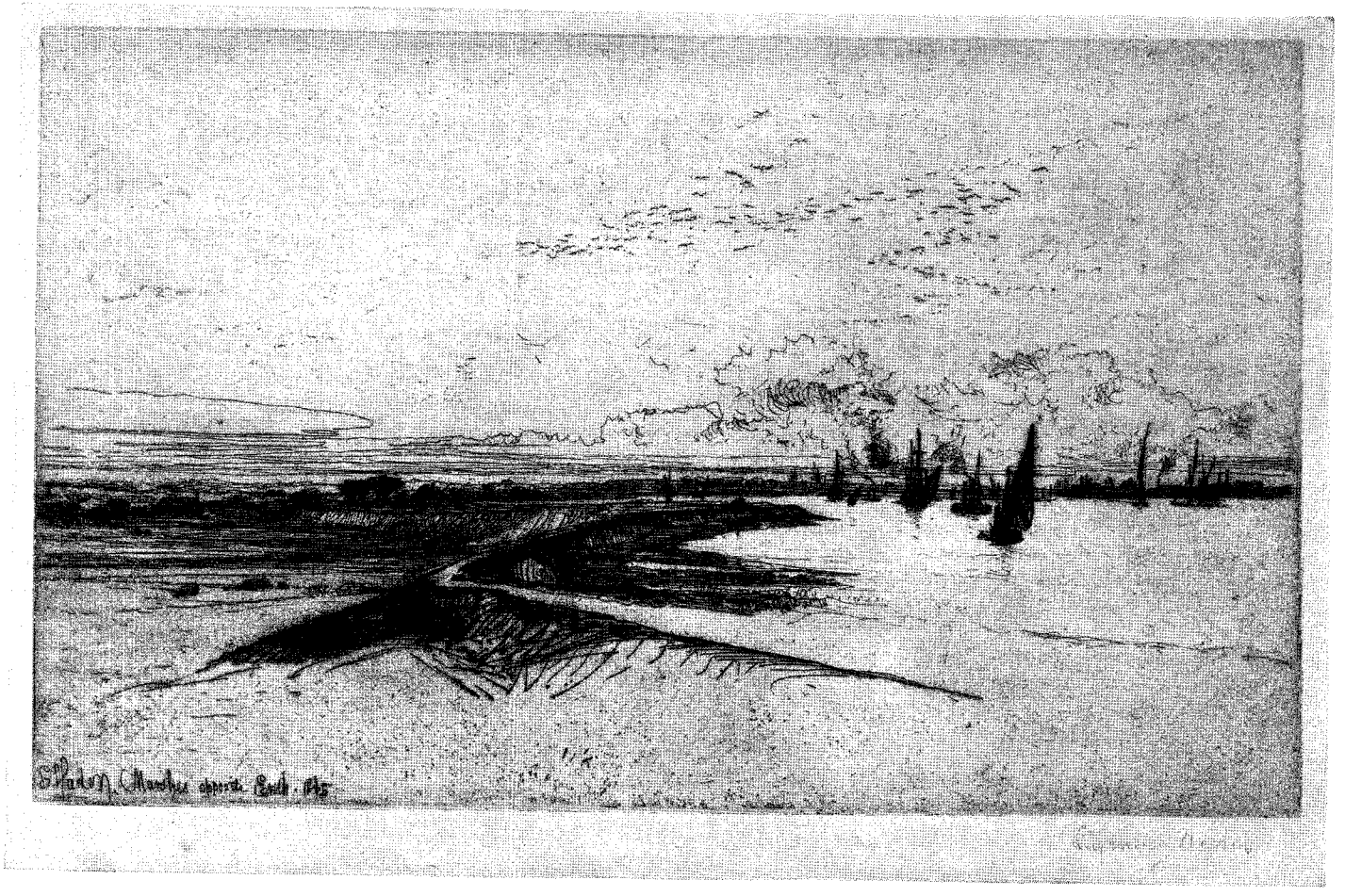

Marshes opposite Erith, 1865.

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Water Meadow, 1859.

"Yacht Tavern" are a memorial of an expedition the pair made down the Thames.

There is also an interesting recollection of a meeting with that unfortunate genius, Méryon. Méryon was half English, the son of a physician of that name and a French mother. Mr. Haden, though aware of the difficulty of approaching him, decided to call upon the artist. He found him in a little room at Montmartre, very clean and in good order. A bed, a printing press, an easel, a chair, and table completed the furniture. Méryon received Mr. Haden very affably, offered him the only chair, and the pair fell to discussing the charms of their art. The meeting ended very pleasantly, and Mr. Haden was allowed to take away a few of Méryon's proofs, for which, however, he was careful to leave on the table a sum which he knew to be considerably in excess of their then value.

He was just entering the Rue Richelieu on his return to his hotel, when Méryon, obviously in a state of great excitement, overtook him. He told Mr. Haden he had followed him in order to recover his prints, which he said, "from what he knew of the etchings which M. Haden called his own," he was determined the latter should not take to England with him. Mr. Haden of course surrendered the prints, which Méryon took away, and he never saw him again. He learned, however, that a little later Méryon wrote to the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* warning him against the Englishman as an impostor. He declared his conviction that the etchings Haden had published were not his own at all, not even indeed by a modern artist, but that he had "doubtless discovered the plates somewhere, bought them, signed them, and published the impressions as his own."

It is worthy of note that Sir Seymour Haden's artistic activity has coincided exactly with that period of his life in which his engagements, social and professional, have been most exacting. That period may be roughly indicated as comprising the twenty years between 1858 and 1879. Some of those years would produce as many as five and thirty finished plates in the twelvemonth, others only half a dozen, others again none at all. His idea of rest has always been a change of occupation, and that is why he turned in those busy years from the anxieties of his profession and sought refreshment

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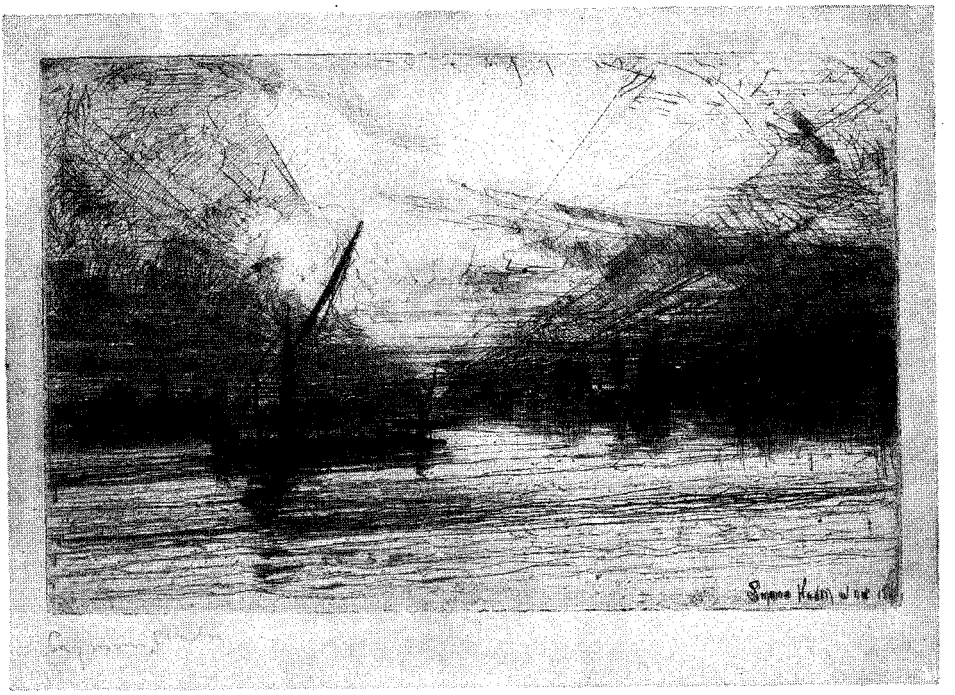

Sunset on the Thames, 1865.

and relaxation, if only for a few hours, in etching by the riverside or some short journey into the country. It also explains why he was never without a waxed plate and a needle, either in his pocket or in the private hansom which he wore out every third year in his practice; it is a reason also for making no attempt here to separate the life of the busy surgeon from that of the artist. A single instance may be given as illustrating the conditions in which the greater number of his plates were produced.

He once received an urgent summons from Bishop Tait to go to Fulham Palace, where he found Mrs. Tait so ill that he felt it necessary to stay near her for some hours, fearing a sudden development of her illness. He walked accordingly into the garden and down to the river-bank, where he etched the attractive view across the water known as "Fulham." Years later, when the bishop had become Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Haden dined with him in St. James's Square. The archbishop then produced a print of the "Fulham" which he and Mrs. Tait had discovered in Paris. "Look," said the archbishop, "here is a view across the river which must have been taken from the end of our garden. Who can have done it?" Mr. Haden replied that he had doubtless overlooked the artist's name in the corner of the print. Tait, upon a second examination, discovered that of Mr. Haden. "When did you do this?" he inquired. "On that afternoon when Mrs. Tait was so ill." "Do you mean to say that when she was in that great danger you could go into the garden and do that etching?" "Well," replied the other, "I had done all I could for her and was waiting to see if I could do anything else later. Why not?" The archbishop was a little pacified at this, but was evidently quite hurt and closed the subject by repeating several times, "A very strange thing to do."

With his professional and his artistic lives interwoven in the way suggested by this anecdote, it is not surprising that scarcely an etching produced in such circumstances fails to recall some interesting incident in London or the provinces, or in France or Italy, where Sir Seymour's fame as a surgeon often took him at short notice. His circle of acquaintance was naturally a very large one and his success as an artist was constantly adding to the number of his friends. He knew Dickens well, often met Tennyson and Browning,

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remembers Carlyle, was the close friend of Trelawney during his later years, and was on intimate terms with Thackeray. Of Thackeray both Sir Seymour and Lady Haden retain very pleasant recollections as a thoroughly amiable man at heart, though a little uncertain in temper. The children of the two families were intimate. Lady Haden remembers Thackeray putting her eldest son on the table the first day he wore trousers, and the young Hadens took part with the author's daughters in the performance of the Christmas pieces like "The Rose and the Ring." Thackeray was devoted to his daughters who, in the absence of a chaperon, were obliged to depend upon their father to take them out, though his literary engagements often led to their disappointment. There were other little drawbacks often associated with the household of a man of letters. Lady Haden remembers asking Miss Thackeray if she kept up her music. "How can I practise," was the reply, "with The Newcomes' going on upstairs."

Once the author came up to Mr. Haden and said, "I've just taken a very imprudent step." "I know what that is," replied Mr. Haden; "you've given up the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*." Such was the case, and Thackeray had relinquished £4,000 a year with the appointment. Mr. Haden knew, however, that the duties were very irksome to Thackeray, that he was seldom ready with his own contributions, and that his relations with the publishers were not likely to last. Mr. Haden was with Thackeray on the night of his death, which was quite unexpected, and occurred from syncope following an effusion on the brain, the result of chronic indigestion. A very stupid story perpetuated by Sir William Fraser in some silly verses, in one of his gossipping volumes, which represents someone calling on the morning of Thackeray's death and seeing his servant taking up the kitchen scales for the purpose of weighing the brain, is quite without foundation.

Sir Seymour remembers Trelawney as a most remarkable personality and a fine fellow in every way; he made his acquaintance as a patient and was on intimate terms until his death. The old sea captain in Millais's picture "The North-west Passage" is a striking portrait of Trelawney in his later years. He much wished Sir Seymour Haden as an eminent surgeon to possess his skull after death, but his niece settled the matter by sending the body to Gotha for cremation, the ashes being deposited in the tomb he had prepared for himself in Rome beside those of Shelley.

One recognizes one point or another of Sir Seymour's vigorous and decisive personality in many of his recollections. The "Mytton Hall" plate recalls an incident which seems to me quite characteristic. He was salmon fishing in the river opposite the hall, and hooked a large fish. At the same moment men began beating the water higher up the river for netting, which so startled the fish that it ran toward the angler and left him helpless with a loose line. As it crossed the shallow where he was wading Haden threw himself upon it, held it under him while he divested himself of his coat, gradually succeeded in forcing the fish's head into one of the sleeves, and had the satisfaction of landing a salmon of sixteen pounds without gaff or net, which he triumphantly carried across to the hall and placed alive in the kitchen sink. An anecdote of his professional life seems quite as characteristic. Sir Seymour was long a member of a venerable medical club, the St. Albans, which consists of twelve eminent medical men and boasts an unbroken history since the days of Charles II. At one of the dinners of this society he received a summons from a personage of exalted origin who was notorious for not paying his fees. There was some humorous banter among the company which induced Sir Seymour to attend the summons, which he had at first refused, and before starting he wagered the company a case of champagne that he would rejoin them later with the fee in his pocket.

He found the case a simple one which he at once relieved. "I am very glad," remarked the patient, "that you have been able to relieve me at so little inconvenience to yourself," by way of suggestion that no fee was necessary. "On the contrary," replied Sir Seymour, "I came at the greatest inconvenience to myself, and eleven eminent medical men with whom I was sitting all advised that I should not come at all. In the circumstances, in fact, I must ask you for a double fee." This, after some demur, was handed to him. He then wrapped the guineas in a sheet of note-paper, and asked the patient if he would object to put his initials upon the packet. "Not at all," was the

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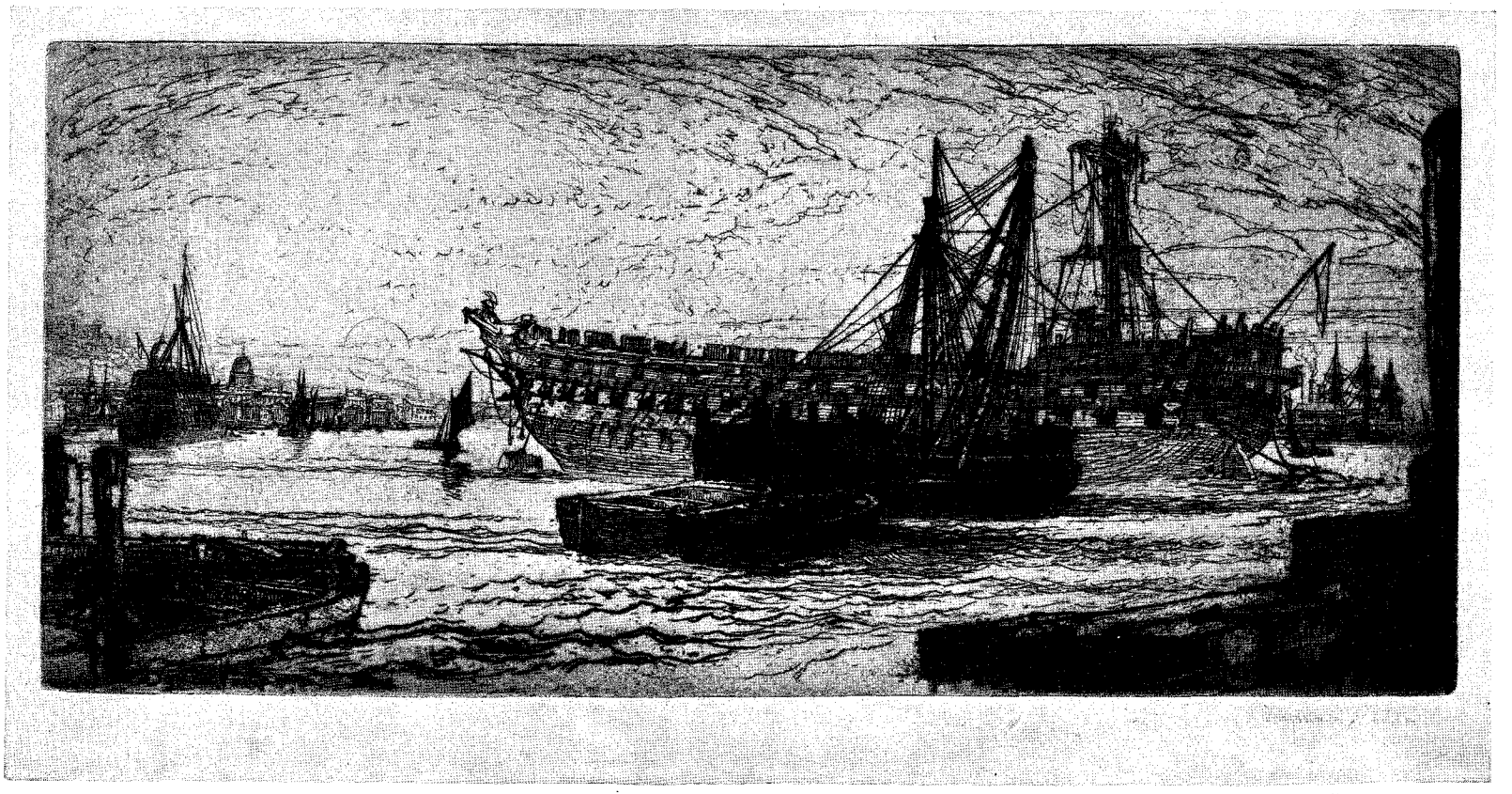

The Breaking-up of the Agamemnon, 1870.

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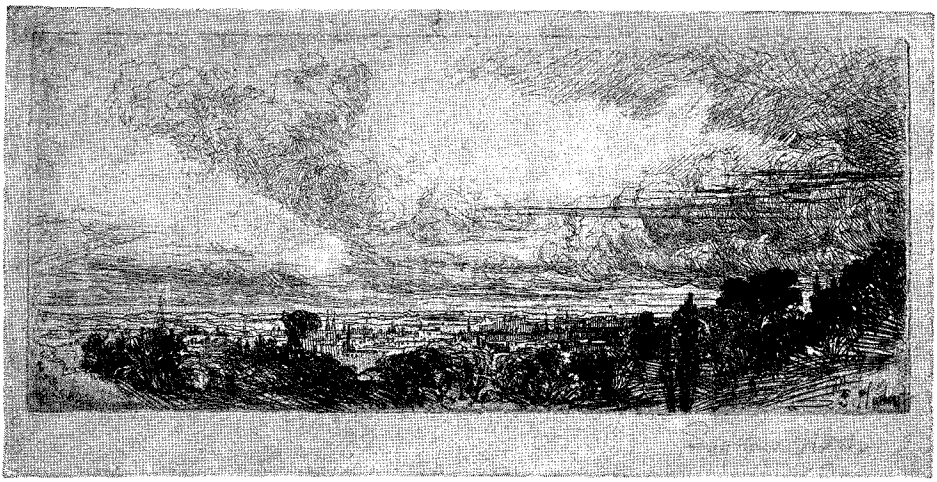

Out of Study Window, 1859.

reply; "but why do you wish it?" "Because otherwise my friends would never believe that I got a fee from your —— at all." He then rejoined the club and won his champagne.

Another professional summons once took him to Venice to attend Mr. Thomas Brassey, the great contractor, and father of the present peer. Every facility in the way of special trains and steamers was placed at his disposal. He duly arrived and met in consultation Richetti, the famous Italian physician, who told him the following story: A lady who was a great friend of the Emperor of Austria was presented by that monarch with six bottles of the famous imperial Tokay. When Richetti attended her she had come to the last bottle, and this she decided to keep until he should advise her that her end was approaching, when she said she would drink it in remembrance of the happy past. It was accordingly always a subject of inquiry when Richetti called, whose constant reply was, "Oh, you don't want it yet, baroness." The thing got rather monotonous at last, and one day after the usual question from the lady the doctor replied, "Well, baroness, perhaps you had better send for that Tokay." "Did she drink it?" inquired Sir Seymour. "Oh, well, we drank it together," replied Richetti.

One other anecdote which has an historical interest. Some people have wondered at the title "Grim Spain," which Sir Seymour gave to one of his etchings made during a tour in Spain and Portugal in 1877. This is a broad rendering of the town of Burgos from a spot just outside the walls, from which flat ground stretches away to the right. Sir Seymour found this ground near the city literally covered with human bones. He does not speak Spanish, but his companion asked the guide as to these bones. This worthy informed them that they were the bones of sheep which had happened to die there. This seemed a wasteful proceeding on the part of the sheep and their masters, and further inquiries in the town disclosed the fact that the bones were those of Wellington's soldiers who had fallen during the siege and had lain there unburied for seventy years.

It remains perhaps to mention that Sir Seymour Haden retains the most pleasant recollections of the lecturing tour in America which he made in the late eighties. He has never found more intelligent and attentive audiences. Knowing the excellence of public speaking in America, where every second man is a born orator, Sir Seymour determined to avoid any possible competition in an art so well practised, and deliberately devoted his attention to facts rather than to form. He was reminded of his success in this particular upon the morrow of his lecture at Chickering Hall. In visiting a sculptor who worked at the top of one of the high buildings of New York, he found himself with a lady and gentleman in a dark lift. "Were you at the lecture last night?" asked one of the other. "Yes," was the reply; "pretty poor lecturer!" Upon leaving

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the lift they both recognized Sir Seymour as the lecturer of the night before and were full of apologies, much to his amusement.

One other characteristic incident in New York. Sir Seymour upon his first walk round the city saw a palpable forgery of his "Breaking up of the Agamemnon" in a printseller's window. He walked in, asked to look at the

A Lancashire River, 1881.

print, tore it in four pieces, which he handed back to the astonished shopkeeper with his card. "I am staying at the —— Hotel," he said, "where I shall be ready to defend any proceedings you think fit to take." He heard nothing further of the matter.

Sir Seymour Haden's etchings have now been before the public for just forty years, during which they have enjoyed a constantly increasing reputation, and those who have followed me so far in my attempt to emphasize some points in his temperament will perhaps have little difficulty in recognizing the man in his work. The main incidents of his artistic life are nevertheless so exceptional that it may be worth while to summarize them in taking what is necessarily a brief glance at his art. We have seen the boy teaching himself drawing as a help to studies of a strictly scientific character and acquiring proficiency without academic training of any sort. The young man of twenty-six suddenly lays aside the pencil for the cares of an exacting profession; the busy surgeon takes it up again just as suddenly in middle life after an interval of fifteen years during which his artistic education had been strictly confined to the examination of the works of the great masters of the art he was to choose as his own method of expression. The man of forty accordingly begins to practise etching as a pure amateur, not only without the fear of patrons and publishers before his eyes, but without any intention of printing his work except for the amusement of himself and a few friends. Obviously, here was an artist working unhampered by the trammels which beset most men of his craft and in conditions which should make for originality. Let us take into account also Sir Seymour's decided views as to the scope

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and limits of etching. He has taught from the first both by precept and example that the original or "painter's" etching should ever be the record of a single impression of the artist—an impression which must inevitably be confused and spoiled by a return to the subject, if only that the mood and the outlook of the artist must then have changed. With all these factors in his artistic personality duly considered, it should be easy to indicate the qualities likely to appear in Haden's work. The impressions of a man of his temperament expressed in so sympathetic a medium as etching should display strength and decision, the conditions in which he worked should produce freshness and the absence of all appearance of labor or fatigue, and his views upon the proper limits of etching should secure unity of conception and spontaneity of expression. Assuredly those who look for such qualities in the work of Seymour Haden will not look in vain.

But there are other aspects of his art which it is less easy to trace to their origin. In ordinary life he is eminently the practical man of science and man of the world for whom facts are of the first and the last importance. And yet in most of his etching there is not only an abstention from any literal rendering of the subject, but an artistic instinct which leads him to confine the method to its highest and most intellectual function—that of interpretative and suggestive, as distinguished from mere imitative drawing. In many of his plates, too, there is the attainment of a high poetic quality which is all the more impressive because it is eminently virile and without a trace of sentimentality or self-consciousness. This quality will be obvious to those who even glance at such prints as the "Sunset in Ireland," the "Agamemnon," the "Greenwich," above all the wondrous "Sunset on the Thames," to name no others. For Londoners, at least, there is true poetry also in most of the Thames etchings, of which the "Battersea Reach" is typical, prints in which the human interest of the historic town and river is very touchingly suggested.

We may learn from Dr. Harrington's admirable catalogue that Sir Seymour's work as an artist comprises some two hundred and forty plates produced at irregular intervals during the forty-three years which followed 1857. A glance at the catalogue reveals also one very remarkable aspect of his art, the astonishing maturity of his first work. In those few years previous to 1865 when the publication of the *Eaux fortes* made him known were produced plates which display all the qualities which have established Sir Seymour's fame; he himself, indeed, has told me that he would be content to be judged as an artist by the work of those years. Allusion has already been made to the "Mytton Hall," the "Study Window," the "Egham," and the two studies on the "Hampshire Test"; but that fruitful early period produced many other plates, any one of which would alone rank the artist among the great etchers. Thus there is the "Shere Mill Pond" of 1860, in which Haden's quiet strength, his sympathy with nature in one of her less dramatic moods, and his feeling for the form and massing of trees, "their habit and behavior," to use his own phrase, are all admirably presented. That same faculty of rendering tree form in its essence with none of the fatigue and fussiness of the botanical draughtsman appears also to great advantage in the noble "Tipperary By-road" of the same year, where the inherent solemnity and mystery of the woodland are so finely suggested. Contrast with these the spontaneous and joyous "Combe Bottom," with its rabbits and open-air freshness, and then in order to grasp the wide scope of the artist, turn to the "Sunset on the Thames." Comparisons in art are generally unhappy, but surely this print may be safely placed among the few really great etchings of the world. In any case, it seems to me that in this plate the resources of the art have been exhausted, though without apparent effort, to produce an etching of the highest type, a perfectly suggestive transcript of one of the most impressive aspects of nature. Symbols meaningless if taken by themselves are here combined not indeed to imitate the inimitable glories of sunset sky and luminous water, but within the limits of a few square inches of paper to suggest them all.

I have specified these prints to illustrate the maturity of Haden's first work, an aspect of his art which seems a practical confirmation of his theory that the artist is born and not made. The same qualities, however, will be recognized in at least a hundred others produced at later periods; his art, indeed, changed little with years except, per-

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Greenwich, 1879.

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Mytton Hall, 1859.

haps, in a tendency to simplicity, to an increased feeling for the decorative quality of line, as in such plates as the "Sawley Abbey," and to a greater insistence upon the importance of the line itself as opposed to imitative and correct tone. This last quality is displayed very convincingly in the well-known "Agamemnon." Sir Seymour, indeed, is the apostle of the etched line, the unalterable, uncompromising line, which remains to record inexorably the success or the failure of the artist to suggest his idea. Throughout his work, too, will be found evidence of an extraordinary power of draughtsmanship, which in his case with its absence of training, is almost phenomenal, and is eloquent of the powers of observation, of intuition, I would almost say, which he shares with men of the first rank like Turner. Let anyone who seeks conviction on this point examine carefully any of the numerous plates dealing with shipping, boats, and barges—objects which usually require a long apprenticeship to render truly, but which in these etchings appear always with the convincing quality of perfect draughtsmanship.

Sir Seymour Haden has never wavered in the artistic faith he professed to M. Burty at the time of the publication of the "Études." "Artistic faculties," he then wrote, "are innate and not acquired. . . . I am the declared enemy of academies which can only lead to the formation of that detestable *ensemble* which is called a school. . . . I believe the etching needle is as good as a pencil, just as the brush is as good as the chisel, but we ought to use it as poets, not as artisans."

Those principles, I think, have appeared in every plate which Sir Seymour has published, and are triumphantly vindicated year by year in the practice of the Royal Society of Painter Engravers, which he founded, and of which he is the president. In his eighty-seventh year Sir Seymour still enforces those principles with the greatest vigor. At the last meeting of the Artists' Benevolent Fund he was called upon to respond for the artistic societies of the country other than the Royal Academy. He remarked that he was reminded of their number by the number of arts still unrepresented at the exhibitions of that body, and that the well-known fact that oil and water would not mix and that oil always had the faculty of getting on top was doubtless the explanation of the treatment water-color art received at the hands of the hanging committee. The speech, so far from being hostile to the Academy, was merely a suggestion that it was necessary for them to broaden their basis if they wished to regain their popularity. It so happened, however, that Sir Seymour, being very unwell at the time, was obliged to sit down before suggesting the remedy. This was that the King should be petitioned to grant a supplementary charter to enable the Academy to admit all the arts recognized by the École des Beaux Arts in Paris.

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"ET IN ARCADIA EGO"

By Theodosia Garrison

A SIMPLE print upon my study wall,
I see you smile at it, my masters all,
So simple it could scarce indeed be less—
A shepherd and a little shepherdess
Who let their sheep go grazing truant-wise
To look a moment in each other's eyes.
"A gray-haired man of science," thus your looks,
"Why is this trifle here among his books?"
Ah well, my answer only this could be,
Because I too have been in Arcady.

My students give grave greeting as I pass,
Attentive following in talk or class,
Keen-eyed, clear-headed, eager for the truth;
Yet if sometime among them sits a youth
Who scrawls and stares and lets the lesson go
And puts my questions by unheeding so,
I smile and leave his half-writ rhyme unvexed
Guessing the face between him and the text.
A foolish thing, so wise men might agree,
But I wrote verses once—in Arcady.

The little maid who dusts my book-strewn room—
Poor dingy slave of polish and of broom
Who breaks her singing at my footsteps' sound,
She too her way to that lost land has found.
Last night, a moonlit night and passing late,
Two shadows started as I neared the gate,
And then a whisper, poised twixt mirth and awe,
"The old Professor. Mercy, if *he* saw!"
Ah child, my eyes had little need to see—
I too have kissed my love—in Arcady.

My mirror gives me back a sombre face—
A gray haired scholar, old and commonplace,
Who goes on his sedate and dusty ways
With little thought of rosy yesterdays;
But they who know what eager joy must come
To one long exiled from a well-loved home
When comes some kinsman from the selfsame land
To give him greeting, they may understand
How dear these little brethren needs must be
Because I too have lived in Arcady.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

"A GOOD history, of special value for its foot-notes," the somewhat doubtful compliment paid by a leading English weekly in characterizing a recently published "History of the United States," recalls the title the stammerer gave to a paper of confession, "Stam-mer-r-ring-Half-way 'twixt a Blessing and a Curse." For text-book purposes the foot-note method has obvious advantage. To relieve the text of matter, interesting but not vital, curious facts, incidents and traditions, the flotsam and jetsam of a period, scattering the excisions in shorter notes at the bottom of the pages or massing them in larger notes at the end of a chapter, is graphically to differentiate history from gossip. But to apply the method for the student requires a nice discrimination, while for the general reader resort to it has obvious disadvantage. The obtrusion and interruption of notes, with the constant questioning of an exacting conscience as to how far they may be "judiciously skipped," form a test of the perseverance of saints to which few are found to be equal. Recognition of this doubtless led the late John Fiske, who beyond question contributed more than any contemporary toward popularizing American history, to a sparing use of foot-notes. Donald G. Mitchell, on the other hand, whose peculiar touch of grace and charm attracts the general reader whatever his subject, has made free use of them. This may be in part explained by the fact that his recent historical studies were, in origin, informal talks, discursive discussion that lends itself to asides. In the case of a history such as Bryce's "American Commonwealth" its more or less text-book character accounts for the numerous foot-notes. *Per contra*, in the case of Rhodes or Woodrow Wilson one would expect to encounter but the comparatively few foot-notes to be found in their histories.

History in Foot-notes

In another aspect, the question of drawing the line between text and note, of excision, must be largely a question of scope. Is the history a review of a nation, or the study of a period? In certain cases there seems to be little, if any, room for doubt. An adequate history of Scotland, for example, in treating of Mary could hardly relegate to supplementary notes discussion of the affairs of Chastelard, of Riccio, of the murder of Riccio, of Mary's passion for Bothwell, and of the incidents of Darnley's murder. On the other hand, how far will the facts established in Mr. Wilkins's "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV" relieve some future historian, in treating the politics and society of that time, of the necessity of discussing their personal relations in detail? Then their are familiar incidents, stories, legends, traditions, which no well-regulated history can ignore without being open at least to the charge of tampering with a classic. The Pocahontas story is one of these. Yet Dr. Woodrow Wilson proves the courage of his conviction by making no mention of it at all in his account of Captain John Smith. Yet is not this story a peculiarly appropriate subject for a foot-note, out of deference to its romantic antiquity at least? At the opposite extreme is Fiske's "Old Virginia," in which pages are devoted to vindicating the authenticity of the story on one ground, among others, that "the rescue of Smith by Pocahontas was an event of real historic importance," for "without it the subsequent relations of the Indian girl with the English colony become incomprehensible." Fiske here touches the essential principle in deciding between text, foot-note and omission, the question of the "real historic importance" of the material in doubt, a question that a trivial matter may raise quite unexpectedly. To instance a minor question of current historic discussion, has not the distinction between the "Pilgrims" and the "Puritan Fathers" been somewhat overemphasized of late years? A professor of history in one of our universities, to encourage a little original work, asked the class to investigate the time when the distinctive use of "Pilgrims" first became general. Apparently, so far as the investigation went, that time was as late in date as 1825, although, of course, the use of "Pilgrims" as

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a casual descriptive dated back to the migration to Holland. Might not this date, if verified, deserve in coming days to be chronicled, not in a humble foot-note, but in the text itself?

These, and many like questions thus suggested, inconsequential as they may often seem, are yet vital to history writing as an art. What is it that distinguishes "great history"—not the history of the expert, that satisfies the scholar's demand for original and exact research and judicial treatment, necessary as both are, but the history that commands universal interest and acceptance? Does this distinguishing something lie in attractiveness of coloring, in the genius of picturing? Then, to cite a conspicuous example, must a Froude, captivated by the characters he has himself created, be counted, despite an acknowledged disregard of facts, not only a great historical painter, but a great historian. Does not this distinguishing something rather lie in a sense of proportion, an appreciation of values? Such was the burden of Captain Mahan's address when he was inaugurated president of the American Historical Association. The great historian, declared Captain Mahan, is he who grasps "the interrelation of incidents, successive or simultaneous," the continuity of history. His is the art of "grouping" rather than the art of "coloring." The fascination of great history lies, not so much "in sharing through vivid narrative" the emotions of those who live again in the historian's pages, as in tracing "the sequence by which successive occurrences are seen to issue in their necessary results, or causes apparently remote to converge to a common end." In short, great history makes its appeal to the intellect rather than the imagination, and consists in presenting an order of events and characters uncumbered by the personally incidental, however fascinating or even dramatic.

Amateur and Professional

I FIND little difficulty in understanding the scorn felt by the professional workman for the amateur or untrained person who attempts to compete with him. In nearly all kinds of work training is a factor the importance of which can hardly be overestimated. But it is seldom considered, I think, that a certain amount of training in many cases ought to go to removing the marks of training. I remember once reading the statement of a friend and a great—a truly great—artist, to the effect that unless there were a little of the amateur in a man's work it could hardly rank as art. The statement pleased me as words half understood do sometimes please one with their simple sound of wisdom, but it was not until some years later that I took in what I now believe was its precise meaning. It came into my mind as I was glancing at Whistler's famous "Propositions," more particularly the one in which he declares that industry in art is a necessity, not a virtue, and any evidence of the same in the production a blemish, not a quality, etc. I had just been reading, with a view to recommending it for publication, an irritatingly thorough review of an exhibition of pictures, a little article written with so much conscience and so much knowledge as to make me distinctly humiliated by my lack of liking for it. "The reason why I could not tell" until my friend and Mr. Whistler conjoined to explain. The little article was unquestionably "a good piece of work" but it was work from beginning to end. The evidences of labor were in the very felicity of its sentences, in its admirably just criticism, in its learned comparison of schools and periods, in its perfectly proper arrangement, in its happy final clause, in its whole, capable, adequate aspect. There was not a stroke of the pen that had gone to covering up conscientiousness, there was nothing to indicate that the writer had been having a very magnificent time with his subject, no freedom of artlessness to make the reader believe that it was done for the sake of nothing but his own sweet pleasure in the doing. It bore, too, the stamp of that rhetorician of ancient times, mentioned by Montaigne, whose profession it was to make little things appear great. These seem to me to constitute the sum of the reasons why there is the merest taint of obloquy in the expression "professional," a taint as immediately recognized by persons sensitive to shades of significance as that resting upon the term "amateurish." It is the evidence of industry in professional work that constitutes its inartistic quality. There is a smugness, a conscious completeness about it that makes it unpleasant. This, I take it, is why the works of the arts and crafts societies have been so persistently popular since Morris gave them their special

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impetus. He was for conscientiousness, surely, in the essential parts of his performance, but no man was ever less for the show of conscientiousness on the surface and no man was ever more for the stopping short at the point where perfunctoriness begins, which constitutes the charm, and almost the whole charm, of his own work. He was not, however, an artist, because he did not carry his work far enough. He was a joyous amateur and content to be one, thinking no estate so enviable. Whistler, on the other hand, was an artist whose chief aim appeared to be to make his work appear like the play which it was not. He reversed the process of Montaigne's rhetorician and strove to make great things appear small, incidental, fleeting, filled with frail suggestions of shadowy beauty. Perhaps his was equally "an art to flatter and deceive" but at least it was not pompous, and it was delightfully unprofessional. There are other ways, of course, of being unprofessional than that of wearing the bloom of easy grace at the performance of difficult tasks. There is the way of certain philosophers and statesmen whose words have come down to us with the simple splendor of their cogency untarnished by the suggestion either of art or learning. The Declaration of Independence is an example of what may be done in the mood not of business or of art, but of practical emotion, if I may so define it. It is not commonly, however, an easy or simple matter perfectly to combine the professional qualities of expert and practised workmanship with the amateur qualities of spontaneity and vividness, and naturally, what most of us are looking for is the easy matter. "It is supreme happiness," said Hippolyte Taine to Édouard de Suckau, "to become a mill-horse and to go round and round without further research or invention."

Thackeray Once More

IN a recent number of the magazine a contributor pointed out that Leather-stocking had died after saying "Here!" thirty years earlier than the death of Colonel Newcome after saying "Adsum!" The attention of this contributor has since been called to the fact that when Colonel Esmond broke his sword before the unworthy prince whom he had served so long and so loyally, he was only following an example which had been set by the noble Athos, who broke his sword also before Louis XIV because that inhuman monarch had taken for himself Mlle. de la Vallière, the young lady beloved by the Vicomte de Bragelonne, who was the son of Athos. And the same effect is to be found also in the opera of "La Favorite." The book of Donizetti's opera bears the names of Alphonse Royer and Gustave Vaez; but it is said to have been revised by Scribe. It was derived from a forgotten play called the "Comte de Comminges," written by one Baculard-D'Arnaud, and this in turn had been taken from a novel written by the notorious Mme. de Teucin, the callous mother of D'Alembert. The scene of the sword breaking is not in the novel or the play; and quite possibly it may have been introduced into the book of the opera by the fertile and ingenious Scribe. "La Favorite" was produced in 1840, when Thackeray was in Paris preparing the "Paris Sketch-Book." It was in 1850 that Dumas published the "Vicomte de Bragelonne"; and it was in 1852 that Thackeray put forth "Henry Esmond."

There is no denying that the striking situation which Thackeray used with so much skill in his novel had already been utilized in the stirring romance of Dumas and in the pathetic libretto of Royer, Vaez, and Scribe. Did Thackeray borrow it from the romance or from the libretto? Or did he reinvent it for himself, forgetting that it had already served? He was in Paris when Donizetti's tuneful music was first heard; and he was going to the opera as often as he could. He was fond of Dumas's interminable tales of adventure; and he had a special liking for Athos. It is in one of the Roundabout Papers—"On a Peal of Bells"—that he declared his preference. "Of your heroic heroes, I think our friend, Monseigneur Athos, Comte de la Fère, is my favorite." Is this a case of conveyance, such as is often carelessly called plagiarism? or is it a case of unconscious reminiscence? That Dumas knew what he was doing when he lifted the situation out of "La Favorite" is very likely, for it was not his custom to be overscrupulous in taking what he could make his own. But Thackeray had been careful to credit the suggestion of one or two of his earlier French sketches to the Parisian story-tellers he had put under contribution. Besides he was a writer of transparent honesty; and it is therefore highly probable that he had no consciousness that the scene was not original with him.

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THE FIELD OF ART

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

The Road of the Cross, by Jean Béraud.

SOME UNECCLESIASTICAL RELIGIOUS ART

THE recent acquisition by the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art of the important painting by Léon Lhermitte, from the last Paris Salon, "Christ Among the Lowly," may be justified at least on architectonic grounds—that is, as in the museum's province, or art, of organizing knowledge or arranging it in a system. This picture may be considered as a good example of a certain form of religious art, practically unknown in the "golden age" of painting, when the sway of the Church was still undisputed, and now much in favor in some of the Continental schools, especially among the Germans. It professes to be a sort of coming to the aid, by the laymen, of the conventional religious painters, by treating their themes with novel, and presumably more popular, methods. The motives behind this seeming opitulation are very frequently open to suspicion, naturally. Of those which inspire the sincere works, the truly devout ones, it would be difficult to make a classification. It has been suggested that one of the most reverent, imagining scenes like this of Lhermitte's, may be a desire to set forth to the outward eye the fulfilment of the promise of Matthew xviii: 20; the bringing home to the worldly mind, the making vivid and real, of the scriptural incidents, and consequently of the religious truths which they inculcate; the presentation of a preacher who was not merely of Judea some two thousand years ago, but also of to-day, in our midst. The extraordinary variety and ingenuity, sincere or perverted, of these unchurchly works; the reputation and ability of very many of the painters who have followed in this movement, combine to make this modern development much more a matter of general interest than the squabbles over mere technical methods which so frequently rend the ateliers.

More than one of the modern schools of

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Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me. From a painting by von Uhde.

painting have seen technique perfected while inspiration vanished; and the believers are not always the best artists. The undevout painters include, naturally, all those who see in the biblical subjects merely material for *genre*—the "Magdalens," the "Judiths" and "Susannahs" and "Salomés" of all schools, ancient and modern, the innumerable "Temptations," of St. Anthony, St. Hilarion, etc., the "Concubine of the Levite of Ephraim," by Henner and others. Even of the painters who have followed the Saxon von Uhde in his transferral of scriptural themes to modern localities—harking back to the naïve practices of the earlier painters—but very few have any air of having wrought prayerfully. This not very intelligent attempt to suggest that the teachings of the Saviour are still applicable to our every-day walks is naturally attended by many incongruities, as may be seen in our reproduction of his "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," and a very sincere flame of zeal must light up these works or there will be no lesson. Von Uhde defined his own principles in a letter to a friend concerning his "Easter Morning": "For the artistic quality of the picture, it is of little importance whether these are the three Maries or three modern women; they have been to a grave." Something of the same confusion of thought that marks his pictures appears here; in his versions of the Nativity it is the *pathetic* side of the story upon which he usually insists. In the "Holy Eve," a peasant woman, evidently in sore trouble, leans against a fence in the dusk, in the midst of a lonely snowy plain; the large tracks of a man's feet in the snow lead toward a little cabin the distance. In this instance a thin ring of light encircles her head; in the "Walk to Bethlehem" neither the carpenter with his bag of tools nor his fainting companion whom he supports along the dreary road in the twilight indicates their sacred character otherwise than in the title. In a more conventional "Nativity," a triptych, both the Wise Men and the angels who sit in a shining row along the rafters to sing are Bavarian peasants, and, as in most of these renderings, the scene is enveloped in a general gloom. One of the best known of these modern versions is the "Magdalen" of Jean Béraud, a very smart painter said to have no convictions at all. The conventional figure of the Saviour sits at the head of a Parisian supper table, all the other personages, including the fair penitent at his feet, are in modern costume, the lady only in evening dress. These entirely worldly minded gentlemen, not much interested in the incident

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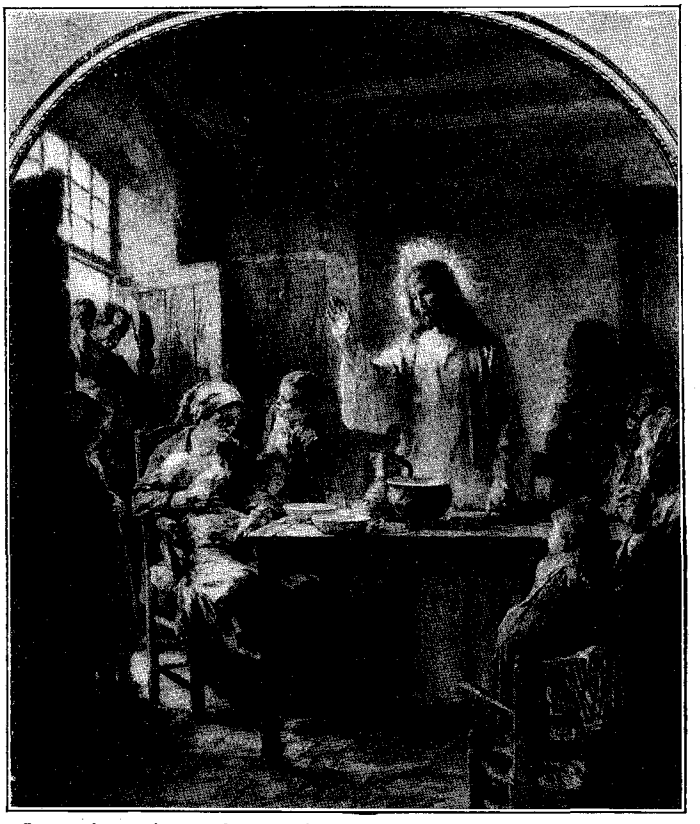
(one of them is lighting his cigarette at a candle at the end of the table), are so much better selected and portrayed that they become the real heroes of the scene. In other canvases, notably two in which the scenes of the Crucifixion are transferred to French soil and the present day, this painter has ostentatiously furnished his contribution to this doubtful preaching—thus insisting upon the applicability of the scriptural themes by demonstrating their incongruity. The mob hoots the Saviour with the cross, or stones him; the wealthy or refined classes are scornful or indifferent; only the very poor, or the dying, or the professional ministers of religion, recognize him or appeal to him. The technical execution of these paintings is of a species of skilfulness very much in keeping with this brutal rendering of a serious theme. The French painter Lhermitte, the Finn Edelfeldt, the American Melchers, and many others, have also followed in this line, but also with apparently imperfect success. The spectator, at least, generally remains unconvinced.



From a photograph, copyright 1905, by William Schaus.

Christ Among the Lowly, by Léon Lhermitte.

The "sombre and often grotesque luxuriance of the Germanic fancy" (*vide* H. H. Boyesen) finds itself very much at home in these dislocated themes, and the results achieved are in many cases extraordinarily uncouth. Even with such a reverent painter as Eduard von Gebhardt the pathetic and homely realism of the figures of the Saviour and his disciples in his "Last Supper" of some thirty years ago has now become, as in his recent large painting of "Christ in the Tempest," quite uninspired and very unpleasant. Lenbach, venturing into these alien themes, has done a "Flight into Egypt," heads and shoulders only, in which the Virgin and Child are wooden and archaic, while Joseph presents the aspect of a smug burgher with side-whiskers. The feeling for style of some kind, the admirable brushwork, which characterizes Franz Stuck's "Expulsion from Eden," entirely disappears in the completely ugly and tasteless renderings of Scripture themes by such painters as Trübner, Volz, Franz Stassen, Louis Corinth (of the Berlin Secession), Christian Speyer; and, worst of all, Sascha Schneider, who executes huge allegorical and mystical combinations. As a representative work of this modern school there may be cited the "Zertretene" of Käthe Kollwitz, exhibited some three or four years ago in Munich, a species of triptych or predella. In the central panel appears the dead body of the Saviour, lying at length, very much attenuated; over him stoops a fig-

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ure nude to the waist, and leaning on the sword of the executioner, who puts his hand to the wound in the side; on the left are seen a peasant and his wife who have just strangled their child or are about to do so; on the right, Mary Magdalen, old, ugly, and naked, weeps with her back against the foot of the cross, while a younger female, also nude, apparently seeks to console her. It is a presentation of Hopeless Despair.

The Norwegian Skredsvig, in at least one important composition, has sought to avoid the grotesqueness of introducing the conventional Syrian figure among his own peasants (and thereby bringing up the whole question of inherent and racial differences of every kind) by boldly representing "The Son of Man" under the entirely commonplace guise of an itinerant modern preacher. This picture, one of the most curious of these curious experiments, is founded on the incident related in Luke xix: 29-36, in which the disciples, at Christ's bidding, appropriate an unridden colt for his use, because "the Lord hath need of him," and, "as he went, they spread their clothes in the way." In this very free translation the scene is transferred to a Norwegian village, there is no colt and no disciples, the pictorial interest, confined to the immediate foreground, is centred upon the figure of a woman, apparently truncated, in pink and blue, wheeled along in a wheelbarrow, and an old woman kneeling who has spread three rugs, or bits of carpet, in front of her cottage door and is setting certain pots of flowers upon the corners to keep the wind from lifting them. Behind her are a younger woman and an old man looking toward the middle distance, where, on the little grass-grown road, in a group of people, a man in a "cut-away" coat, holding a little round hat, puts his other hand on a little girl's head. Another little girl lifts a bandage from her eyes to look at him—she and the woman in the wheelbarrow represent "the poor," of whom there is no mention in the text. The Pharisees are personified by the gentry of the village, conversing among themselves and ostentatiously ignoring the incident. This large canvas is dignified by very good conventional painting, quiet in tone.

Of an entirely different species is Cazin's "Judith," shown in the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and purchased by Mr. Potter Palmer, in which the somewhat unpleasant story of the Apocrypha is converted into a "peasant melopœia" of our own day. Here the gate of the city of Bethunia was rendered from a little walled town in Brittany; the widow of Manasses, setting out on her fateful mission, gathers her decent cloak around her but shows no signs of "her bracelets, and her chains, and her rings and all her ornaments," on which the text insists; "Ozias, and the ancients of the city, Chabris and Charmis," have also disappeared; a basket, an anvil, and a few country people are the sole witnesses of her departure. In spite of this transformation the spirit of the story seems to be preserved—a dignity, a sense of trouble and possible deliverance in the air. In technical rendering this canvas is one of the painter's most distinguished works, and in conception and composition far more important than his later, smaller landscapes with their charm and their monotony of tone.

To the illustrations of the legends of the Church also the test of devoutness can scarcely be applied strictly; it is perhaps regrettable, but true, that mere artistic excellence will cover a great many sins of lack of faith. It is scarcely probable, for example, that M. L. O. Merson accepts literally the pious story of the wolf of Agubbio, converted to Christianity by St. Francis of Assisi with a single sign of the cross, and sanctified by his subsequent good deeds. Nevertheless, he has shown him to us in an important painting which renders the theme with perfect appreciation of the naïveté, the piety, the curious, ingenious, tormented, wide-reaching mediæval imagination. The animal appears in the little wintry square of the town, admirably invented, or restored—the public fountain, the people, the pigeons, the mounted knight reining his horse away from the citizen with the affrighted donkey, and, in the foreground, the open door of the meat shop with the stout butcher handing down a morsel of liver to St. Isengrim himself. Round the latter's furry neck are strung blessed medals, consecrated by the Pope; around his lupine head flickers the saint's halo. A little girl drags at her mother's hand that she may turn back, smiling, to stroke the saint's back; the butcher's dog gnaws his bone in the corner in the snow quite unheeding. It is a veritable restoration, rendered without any unnecessary solemnity.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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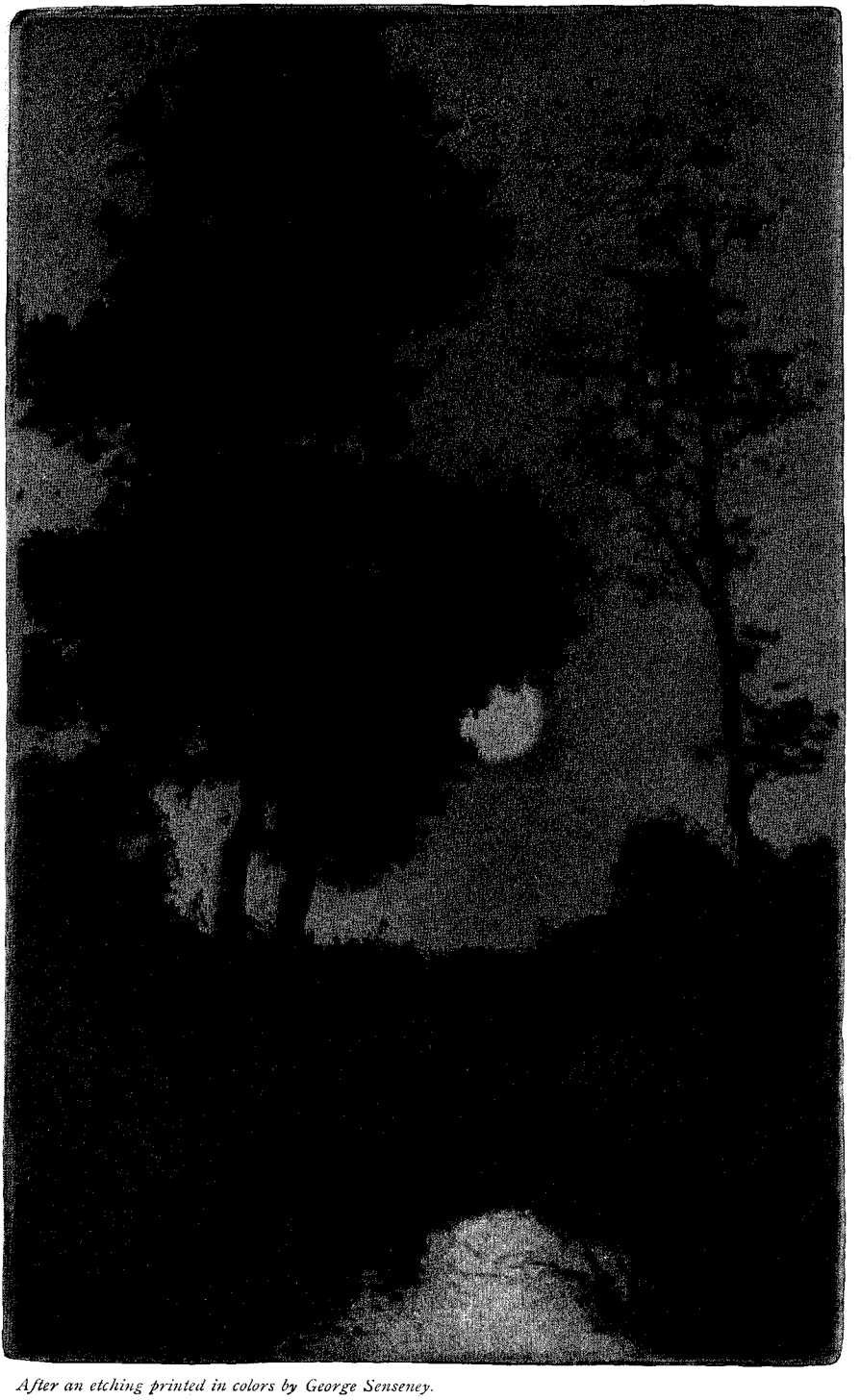

After an etching printed in colors by George Senseney.

MOONRISE.

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